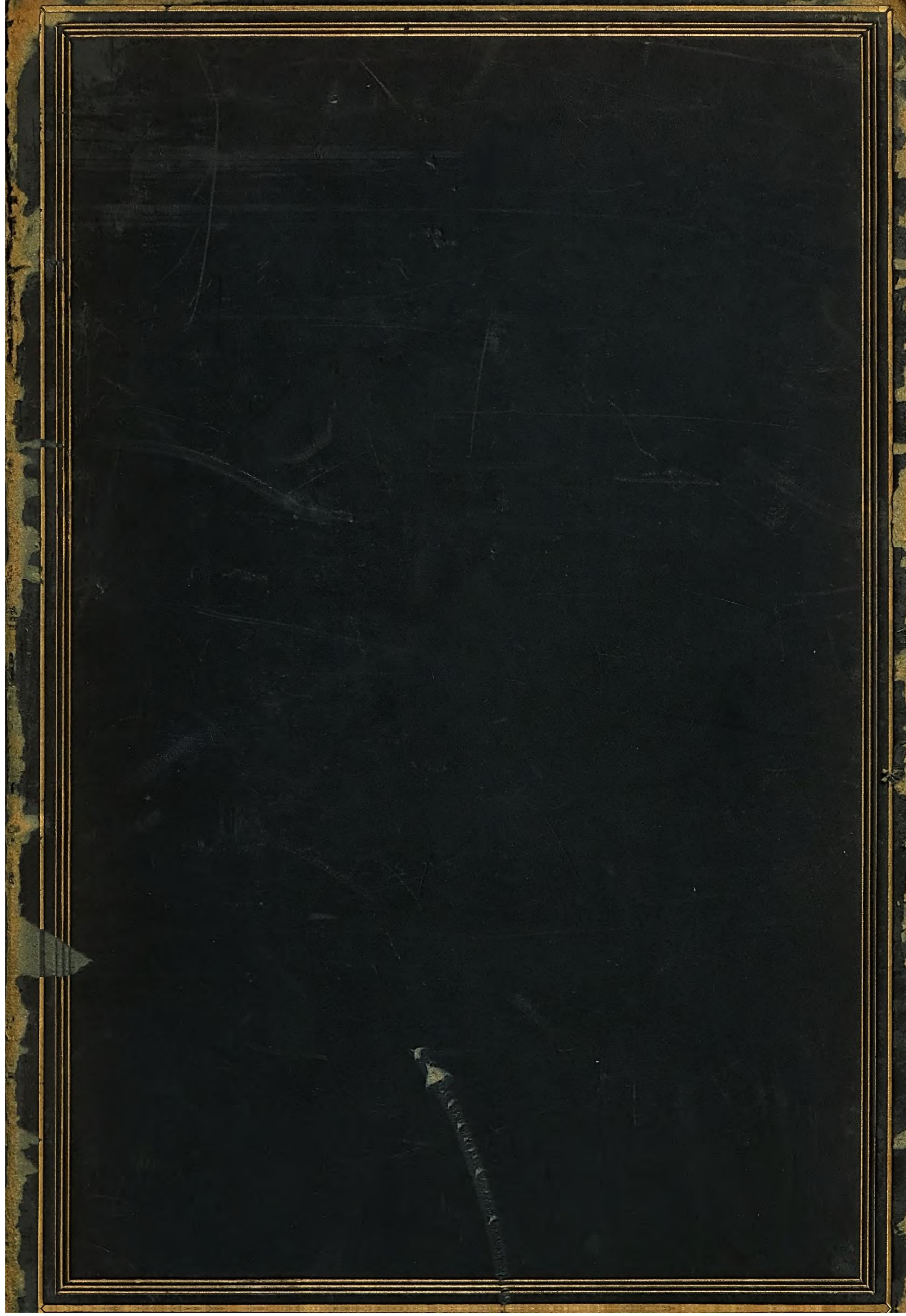


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THE NEW WORLD OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE

NEW WORLD

OF

CENTRAL AFRICA.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION ON THE CONGO.

[Fanny Emma] BY

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WITH MAPS, PORTRAITS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXC.

A164/863

BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

PREFACE.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ cares for Central Africa. He died to redeem its sons and daughters as well as the rest of mankind. This conviction gives courage to His servants in seeking to save among its dark tribes —difficult, and all but hopeless, as the task at first sight appears.

Men of the world mock at the attempt, and ridicule the idea that such "undeveloped" human beings can ever be transformed into God-fearing and spiritually minded Christians. But what can they say to facts? Such transformations may be, for they have already been. To the Bantu races of the Dark Continent the gospel has *proved* the power of God unto salvation. Ridicule looks foolish in the light of reality, and experience smiles at incredulity.

This book records the work of a band of heroic young Christian men and women, who gave themselves to live or die, as it might please God, that Central Africa might receive the gospel.

Inspiration has preserved for us the acts of the first apostles, and they left us an example, among other things, of rehearsing in the ears of the Church at home the incidents of their missionary undertakings. They

assumed that all the disciples were equally interested with themselves in the spread of the gospel. We do the same in giving this story of the Livingstone Inland Mission. We record facts that may cheer the hearts of those now labouring in the field, and point to

> "Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

In telling the story we necessarily depict more or less of the sphere, and present its claims on Christians; relating at the same time some of the remarkable providences which indicate the will of God as to the immediate evangelization of Africa.

The book makes no pretension to literary excellence. It has been prepared in the scant leisure afforded by the pressing practical duties of a missionary secretary, and this must be pleaded as the apology for many defects. It is in some senses a fresh and enlarged edition of one published some years ago, and long out of print, entitled, "The First Christian Mission on the Congo." But the former work was less than a fifth part the size of this, and told the story of two years only, instead of that of twelve; so that this is virtually a new book, and we have therefore given it a new title.

Since the issue of that first narrative Central Africa has been far more largely explored, and its claims on Christian love and compassion are so much the stronger and better understood. There is no deny-

ing that mission work in the Dark Continent is a hard task, and one that demands much self-denial, faith, and patience. Our pages prove however that it is no forlorn hope, and that the obstacles to success are by no means insuperable.

Too much has perhaps been said about the dangers of the climate and the difficulties of the work. Pioneering in barbarous countries must always be attended with considerable risk, and Central Africa has been no exception to the rule. But the pioneering work there is now largely done, and the dangers and hardships are proportionately diminished. The Bantu races over millions of square miles are now almost as easily accessible to the gospel as the Chinese or the Hindus. They have been fairly introduced to the knowledge of the civilized world; may they be speedily embraced in the love of the Christian Church!

That this book may to some extent conduce to such a result is the earnest desire of the writer.

Fanny E. Guinness.

EAST LONDON INSTITUTE FOR
HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS,
HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, LONDON, E.
March, 1890.

Bayerische
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CONTENTS.

SECTION I.

THE NEW WORLD OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IT IS.

Further knowledge about Africa needed.—Reasons why it has been so long concealed.—Christian responsibility towards the Dark Continent.—Definition of the new world of Central Africa.—Length of the Congo water-way.—The Congo Free State.—The Bantu races.—The Soudan as distinct from Central Africa.—Drummond on the African man.—Sketch of a Central African village.—A roadless world.—Its inhabitants not primitive, but sin-degraded.—The last great task of the Church . . . *pp.* 1–33.

CHAPTER II.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE NEW WORLD.

Lessons learned from book-titles.—Meaning of "Through the Dark Continent."—From Zanzibar to the lakes.—The Victoria Nyanza plateau.—The Central African Alps.—After two years' travelling, the mighty Congo at last!—Four months floating down stream.—Struggles with the mighty river.—Tragedies of the Cataract gorge.—The Atlantic at last.—The providence of God in this journey.—
pp. 35–51.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE FREE STATE WAS FOUNDED.

Stanley's third mission in Africa.—The founding of the Congo Free State.—Leopoldville, 1881.—A Congo Candace.—Discovery of Lake Leopold.—Second expedition.—Work on the Upper Congo.—"Friends, this is a rich country."—An African Hercules.—Wangata Station and Mata Bwyki.—A brave Scotchman.—Commercial genius of the Congoese.—Return to Europe, 1884 . . . *pp.* 53–75.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

Europe's need of Central Africa.—King Leopold II. of Belgium.—What was to become of the new world?—Position assumed by Portugal.—The Berlin Conference.—Large concessions to Portugal and France.—Formation of the Congo Free State.—Its limits, those of the Congo basin.—Leopold first king.—Provisions for free trade, anti-slavery, and religious liberty . . . . . *pp.* 77–88.

CHAPTER V.

PORTUGUESE CLAIMS TO AFRICAN TERRITORY.

Papal geography.—The objects of European interference in Africa.—These never obtained under Portuguese influence.—Portuguese colonial history.—Vast empire in the sixteenth century.—Steady decay ever since.—Condition of her internal and colonial resources.—Mercantile marine all but extinct.—Manufactures the same.—Reasons for this singular history.—Condition of her remaining colonies.—Ruined by the abolition of the slave-trade.—Portugal not likely to help East Africa.—The colonists still connive at slavery.—Experience of Cameron and Livingstone.—Testimony of Antonio Gallenga.—Portugal and Nyassaland.—Freedom of great natural highways . . . . *pp.* 91–113.

CHAPTER VI.

AFRICA'S GREATEST CURSE.

The "open sore of the world."—The Arab slave-trade.—Fulfilment of the prophecy about Ishmael.—The Arab plan of campaign.—Commander Cameron's testimony.--Cardinal Lavigerie's testimony.—Stanley's experience.—Ivory and gunpowder at the back of slavery.—Progress of the slave-trade in Nyassaland.—What Major Wissmann saw among the Basonge.—Bagna Pesihi.—The harassed and depopulated districts.—The Brussels Conference.—Four short railways.—The domestic slavery of Africa *pp.* 115–137.

CHAPTER VII.

EUROPE'S SIN AND AFRICA'S SORROW.

The drink traffic.—The guilty nations.—The dimensions of the trade.—Its ruinous effect on natives.—The "vested rights" of drink-sellers.—Experience of W. S. Caine, M.P.—At whose door the crime lies.—Kroo villages a kind of hades.—The extermination of the race a question of time.—Free trade need not include free trade in drink.—Native converts say, "Christians do not drink."—Prohibition the only cure. *pp.* 138–153.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW WORLD.

Later discoveries.—The Mobangi and the Kasai.—The value of the Congo basin.—The proposed Congo railway.—Legislation of the Congo Free State.—Administrative divisions.—Garangange and Kasongo.—The Great Lake district.—The French Congo . . . . . *pp.* 155–171.

SECTION II.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION.

CHAPTER I.

WHY WE BEGAN THE MISSION, AND HOW.

An open door. — Deliberations.—Basis of the L.I.M. — The Lower Congo in 1878.—Henry Craven.—Obstacles to progress.—Crocodiles, scorpions, and serpents.—The first Christian home in Congoland.—Poor, bleeding Africa.—The founding of Banza Manteka.—Death of James Telford. First Christian grave on the Congo.—African life by Mr. Henry Richards.—A Scotchman's devotion *pp.* 175–201.

CHAPTER II.

THE MCCALL EXPEDITION, 1880.

The need of more vigorous measures.—Adam McCall, of Leicester.—His travels and experience in South Africa, the Transvaal, Matabeleland, on the Zambesi, and in the Barotse valley.—Volunteers for the Congo.—His colleagues. —Importance of thorough outfit.—Faith and effort.—"A better investment."—Farewell meetings at Leicester, Plymouth, etc.—The *Vanguard.*—Departure of the party.—The attempt to use donkeys.—Experience with Kroo-boys. —Death of Charles Petersen.—Rescue of native victims. —Matadi Minkanda.—Disappointing experience with donkeys.—Attacked by wasps.—A man burned to death.—No carriers.—A timeless world.—Terrible discouragements. *pp.* 203–236.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MISSION.

Need of strengthening the home department.—The Rev. A. Tilly resigns the Secretaryship, which is undertaken by the writer.—Proceedings of the Committee.—Reinforce-

ments needed, 1881.—Three thousand pounds sent in.—Donation of a house for Banana. — The *Livingstone* steam-launch.—Her trial trip on the Congo.—Messrs. Ingham, Angus, Smith, and Waters.—Wedding and parting.—The Congo dialects and the Bantu tongues.—First grammar and translations.—A boy's prayer in Congo, interlined with translation.—Drummond's testimony to Moolu. *pp.* 237–266.

CHAPTER IV.

A Dark Year in the Dark Continent.

Need of a steamer for the upper river.—Donation of one from the Antipodes.—Fever and flood.—Death of Hugh McKergow.—Native difficulties in understanding missionary deaths.—Progress at Palabala and Banza Manteka.—Prayer for rain answered.—Difficulties in canoeing on the river.—Bemba Station among the Basundi.—The 4th of Feb., 1881.—"Dead news for you, sir."—"Cast down, but not destroyed."—Shooting a boa-constrictor.—Need of patience.—Not explorers, but missionaries.—McCall's last visit to Palabala.—Terrible sufferings.—Obliged to come home.—Embarks on the *Lualaba* . . *pp.* 267–289.

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage Home.

Last look at Africa.—Final entries in the log.—Lands at Madeira.—Fatal attack.—The good Samaritan.—The gale and the *Garth Castle*.—A desolate voyage; too late!—Severe trial of faith.—Death of Mary Richards.—The value of a missionary's wife.—Danger no excuse for disobedience.—Our marching orders . . . . *pp.* 291–306.

CHAPTER VI.

Reinforcements and Firstfruits.

Faint, yet pursuing.—Dr. A. Sims, of Aberdeen, volunteers.—First medical missionary.—Mr. William Appel.—Messrs. Liley and Westlind.—A new party of nine.—"Do send

plenty teachers."—Men, money, sympathy, and prayer.—Baptism of native lads; firstfruits from Congoland.—Their return, with Mr. and Mrs. Craven to Africa.—Messrs. Harvey and Billington invalided home . *pp.* 307–317.

CHAPTER VII.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA IN 1882.

Difficulties of the North Bank.—Scarcity of food.—Mukimbungu and Lukunga stations.—Deserters.—Stanley's visit to Lukunga.—Native conscience about murder.—Burning of Bemba Station.—Fire at Palabala . . *pp.* 319–335.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEATH ROLL OF 1882.

Haben's return.—"Lanceley gone!"—Mr. Clarke's account of the tragic circumstances.—A martyr for Jesus.—Deaths of Jesse Blunt at Palabala and of William Appel at Banana.—Dangerous energy.—Extreme caution required.—The law of fruitfulness.—Livingstone's day of discouragement.—By God's help, "Forward."—In memoriam . *pp.* 337–353.

CHAPTER IX.

LEOPOLDVILLE AND THE UPPER CONGO.

Dr. Sims at Stanley Pool, 1883.—Preparations for building the *Henry Reed*.—Description of the mission steamer.—The five hundred loads to be carried about 225 miles.—Influence of Christian lads.—Marriages of Mr. White and Mr. Ingham.—Banana Station moved to Mukimvika.—The buildings at Leopoldville.—Description of Stanley Pool.—Two months' voyage in canoe.—First death of a Christian native.—Topsy's brief story.—Equator Station, Wangata.—The N'kundu tribes.—Dr. Sims' voyage to the Falls and back with Mr. Grenfell, of the B.M.S.—Launch of the *Henry Reed* . . . . . *pp.* 355–388.

CHAPTER X.

TRANSFER OF THE MISSION TO AMERICAN MANAGEMENT.

Condition of the Livingstone Inland Mission in 1884.—Preliminary difficulties overcome.—Extension and importance of the enterprise.—"Individuals die; societies live on."—The American Baptist Missionary Union.—Its antecedents and present undertakings.—Transfer of the Livingstone Inland Mission.—Staff and stations at the time.—Death of Mr. H. Craven at Kabinda.—Messrs. Hoste and McKittrick and others join the Mission . . . *pp.* 391–409.

SECTION III.

LIGHT AT LAST; OR, A MORNING OF JOY ON THE CONGO.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF SPIRITUAL BLESSING.

Letters from Messrs. Joseph Clarke and Stephen White.—And from Messrs. Harvey and Hoste.—Accounts of Mr. Richards.—Turning to God from idols.—Witnessing for Jesus.—A Congo baptism.—Recent visits to Banza Manteka described by Mr. Whytock and Mrs. McKittrick . *pp.* 413–426.

CHAPTER II.

A CHAT WITH MR. RICHARDS, OF BANZA MANTEKA.

The missionary's main work.—Seeking *first* conversion.—Evidences of the new birth.—Must not aim at Europeanizing Africans.—The clothes question.—Men are the same, though skins differ.—"White people actually love each other!"—Barnabas and Lydia.—Church government.—Native preachers.—Native view of flogging.—How to discipline the unruly.—Native quickness in learning.

pp. 429–442.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS UNDER THE A.B.M.U., 1885–90.

Brief Summary—The *Henry Reed* at work—Messrs. Pettersen and Eddie at Wangata—Dr. Sims' return and visit to America.—Asbury Park Conference.—Speeches by Dr. Gordon and Dr. Crane.—Fresh Explorers in Africa.—Iron church sent out from Boston to Banza Manteka.—American ladies join the Mission.—The natives on the upper river.—Mr. Hoste's itinerations and plans for extension *pp.* 445–459.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR NEW CONGO-BALOLO MISSION.

The Missionary Conference of 1888.—Progress and policy of the A.B.M.U.—The need of the "regions beyond."—Reasons for an English auxiliary.—Return of Mr. John McKittrick.—Sketch of the Balolo people.—Social and religious condition.—The New Congo-Balolo Mission founded.—Harmonious and auxiliary, yet distinct from the A.B.M.U.—The first pioneer party.—Bompole's farewell and letter.—Financial supplies, sailing of the missionary band, and progress to date.—The basis of the Mission.—The *Pioneer* steamer . . . . . *pp.* 461–487.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLIMATE OF THE CONGO.

Causes of mortality among Europeans.—Stanley's testimony after having tested it for six years.—Draughts and chill as causes of fever.—Hill stations *v.* low-lying land.—Typical causes.—Try it at home.—Malaria is a second cause.—*Rationale* of its operation.—Drink accountable for a large proportion of the deaths.—Alcohol dangerous in the tropics.—"Follies leading to self-destruction."—Good health possible . . . . . *pp.* 489–518.

Conclusion . . . . . *pp.* 519–523.

Appendix . . . . . *pp.* 523–535.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
UPPER CONGO FISHERMAN	2
THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS OF THE NEW WORLD	34
THE FALLS OF NTAMO	52
A CENTRAL AFRICAN QUEEN	61
A KING AND HIS COURT	64
LEOPOLD II.	76
A CENTRAL AFRICAN ENCAMPMENT	81
A MANGROVE SWAMP	90
THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI	109
SHOOTING AN EXHAUSTED SLAVE	114
AN ARAB SLAVE-RAID	120, 121
NATIVES DRAWING PALM-WINE	141
THE KROO COAST	148
A FOREST SCENE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA	154
PRE-HISTORIC AFRICA	168, 169
PORTRAIT OF HENRY CRAVEN	174
CARRIERS ON A JOURNEY	188
PORTRAIT OF ADAM MCCALL	202
A KROO-BOY HEADMAN	214
PORTRAIT OF REV. ALFRED TILLY	241
AFRICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS	254
PORTRAIT OF HENRY REED, ESQ.	*to face p.* 267
PORTRAIT OF DR. SIMS	308
NATURAL BRIDGES OF FALLEN TIMBER	318
"A SUPPLY OF MEAT FOR THE CARRIERS"	325
PORTRAIT OF GEORGE LANCELEY	336
NATIVE EXECUTION AT A FUNERAL	354
THE *HENRY REED*	359
"HIPPOS"	368
BOLOBO STATION OF THE B.M.S.	384
PORTRAIT OF REV. J. N. MURDOCK, D.D.	390
PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT	400
SOWING IN TEARS; REAPING IN JOY	412
PORTRAIT OF MR. HENRY RICHARDS	428
GROUP OF THIRTEEN MISSIONARIES	444

PAGE

GROUP OF EIGHT MISSIONARIES 460
BOMPOLE'S LETTER 480
THE STEAM-LAUNCH *PIONEER* 484
A TORNADO IN THE FOREST 488
DR. SIMS' STATION AT STANLEY POOL . . . 496
HARLEY COLLEGE AND GROUNDS, LONDON . . 530

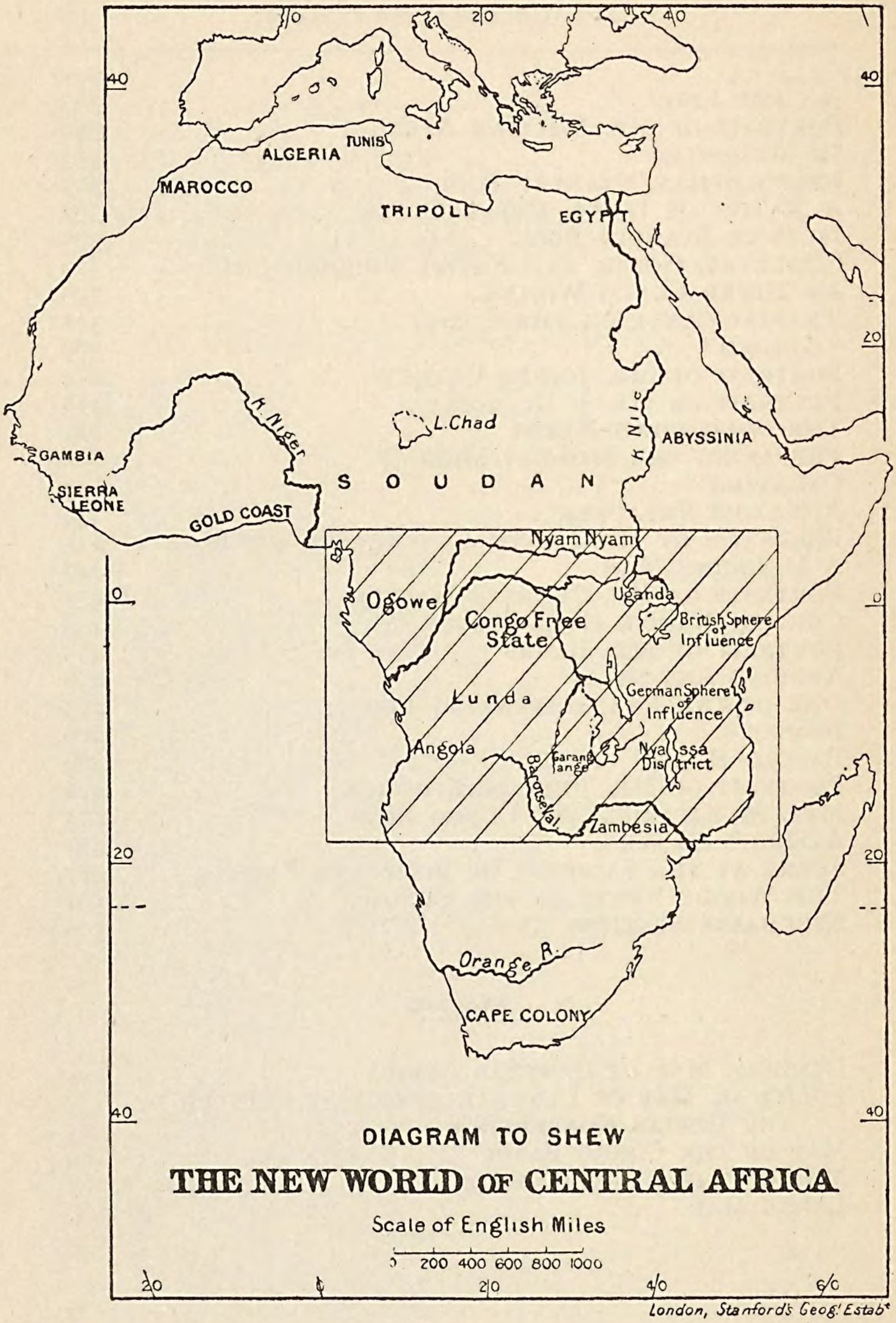
SMALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PEEP AT THE NILE 9
BANTUS OF BIHÉ 15
A SLAVE GIRL OF THE SOUDAN 17
AN AFRICAN VILLAGE 20
A FOREST PATH 27
MONBUTTO WARRIORS 38
CROSSING FLOODED PLAINS 43
NATIVE HEADS 44
CATASTROPHE ON THE CONGO 47
DRAGGING CANOES OVERLAND 48
IN THE RAPIDS 49
A CONGO CARAVAN 57
AN UPPER CONGO HOME 69
INTERVIEW WITH A NATIVE CHIEF 72
GROUP OF NATIVES 79
THE INQUISITION AT GOA 99, 100
IVORY PORTERS 118
A NATIVE VILLAGE OF ROUND HUTS . . . 128
NYAM-NYAM WARRIORS 153
ONE OF THE LESSER TRIBUTARIES OF THE CONGO 158
PONTA DA LENHA. 161
MANYEMA HEADS. 164
NATIVE JEWELLERY 170
ONE OF THE NATIVES 184
CONGO IDOLS 191
PALM TREES 198
PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES PETERSEN . . . 218
"STONES AND PALM TREES" 223
MOUTH OF THE M'POSO RIVER 227
THE *LIVINGSTONE* STEAM-LAUNCH 247
PORTRAIT OF MR. STEPHEN WHITE 274
PORTRAIT OF MARY RICHARDS 299
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL 312
PORTRAIT OF MISS SPEARING 315

	PAGE
A Camp Fire	333
Portrait of Mr. William Appel	346
In Memoriam	353
Leopoldville, Stanley Pool	365
A Native of Iboko, Upper Congo	367
Islet in Stanley Pool	375
"Poultry, Goats, and Native Productions"	376
An Upper Congo Woman	379
Trading-canoe on the Congo	381
"Guided"	399
Portrait of Mr. Joseph Clarke	414
Portrait of Mr J. H. Hoste	418
Throwing down Nkisis	421
Preparing the Mid-day Meal	422
Carrying	434
A Native Preacher	439
Portraits of Mr. Joseph Clarke and his Boys	441
A Medicine Man	447
Portrait of Mr. Charles Harvey	451
Curious Native Head-dress	453
Portrait of Mr. Banks	455
African Ant-Hills	456
One of the Kyansi-speaking People	463
Bompole	466
Balolo Heads	469
Portrait of Mr. John McKittrick	472
Mrs. McKittrick and Congo Boys	475
A King's Grave	481
Scene at the Funeral of Bompole's Father	487
The Woody Banks of the Congo	501
Kinchassa Station	506

MAPS.

Diagram Map of Central Africa	xx
Political Map of Central Africa as Settled by the Berlin Conference	85
Map of the Congo Basin	89
Map of the Balolo Region	*to face p.* 467
Large Map	*at end.*


10
20
40
40
20
MAROCCO
ALGERIA
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
EGYPT
ABYSSINIA
R. Nile
L. Chad
R. Niger
GAMBIA
SIERRA LEONE
GOLD COAST
S O U D A N
Nyam Nyam
Ogowe
Congo Free State
Uganda
British Sphere of Influence
German Sphere of Influence
Lunda
Angola
Barotse'al.
Garanganze
Nyassa District
Zambesia
0
20
40
Orange R.
CAPE COLONY
DIAGRAM TO SHEW
THE NEW WORLD OF CENTRAL AFRICA
Scale of English Miles
0 200 400 600 800 1000
20
0
20
40
60
London, Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

C. A.



UPPER CONGO FISHERMAN.

SECTION I.

HOW THE NEW WORLD WAS DISCOVERED, EXPLORED, AND BROUGHT WITHIN THE PALE OF CIVILIZATION. THE CONDITION OF THE NEW WORLD, ITS HISTORY, GOVERNMENT, INHABITANTS, CLIMATE, FERTILITY, AND EXTENT; ITS IMPORTANCE, ITS RICHES, ITS GREAT CURSES, AND ITS CLAIMS ON CHRISTENDOM.

CHAPTER I

THE NEW WORLD OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

It may safely be said that the great discoveries of Columbus and Americus Vespuccius in the sixteenth century did not make a more important addition to our knowledge of the habitable globe than do the Central African discoveries of the latter half of this nineteenth century. For, though its coast-line and certain of its seaboard countries were long familiar, the vast interior of Africa was to all intents and purposes an unknown world till within the last fifty years, and a very great part till within the last twelve. Through the journeys of Burton, Speke and Grant, of Livingstone and Stanley, of Cameron, Schweinfurth, Baker, of Cappello and Ivens, of Wissmann and Pogge, of Montiero, Lacerda, Serpa Pinto, Arnot, and a host of other explorers, it is now for the first time unveiled It contains one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe; so it is a new world, which, as regards dimensions, equals North and South America put together, or North America and Europe combined. It is estimated to have a population of about three hundred or three hundred and fifty millions, more than one-

fifth of the entire human race ; and that population, for the most part, is evidently one destined to *endure*, and not—like the aborigines of the North American continent—to pass away and perish before the advance of the stronger and more civilized white men.

We ought to *know* more about such a continent as this ! We, as Christians, have duties towards Africa which we shall never fulfil unless we acquaint ourselves with the character and condition of the countless nations, kindreds, and tribes inhabiting that continent. For eighteen centuries since the gospel came into the world, most of them have been allowed to sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, without any message of eternal life. Sad and sorrowful fact ! Its cause is to be sought partly in the early corruption, and subsequent destruction by the Saracenic conquests, of the primitive Church of North Africa, exterminating the faith of Christ in those regions from which the rest of the continent might otherwise have been evangelized ; and partly in the universal and long-continued apostasy of the Church of the Middle Ages, destroying as it did to a large extent her missionary zeal.

That during the last four centuries of rapid and universal exploration of the surface of our globe so large a portion of it as Central Africa should have remained till these our days a *terra incognita*, is perhaps an indication of a merciful Providence. Until Christianity had so far influenced the minds and consciences of the nations of the earth as to lead them to

see the sin of slavery and abolish it, it was better for the poor African to lie hidden from the world, than that his home should become the haunt of the slave-hunter. The west *coast* was half depopulated by this curse; and one cannot but rejoice that Stanley's great journey was *not* made two hundred years ago! Had it been so, slave-raiding would have spread all up the Congo, and desolated the heart of Africa. The present terrible sufferings of the natives in the eastern half of Equatorial Africa under the Arab slave-trade show what might have been on the other side, had the Dark Continent been unveiled too soon! Even now the conscience of the civilized nations of Europe and America is not sufficiently enlightened to lead them to refrain from ruining these untaught races *by rum.* The greed of gain is greater than the sense of responsibility still, and the deadly drink traffic is suffered to destroy and degrade the native races. Merchants, alas! are more enterprising in taking them liquors which have well been called "distilled damnation" than Christians are as yet in giving them the gospel.

We cannot be held responsible for the negligence of other ages, or blamed for not sending the gospel to tribes and kindreds of whose very existence we were ignorant. But now that the tremendous and thrilling facts of the case are made known to us; now that by the aid of the narratives of explorers, missionaries, travellers, officers, and traders we can traverse region after region, and make acquaintance with nation after nation of this new world; now that we can realize

their deep, deep need of the softening and purifying gospel of the grace of God; *now* the case is very different. Now we *are* responsible; now we *shall* deserve blame in the day of Christ if we feed not these hungry souls and rescue not these perishing nations.

We fully believe that **no part of the world has so strong a claim on the energies of the Christian Church at this time as Central Africa**; and that every man, woman, and child who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and longs in proof of it to keep His commandments, ought to take some part or other in **the great task of giving it the gospel.**

By "the new world of Central Africa" we do not designate by any means the whole of the great continent, most of which is by no means new, even in the sense of being newly made known. Our knowledge of Egypt goes back four thousand years, to the days of Abraham; our knowledge of Carthage and of North Africa goes back to the days of Hannibal and the Punic wars; our knowledge of the West Coast—including the mouth of the Congo—and of the Cape dates from the Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century. None of these parts can therefore be called new. The region that does deserve that name is the central portion of Africa, lying between the Soudan and the Zambesi. All this is new—so new that the earliest effective explorations of it only go back to the middle of this century.

Geographically we may describe this new world as extending right across the continent and through twenty-five degrees of latitude—from the Soudan and



"EGYPT GOES BACK 4,000 YEARS."

the watershed between the Nile and the Congo, in the north, to the Zambesi River in the south, and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. This is the region we intend by "Central Africa"; and the central portion of this Central Africa is the new CONGO FREE STATE, of which we shall have much to say hereafter. Besides it however Central Africa contains many distinct regions. Beginning in the north-east, there is, for instance, the beautiful Masai country—the Switzerland of Africa—with its grand, snow-capped mountains 18,000 feet high, a country running back from the Indian Ocean to the great Victoria Lake, and now included in the sphere of English influence: there is the immense region marked

on modern maps as "the sphere of German influence" extending from the shallow territories of the Sultan of Zanzibar to the western shores of the great Tanganyika. There is the southern Nyassa district, which has already made so much progress on the road to civilization, and which is now the theatre of so severe a struggle between its British benefactors and the Arab slave-traders, who are seeking its ruin. There is also the large lacustrine district inclosed by lakes Bangweolo and Moero on the east and the long chain of lakes on the Lualaba on the west,—including Kasongo and M'sidi's kingdom in the Garangange country. Then there is the great Lunda country, and the extensive Barotse valley, and the Bashilange district; the immense territory added to the Portuguese colony of Angola by the Berlin Conference; and the Ogowé country assigned to France. Lastly there are the northern kingdoms of the Nyam-Nyam and the Monbutto, explored by Schweinfurth, and traversed by the many streams which form the head waters of the great northern tributary of the Congo, the Mobangi-Welle; and, lastly, the kingdoms of Unyoro and Uganda, the dwarf-haunted forests, and the new countries lately traversed by Stanley.

No region on earth possesses a more magnificent system of inland lakes and rivers than does the new world of Central Africa, once thought to be desolate. This seems to be a compensation for the great disadvantage which weighs upon the African continent in her very short coast-line. History proves that continents progress in civilization in a direct ratio to

the length of their coast-lines as compared with their superficial areas. Europe, with its area of only three and a half millions of square miles, has a coast-line of seventeen thousand miles; while Africa, with fully eight times the superficial area, has a coast-line of only fourteen thousand miles in length. Were it relatively of the same length as that of Europe, it would be a hundred and thirty-six thousand miles, instead of fourteen thousand. Hence its backward condition, and its late awakening to the civilized life of the human race. Its inland water system however is some compensation for this serious disadvantage. Besides the Nile and the Niger systems in North and West Africa, and the Zambesi system in the south, Central Africa has no less than eighty thousand square miles of lake water, and in the Congo system the second largest river and river basin in the world.

The Congo and its tributaries form a longer line of navigable water than *the whole coast-line of Europe.* If we start from the North Cape and the land of the midnight sun, sail in and out of the fiords of Norway, coast round the Skagerack and the Cattegat, all up the Baltic, round the Gulf of Bothnia, and follow every inlet of the Gulf of Finland; if we then sail on along the North German coast and all round Denmark, circumnavigate our own little British Isles and cross back to Hamburg, then coast along the shores of Holland, Belgium, France, sail round the Bay of Biscay, and by the shores of Portugal and Spain to Marseilles, along the beautiful Riviera and the coast of Italy, visit every creek and inlet of the Adriatic, and

of Greece and its glorious Archipelago, pass through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora and the fabulously beautiful Bosphorus, run up the Black Sea by the coasts of Roumania and Bulgaria, and then skirt the southern shores of Russia, of the Crimæa, and of the Caucasus — in all this long voyage we should not sail past a coast as long extended as that presented by the river banks and lake shores of the navigable water-way of the Congo.

Europe has a coast-line of about seventeen thousand miles, and even with the British Isles of considerably under twenty thousand. The Congo and its tributaries have been already explored to a length of eleven thousand miles, giving *twenty-two thousand miles of river bank peopled with native villages.* All these can be easily reached by the noble water-way which traverses in every direction the Congo Free State.

The Chambesi, a small stream rising in the mountains to the west of Lake Nyassa and flowing through the lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and called in that part of its course the Luapula, used to be considered the head waters of the Congo. But the recent explorations of the watershed by Cappello and Ivens show that another river, the Lualaba, rising 13° to the south, in the Katanga country, is really the main source of Livingstone's mighty river. This stream—after forming a great number of lakes—joins the Chambesi branch at Lake Lanji (6° south), and the united stream flows on past Nyangwe with a north-westerly course to Stanley Falls. There turn-

ing westward it reaches 2° north of the equator, whence it takes its final south-western bend to Stanley Pool, the gorge of the Livingstone Cataracts, the lower river, and the ocean. The course of the main stream alone measures between three and four thousand miles, making it one of the greatest rivers in the world, only the Nile and the Amazon being longer. Many of its very numerous tributaries are themselves magnificent rivers, notably the Mobangi from the north-east, descending from the Nile watershed, and running a western and south-western course, almost parallel with that of the main stream, which it joins just below the equator ; and the Kasai, coming up from the south, from the watershed of the Zambesi, and flowing north and north-west, receiving in its turn four very important tributaries, the Lulua, the Sankuru, the Ikata, and the Kwango. Even the minor tributaries of the Congo, such as the Lomami, the Lulonga, the Ikelemba, and the Juapa, on the south, and the Aruwimi, the Loika, the Bunga, and the Alima, on the north, are very considerable streams.

The Congo Free State, though not coterminous with the immense geographical basin of the Congo River, comprises the greater part of it. The State has 1,508,000 square miles of territory. England has 48,000 ; so it would take more than thirty Englands to make up the territory of this great Central African government, which is considerably larger than all India, including the native states.

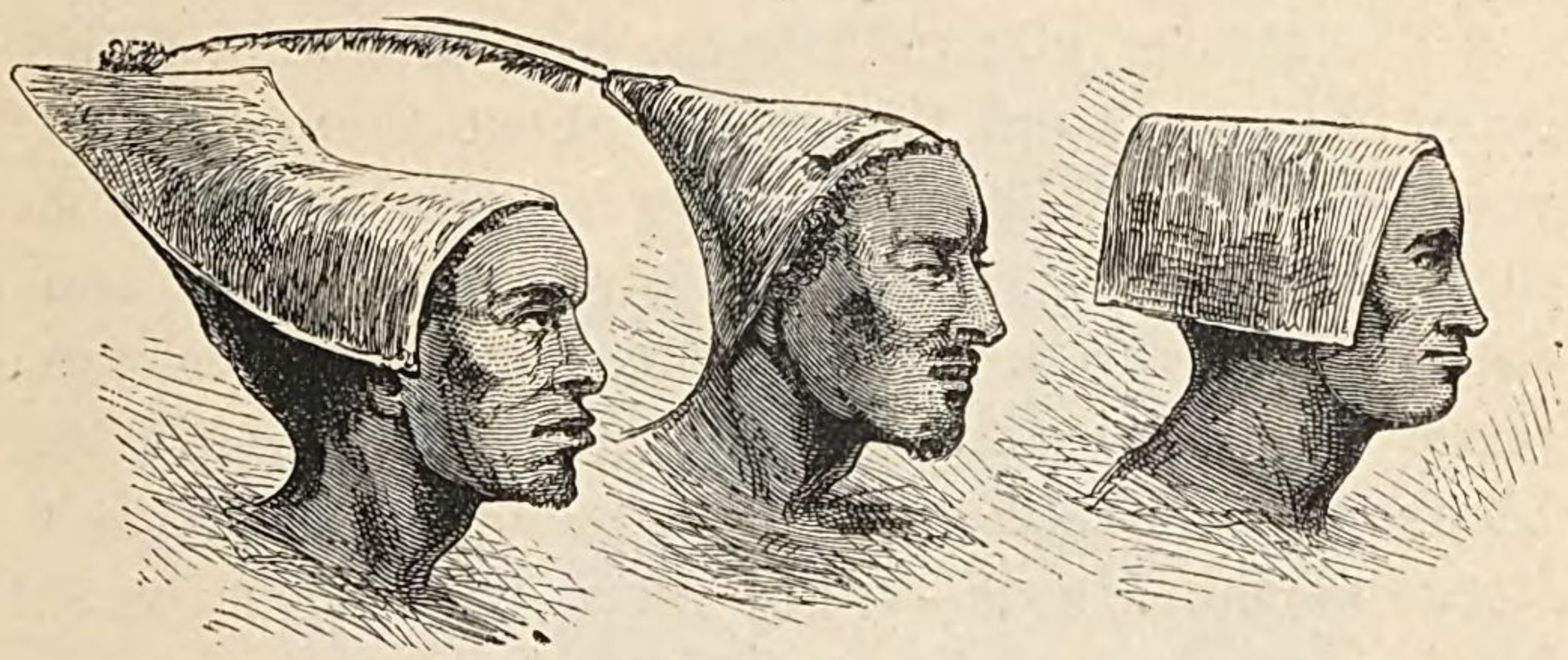
Its population cannot be determined with any degree of accuracy, as the estimates of travellers, as

regards the density to the square mile, vary greatly according to the localities they have traversed. But it may probably be placed somewhere between forty and fifty millions. The people live mostly in independent groups, under the command of a chief or "king," whose dominions comprise, it may be only a few villages or towns, or it may be a considerable extent of country. In those parts where the natives have come into frequent contact with the white men, they are docile and fairly amiable, but in some of the more remote regions they are savage and warlike. Superstition renders them timid, and fear makes them at times fierce and almost ferocious, but a brief acquaintance with kindly disposed Europeans speedily tames them.

The popular notion that all Africans are negroes is a delusion.[1] Most Africans are, it is true, dark in colour, but the greater part are not negroes. From Cape Colony in the south right up through the con-

[1] The proper home of the Negro lies north of this great region. It is the immense Soudan—a tract of country 4,000 miles broad by about 500 deep, extending from the basin of the Congo River on the south to the Sahara on the north, and from Egypt in the east to Senegambia in the west. This immense region is now the least known portion of the African continent; Mungo Park penetrated its western section in the beginning of the century, Denham and Clapperton twenty years later; and in 1850 Barth entered it from Tripoli on the north, explored many hundred miles of the Niger region, resided seven months at Timbuctoo, and exhibited wonderful German method and perseverance in recording his observations extending over 12,000 miles of untrodden country. More recently the south-eastern section of the Soudan has been partially explored by Gordon, Schweinfurth, and others; but its entire length and breadth are still to a large extent a *terra incognita*, and it is of course totally unevangelized.

The Soudan consists of three principal parts: the region 'round the



BANTUS OF BIHÉ, SOUTH-CENTRAL AFRICA.

tinent northwards to eight degrees above the equator, all the immense variety of races inhabiting Central Africa belong to the great Bantu family, and are entirely distinct from negroes.

"The Bantu is a fine, tall, upright man, with delicately small hands and well-shaped feet, a fine face, high, thin nose, beard, and moustache.

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upper waters of the Nile in the east, that lying around Lake Chad in the centre, and the magnificent valley of the lordly Niger in the west. This last is crossed by the long line of the Kong Mountains, the country between which and the coast is familiarly known, including Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Palmas, Ashanti, Dahomey, Yoruba, and the numerous English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German colonies. These countries form merely a fringe of Negroland, but northward from the Kong Mountains, which run parallel with the coast of the Gulf of Guinea and at no great distance from it, very little is known of the country. From Senegal right across the continent to the highlands of Abyssinia, the multitudinous tribes and nations of Negroland are still unvisited and untaught. They live and die unnoticed and unknown. Darkness covers this enormous world, and gross darkness its peoples.

Futa Jallon, Bambarra, Messina, Songhay, and Gando, each an extensive country with towns, many of which contain from 30,000 to

"The farther you go into the interior the finer the type becomes; and two points about them contrast very favourably with most of the coast races; namely, their lighter colour, generally a warm chocolate, and their freedom from that offensive smell which is supposed wrongly to characterize most of the Africans. Many other details show the comparatively high status of the Upper Congo races, with their small hands and feet, their well-shaped legs, with full calves, and their abundant heads of hair.

"Some of the men are perfect Greek statues, as regards the splendid development and poise of figure. They have pleasing faces, because of the good-humour which enlivens their features.

"Another remarkable point about them is their comparatively great development of hair, on the head especially, but at an early age also all over the body.

50,000 people, have together from fourteen to sixteen millions of inhabitants, and are destitute of any preacher of the gospel. The empire of Gando, which extends along the Niger in its bend from the north to its junction with the Binue, is occupied by a people distinguished for their intelligence and friendliness, fairly industrious and civilized, and who speak a rich and harmonious language, but who are as yet unvisited by any missionary.

The CENTRAL SOUDAN, which reaches from the confluence of the Niger and Binue across to Darfur, consists of a group of great negro states peopled by the Fulah and Hausa tribes. It comprises the empire of Sokoto, about as large as the British Islands, the province of Adamawa beyond the Binue, that of Bornu, south and west of Lake Chad, with a population of five or six millions, a civilized negro state whose king has an army of 20,000 well mounted and well armed cavalry. The kingdom of Baghirmi, traversed by the river Shari, which falls into Lake Chad, has one and a half millions; and the kingdom of Wadai is more than three times the size of England, with a war-



NEGRO SLAVE GIRL BROUGHT FROM THE SOUDAN.

like population, and a sultan who rules with merciless severity over his subjects. All these five countries of the central Soudan are totally unevangelized.

Then in the eastern Soudan we have the great kingdom of Darfur, and other populous provinces, which are of a less civilized character, while the region termed the Egyptian Soudan is one of the miserable spheres of the Arab slave-trade. This is fast decimating its population, which is passing away, alas ! without having ever heard the gospel.

Although arrived at maturity, their persons are quite hairless; for, like most negroes, they dislike all growth of hair on the body, and pluck out every hair that makes its appearance, scarcely liking the beard to grow. However, *en revanche*, the hair of the head is much encouraged, and really attains an astonishing length; and though crisp and curly, is tortured and twisted by its possessors into all sorts of fantastic coiffures."

The Bantu is a born trader, and therein lies the great hope of civilizing Central Africa. When America was first explored, the proud-willed, intractable Central North American Indian could not be brought into brotherhood with the white man. This native race died out before him; it would not work either under him or with him. Among the Bantu, on the contrary, the commercial instinct is so powerful, that the people are anxious for intercourse with the richer and stronger race, as soon as their superstitious fears can be allayed. They are more than willing to trade and procure what the white man wants, provided they can get a fair equivalent.

They have actually created among themselves a true currency, though not a money one—a proof of considerable commercial activity. They understand also to some extent the division of labour; one village will make nets, another mats, while another will buy the nets and addict itself to fishing, selling the fish caught, and carrying on the manufacture of palm wine, and so on.

The great *stimulus* to commerce—lack of necessary

things—exists among the Bantus. They want a greater variety of food, more meat especially, and therefore they need firearms to shoot game, even if not for war. They need clothes to shield them from the cold of their nights and the heat of their days. They need shoes or sandals, at any rate, for their long journeys, and a thousand other things. This makes them welcome the white man and his treasures gladly, and renders them willing to co-operate with him in the development of commerce.

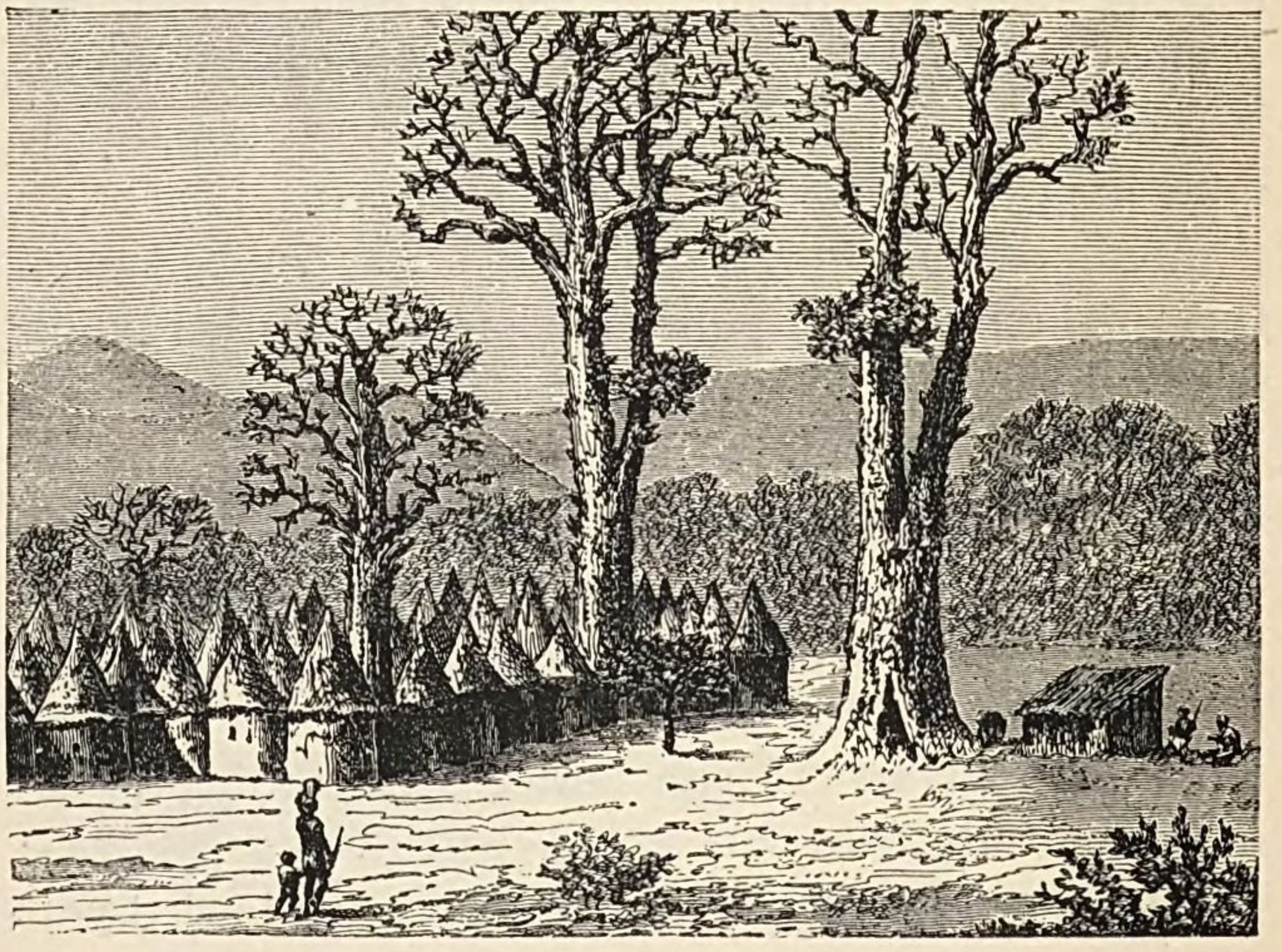
Of Central African man in his lowest state, as he saw him in the Nyassa district, Drummond writes:

"Hidden away in the endless forests, like birds' nests in a wood, in terror of one another, and of their common foe the slaver, are small native villages; and here, in his virgin simplicity, dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion, the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has practically no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes, the fruits which hang on them make his food. It is perfectly astounding, when one thinks of it, what nature can do for the animal man, to see with what small capital, after all, a human being can get through the world.

"I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with

him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and, last, his bow and arrows, the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. No man knows what a man is, till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man."

Central African villages differ widely, of course, in different parts of the continent, as a village in Norway would differ from one in the Netherlands, and that again from one in Spain or Italy. Here is a graphic description of a village in Uhombo and its people, from the pen of Stanley, who, as a traveller and author, retains the power of the "correspondent"



to seize the points of interest in a scene. This hamlet must have been one of the most degraded of its class however. The picture is a sad and painful one, but it is evidently the pen and ink photograph of

A Central African Village.

"A village in Uhombo consists of a number of low, conical huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig trees, kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely thirty inches high. The common, fenced round by the grass huts, shows plainly the ochreous colour of the soil, and it is so well trodden, that not a grass blade thrives upon it.

"On presenting myself on the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of naked men, women, children, and infants. Though I had appeared here for the purpose of studying the people of Uhombo, and making a treaty of friendship with the chief, the villagers seemed to think I had come merely to make a free exhibition of myself as some natural monstrosity! I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unpresentable type it is possible to conceive; and, though I knew quite well that, some thousands of years ago, the beginning of this wretched humanity and myself were one and the same, a sneaking disinclination to believe it possessed me strongly, and I would even now willingly subscribe some small

amount of silver money for him who could but assist to controvert the discreditable fact.

"But common sense tells me not to take into undue consideration their squalor, their ugliness, or nakedness, but to gauge their true position among the human race by taking a view of the cultivated fields and gardens of Uhombo; and I am compelled to admit that these debased specimens of humanity only plant and sow such vegetables and grain as I myself should cultivate, were I compelled to provide for my own sustenance. I see too that their huts, though of grass, are almost as well made as the materials will permit, and indeed I have often slept in worse. Speak with them in their own dialect of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, and it will soon appear that they are intelligent enough upon that point. Moreover the muscles, tissues, and fibres of their bodies, and all the organs of sight, hearing, smell, or motion, are as well developed as in us. Only in taste and judgment based upon larger experience, in the power of expression, in morals and intellectual culture, are we superior.

"I strive therefore to interest myself in my gross and rudely shaped brothers and sisters. Almost bursting into a laugh at the absurdity, I turn towards an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him, after the common manner of greeting:

"'My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable'; and as I say it, I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he

extended it made me think I could carve a better looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide.

"While speaking I look at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark-brown, coarse material. The lips proved the thickness of skin with which nature had endowed him, and by the obstinacy with which they refused to meet each other the form of the mouth was but ill defined, though capacious, and garnished with its full complement of well preserved teeth. His nose was *so* flat that I inquired, in a perfectly innocent manner, as to the reason for such a feature.

"'Ah!' said he, with a sly laugh, 'it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tightly to her back.'

"His hair had been compelled to follow the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the *land* around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving nature's fashion and mould of his country?

"Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humour and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill usage, and rude keeping.

"His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as the knees,

were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover or the queer 'girding tackle' need not be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan *lazzarone* is sumptuously, nay, regally clothed, in comparison to this 'king' in Uhombo.

"If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood around us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself, ugly—uglier—ugliest. As I looked at their nude and filthy bodies, and the general indecency of their nakedness, I ejaculated 'Fearful!' as the sum total of what I might with propriety say, and what indeed is sufficiently descriptive.

"And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wore about their waists; the rags of monkey skin, and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle; and of the things around their necks, brain of mice, skin of viper, 'adder's fork, and blindworm's sting'? And how strangely they smell, all these queer, man-like creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently: on the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white man's appearance, a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I came, whither I am going, and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were followed by long-drawn ejaculations of 'Wa-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') 'Eha-a, and these are men!'

"Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!

"A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again, 'Wa-a-a-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') The lower jaws indeed dropped so low that, when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to the proper place, and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men 'white all over' in this queer, queer world!

"The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby colour of the tongues, palates, and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth. 'Great events from trivial causes spring,' and while I was trying to calculate how many *kubaba* (measure of two lbs.) of millet seed would be requisite to fill all their dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontainable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping the hinder part of the thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless—while thus engaged, and just thinking

it was time to depart, it happened that one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled against a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees.

"The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre the human heart beating for another's suffering; and I then recognised and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

"Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly, and introduced to the world with less disdain. Before I quitted the village, they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings; for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and *malafu* (palm wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavour to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been."[1]

Central Africa is in one sense a roadless world, yet

[1] From the "Dark Continent."

not without roads of a kind. They are not fifty feet wide and macadamized. No remains of old Roman roads are there. Yet from sea to sea the Dark Continent is crossed by tracks of a kind which can be followed.



A PATH IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A recent traveller thus describes these roads :

"Talking of native footpaths leads me to turn aside for a moment to explain to the uninitiated the true mode of African travel. In spite of all the books that have been lavished upon us by our great explorers, few people seem to have any accurate understanding of this most simple process. Some have the impression that everything is done in bullock wagons, an idea borrowed from the Cape, but hopelessly inapplicable to Central Africa, where a wheel at present would be as great a novelty as a polar bear. Others,

at the opposite extreme, suppose that the explorer works along solely by compass, making a bee line for his destination, and steering his caravan through the trackless wilderness like a ship at sea. Now it may be a surprise to the unenlightened, that probably no explorer in forcing his passage through Africa has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track. Probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its neighbour, and therefore with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction, and hold on his way. Let him begin at Zanzibar, plant his foot on a native footpath, and set his face towards Tanganyika. In eight months he will be there; he has simply to persevere! From village to village he will be handed on, zig-zagging it may be sometimes to avoid the impassive barriers of nature or the rarer perils of hostile tribes, but never taking to the woods, guided solely by the stars, and never in fact leaving a beaten track, till hundreds and hundreds of miles are between him and the sea, and his interminable footpaths end with a canoe on the shores of Tanganyika. Crossing the lake, landing near some native village, he picks up the thread once more. Again he plods on and on, now on foot, now by canoe, but always keeping his line of villages, until one day suddenly he sniffs the sea breeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard.

"Nor is there any art in finding out these successive villages, with their intercommunicating links. He must find them out. A whole army of guides, servants, carriers, soldiers, and camp-followers accompany him in his march, and this nondescript regiment must be fed. Indian corn, cassava, mawere, beans, and bananas,—these do not grow wild, even in Africa. Every meal has to be bought and paid for in cloth and beads, and scarcely three days can pass without a call having to be made at some village, where the necessary supplies can be obtained. A caravan, as a rule, must live from hand to mouth, and its march becomes simply a regulated procession through a chain of markets! Not however that there are any real markets; there are neither bazaars nor stores in native Africa. Thousands of the villages through which the traveller eats his way may never have victualled a caravan before. But with the chief's consent, which is usually easily purchased for a showy present, the villages unlock their larders, the women flock to the grinding stones, and basketfuls of food are swiftly exchanged for unknown equivalents in beads and calico.

"The native tracks which I have just described are the same in character all over Africa. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed, by centuries of native traffic. As a rule these footpaths are marvellously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley,

never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African footpath is, on the whole, a bee-line, no fifty yards of it are ever straight, and the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is ever encountered, no native will think of removing it! Why should he? It is easier to walk round it. The next man who comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him. He looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside: but no; he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea. But it would be a very stony country indeed —and Africa is far from stony—that would wholly account for the aggravating obliqueness and indecision of the African footpaths. Probably each four miles on an average path is spun out by an infinite series of minor sinuosities to five or six. Now these deflections are not meaningless. Each has some history—a history dating back perhaps a thousand years, but to which all clue has, centuries ago, been lost. The leading cause probably is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path, no man ever removes it. As in the case of the stone, the natives

go round it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry, and the white ants have eaten it, the new detour becames part and parcel of the path. The smaller irregularities, on the other hand, represent the trees and stumps of the primeval forest, where the track was made at first. But whatever the cause, it is certain that for persistent straightforwardness in general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in particular, the African roads are unique in engineering."[1]

The following pages will exhibit much of the social and religious condition of the people of this new world. The last quoted author has written of them as affording a picture of "primeval man." We regard them rather as the sin-degraded descendants of originally purer, wiser, and happier races. Geography, history, and language, all point to the conclusion that Africa was peopled from the north-east; that is, across the Isthmus of Suez, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, from Asia, the cradle of the race. This Scripture and science alike prove. Now degradation spreads in ever-deepening shades over the continent, from north-east to south-west, until we reach the scarcely human inhabitants of the Kalihari Desert. Degradation, like death, is the wages of sin; and in this world, as all experience teaches, it attaches to nations as well as to individuals. *Sin* reigns in Africa, and sin which, in spite of their heathenism, the people know to be sin. They themselves accuse or excuse

[1] DRUMMOND: "Tropical Africa."

one another, though their consciences are in many respects seared, as with a hot iron. But they are ashamed of their cannibalism, and try to conceal it from the white man, and so with some other crimes. Religion they have none, for the fetish worship to which they are addicted cannot be called a religion. They are not even idol-worshippers, though they have certain images, which they regard as charms more than as gods. They do not worship the sun, or deify the elements. Their ignorance of all religious truth is utter, and their sole point of sound philosophy is a hazy belief in a future life. But they are teachable, for they are of childlike natures. Curiosity, wonder, sympathy, docility, all are there, and the missionary finds faculties to which he can appeal.

But think of a new world in this nineteenth century almost entirely unevangelized! Think of hundreds of languages not yet even reduced to writing, and having in them no words for the love and mercy of God, no term for the Saviour! Think of hundreds of millions of human beings, still in this end of the age, without the word of God or the message of salvation!

Is it not a very remarkable fact, that to the revived Church of the last half of this nineteenth century should be presented in the providence of God *a continent* to be evangelized?

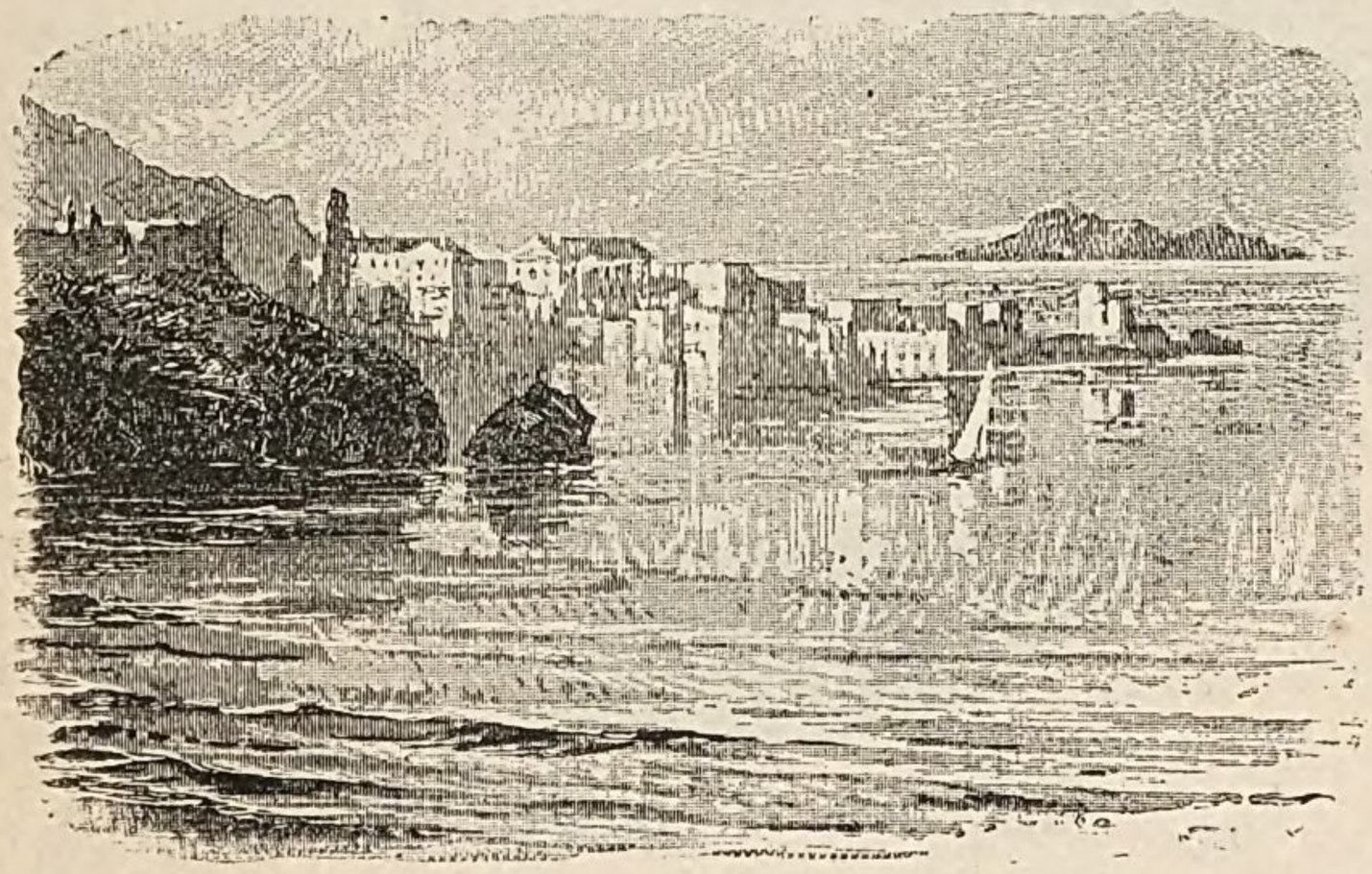
The more we study the condition of Africa, the more shall we be convinced that to give it the gospel is now the first great duty of Christians. It may be that it is the last great task of the Church. "This

gospel of the kingdom must first be preached among all nations; and then shall the end come."

So said our Saviour, and Africa is the last *great* unevangelized portion of the earth.

For four hundred years there had lain within three weeks' steam of London the gate of this million-peopled region, and yet an impassable barrier separated it alike from the world and from the Church. But in the purpose of God the time was come that the gate should be thrown wide open. He guided Stanley across Africa, and then used his story to introduce Africa to the circle of Christian sympathies.

It is only ten or twelve years ago, yet what a wonderful change already! As Elisée Reclus has well said, "L'on reste confondu devant les résultats obtenu dans le court espace de dix ans."





HENRY M. STANLEY,

THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

OF THE NEW WORLD OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER II.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE NEW WORLD.

FROM the mere titles of books we learn something. Most of us are aware that certain travellers have gone like Stanley "Through the Dark Continent," and like Cameron "Across Africa"; we know that Thompson passed "Through Masai Land," and Farini "Through the Kalihari Desert"; we have read how Serpa Pinto crossed "From Benguella to Yacca," and how Sir Samuel and Lady Baker visited "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile." Messrs. Wilson and Felkin have described "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," and the letters and journals of Gordon and Emin Pasha unveil much of the Upper Nile regions; while multitudes of others have penetrated more or less deeply, like Schweinfurth, into "The Heart of Africa." But how few do more than glance at such narratives of travel and adventure! How few study them so as to understand the new world they open up, or are moved by them to a sense of the fresh responsibilities and duties born of new opportunities of spreading the gospel!

With regard to all the great mission fields, a sense

of distance, of strangeness, of being alien from our own life, has to be overcome before real sympathy can be established, and this is especially so as regards Central Africa. Its great countries, its countless though uncivilized "towns," its populous river banks and valleys, how little we realize them! They are names and little more to most of us.

What a different impression, for instance, is conveyed to our minds by the words, "Through the Dark Continent," from that which they produce on the mind of the intrepid Stanley! To most they are *words*, and little more; to him they are a great, complicated memory. Of what? Of long, weary wanderings, lasting for nearly three years, and extending over seven thousand miles of land and water; of dangers dared and difficulties surmounted; of perils encountered, which *cost* a hundred and seventy lives of members of his expedition, and *risked* those of all the rest scores and scores of times—a memory, clear and vivid, of countless countries and numberless tribes of our fellow creatures never before seen by a white man; of cannibals and ferocious savages; of mild, gentle, peaceful peoples; or, again, of degraded and demoralized races; of swarthy chiefs and kings and armies; of stupendous mountains, lakes, and rivers, and of thrilling adventures without end. To read his story carefully, tracing on the map each stage of his progress, is to gain some idea at any rate of Central Africa!

Starting from Zanzibar, on the Indian Ocean, in November, 1874, and passing through the gardens

and fields around Bagamoyo, he crossed the Kingani River, and journeyed through beautiful, rich, park-like country to the Pongwe Hills, which rise to a height of 1,700 feet. Then past village after village, through forests and over plains, he traversed the country of Useguha, and plunging into the valley of the Wami River, abounding with palm trees and full of game, he reached the Nguru Mountains. December brought him into Usagara (recently annexed by Germany), a romantic, picturesque country, with mountain peaks and ridges on all hands, and, dotting every summit, villages inhabited by shy, suspicious races, whose distrust of the strangers could not be overcome. January, 1875, found the expedition in the thorn-covered, unpleasant, and inhospitable land of Ugogo, "hateful to the eye and bitter to the mind,"—where the extortion and insolence of the powerful and compact native tribes obliges the traveller to pay tribute or to fight at every stage; where the cold winds and chilly atmosphere bring fever, and the bad water and sterile, ungrateful soil combine to leave painful impressions on the memory of the traveller.

Then the expedition plunged into an almost impenetrable, jungly wilderness, whose trackless wilds are untravelled by caravans. The wide countries of Urimi and Ituru are next crossed, where the quarrelsome inhabitants test the patience of the visitor, though food and water are plentiful, and where emigrants from the warlike Masai nation abound.

February brought the expedition to Iramba, another region of hills and valleys, and stretches of forest land,



MONBUTTO WARRIORS DRESSED IN BARK.

with numerous rivers, the extreme southern sources of the Nile flowing into the Shimeeyu, which falls into the Victoria Lake. Everywhere were hundreds of villages and hamlets of people addicted to wars and fightings, and living, of course, without God, and without hope in the world!

Next came the pleasant country of Usukuma, a clear, open, grassy plateau, where sweet pastoral scenes charmed the travellers, and health-giving breezes invigorated them; where the villages are goodly clusters of cone-shaped huts, and the inhabitants kind and obliging. And this delightful land stretched right up to the southern shores of the great Victoria Nyanza, on the brink of which the camp was pitched at the end of February, more than three months having been consumed in marching the 720 miles from the sea coast.

Then followed voyages instead of marches. For six long busy months the little *Lady Alice* ploughed the waters of the Victorian sea, which, though on the equator, lies so high as to enjoy a lovely climate, being more than 4,000 feet above the level of the ocean. Nearly 2,000 miles were sailed over in circumnavigating this gigantic lake! First the countries around Speke Gulf, and many a pleasant islet lying on its waters are passed; then river after river flowing into the lake, and countless Wasukuma villages on its shores; Ukerewe and Shizu, and the Bird Islands glide by; for 800 or 900 miles the expedition coasts with varying fortunes along the shores of Ururi, Ugeyeya, and Ugana, and by the end of March the country of Usoga is reached. Its people are "arrant rogues, treacherous and untractable," they "excel all others in savage craft and violent disposition"; the passage past their country is anything but pleasant, as it is difficult to avoid skirmishes.

The transition to the next country, Uganda, was

a relief. This was the domain of the great Central African potentate, Mtesa, and is described as an earthly paradise. Sweet views into snug coves and creeks charmed the travellers; the low, wooded hills seen from the lake were covered with plantations of bananas, and backed by upland pastures and blue ranges of distant hills. Mtesa had a fleet of three hundred war canoes, and an army of a hundred and fifty thousand warriors. Very pompous and ceremonious was the reception accorded to the white men from afar: the long lines of well-dressed soldiery, with their waving flags and banners, were drawn up to receive him on the beach; volleys of musketry celebrated his arrival; noisy music, and ostentatious greetings of gorgeously apparelled courtiers, preceded the royal reception; and deeply interesting conversations on moral and religious subjects were held with that superior but despotic and cruel king. A naval review on the lake was witnessed by the traveller; and he journeyed over a road eight feet broad to the great capital on the hill at Rubaga, a town with beautiful prospects on every side, and avenues a hundred feet broad. A voluptuous land of sunshine and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great equatorial fresh-water sea, a land of peace and plenty is Uganda, possessing a fascination that charms the visitor, and, inhabited by a people altogether superior to the general run of African tribes. It is rich in ivory, coffee, gums, resins, myrrh, skins, and beautiful silky goat's hair, eight inches in length, besides producing all the necessaries of life, and sus-

taining cattle in abundance. Its soil seems to be of inexhaustible fertility, with magnificent foliage and rich pastures. It has a population of about 3,000,000, and, with its tributary states, covers an extent of 70,000 square miles. But, alas! it is a land of tyranny and murder, a land whence armed expeditions are constantly issuing to destroy, or, in native phrase, "eat up" the neighbouring states, to enslave their women, murder their men, and steal their cattle.

The summer and autumn of 1875 passed away while the great lake and its neighbourhood were being explored; and when November came round again a fresh start for the west was made.

A wildly magnificent tract of country, previously untraversed by Europeans, was explored, the belt of a hundred miles wide lying between the Victoria and Muta Nzige, or, as it is now named, the Albert Edward Lake.

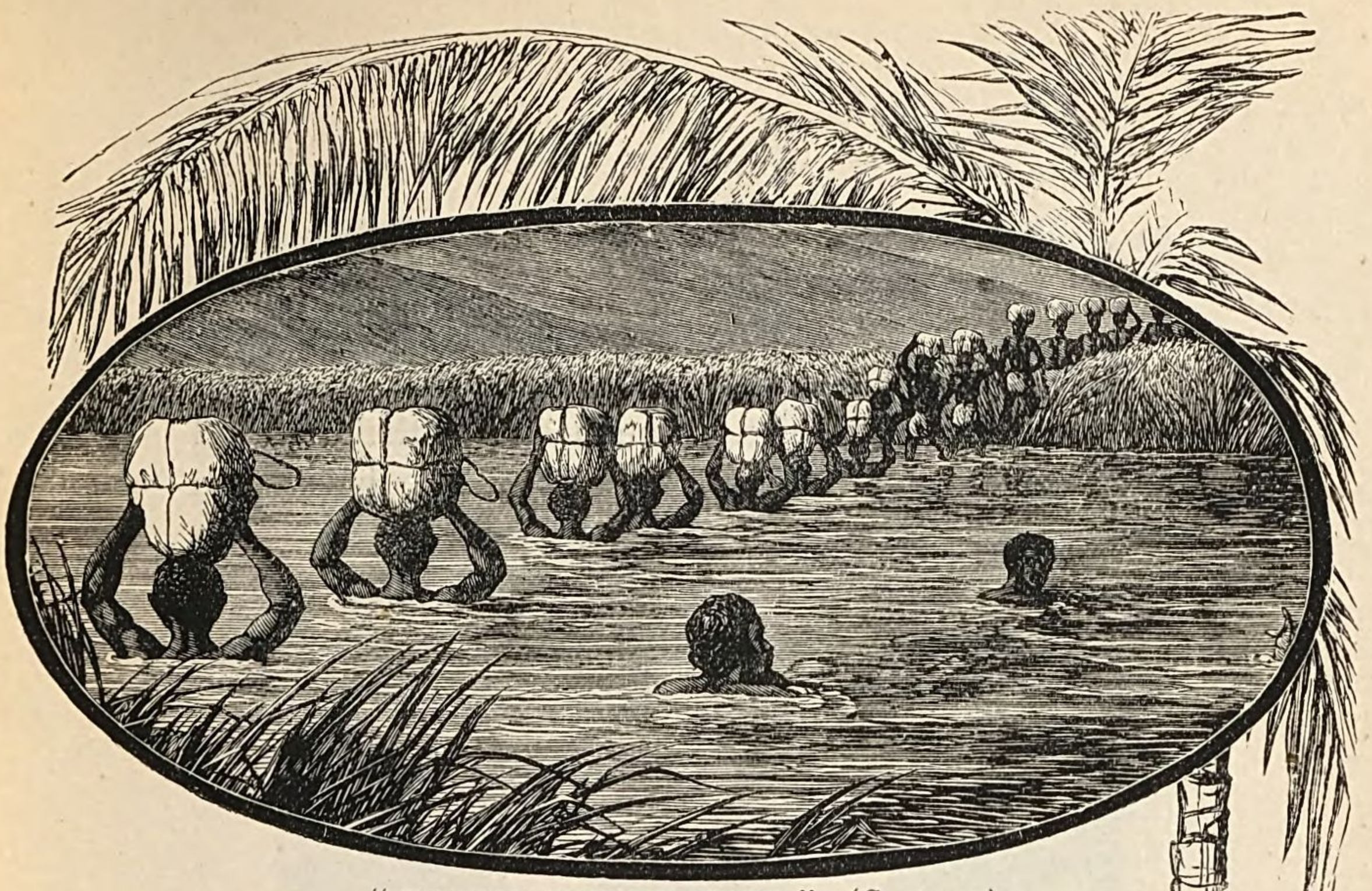
Foiled in his desire to circumnavigate this latter lake by the faithlessness and cowardice of his escort, the traveller had to turn back from the spot where he sighted it, and passing between the great blue, snow-capped Gordon-Bennett Mountains on the north and the stupendous summit of Mount Lawson on the south, to return to the borders of Uganda. These mountains are Central African Alps, rising from 12,000 to 18,000 feet high, and crowned even under the equator with perpetual snow. Fierce and cannibal tribes were said to dwell in the great country of Uregga, west of the lake, but they had not then been visited.

Another month of hard travel brought the expedition to Karagwe, the country of the good king Rumanika, an intelligent and mild old man, with a countenance like "the serene and placid face of some old saint or patriarch held in reverence by the Christian Church." "His face reminded me of a still, deep well, and the tones of his voice were so calm, that unconsciously they compelled me to imitate him." This sweet-tempered though pagan potentate stood six feet six high, and had a refined profile and rather a Roman nose. He took a vivid interest in furnishing all the information he could to the explorer, and deeply regretted the brevity of his visit to Karagwe.

A month spent in the exploration of the Alexandra Nile and the long series of small lakes connected with it brought the traveller to Usui, and the mountain ridge which is the watershed between the great river system of the Nile and that of the Congo, of which Lake Tanganyika is one reservoir. Then the populous and fertile basin of Uyagoma is passed, and the country of Usambiro entered and traversed; and by the middle of April, Unyamwesi, with its rich farms and well wooded hills, its large, palisaded towns and villages of a thousand huts, is reached.

Many a week is passed in traversing this great country, crossing its flooded plains, and pushing through its dense jungles; and not till the end of May, 1876, in the second year of the journey, is Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, sighted.

A glance at the map shows that after these nineteen months of incessant and weary journeying the traveller

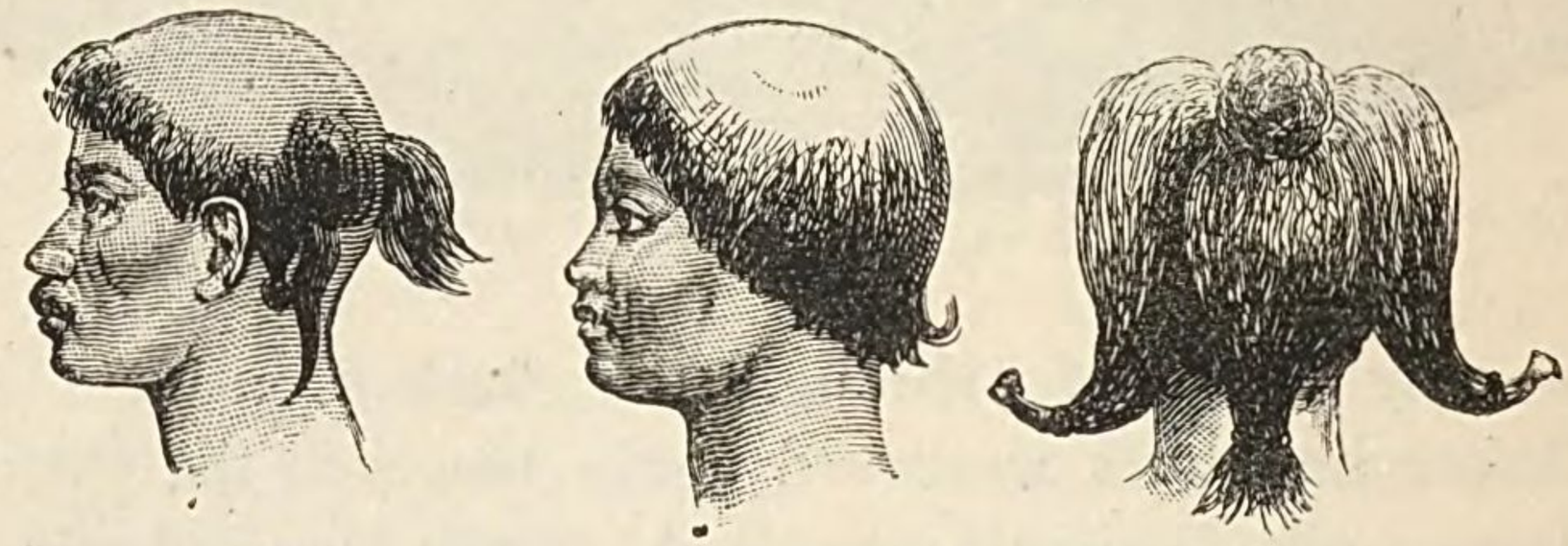


"CROSSING FLOODED PLAINS." (*See p.* 42.)

is only *one-third* "through the Dark Continent"! Before he starts westward again however, the great Tanganyika is circumnavigated. Eight hundred miles of its waters are sailed over, coasting round the countries of Urundi, Uguru, Uvinza, Ugara, Kawendi, Ukazanya, Urimba, Tongwe, Fipa, Urungu, Uemba, Marungu, Uguha, Goma, Bakombe, Ubembe, and Uvira. These all are passed in succession in the course of the two months spent in sailing round the lake, which lies 2,756 feet above the sea, has a coast-line of 930 miles, and is so deep that 1,280 feet of cord gave no bottom in mid-lake!

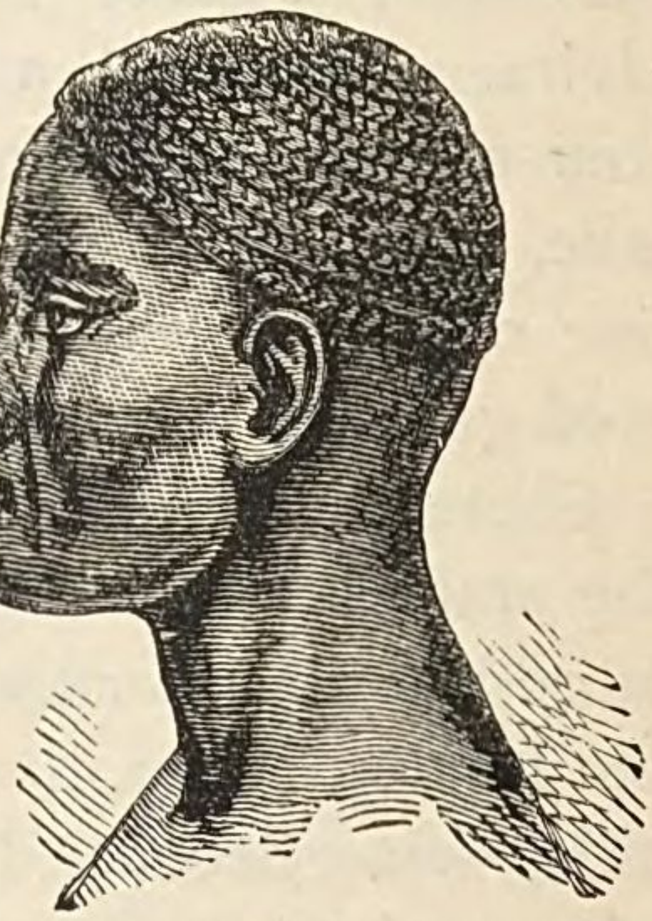
September and October of the second year after the start from the East Coast see the traveller once more pressing westward along the beautiful valley of the Luama River, through the three or four hundred miles lying between Ujiji and Nyangwe, on the Lualaba, as the Congo in this part of its course is called.

Though here and there depopulated by the slave raids of Arabs, who had penetrated even then thus far into Central Africa in pursuance of their wicked and cruel trade, yet the country here is on the whole populous, and it presents new features both as to its animal and vegetable productions, and as to its human inhabitants, of whose physiognomy the annexed cuts give a not unpleasing impression.



NATIVES OF UBUJWE.

Uguha is occupied by a curious aboriginal race, who perforate the upper lip, and insert a piece of stone or wood, till it extends the lip to an inch and a half or two inches. Ubujwe, Uhyeya, and Uvinza (forest lands on mountain ridges, homes of the chimpanzee or "soko"), Uhombo, and Bambarre are passed, and then the great, well watered, and populous country of Manyema. It stretches away



NATIVE OF UHYEYA.

to the Lualaba, full of shapely villages, where the houses are ranged in parallel streets, or in diverging rows like stars, with bright red walls and sloping roofs, and well cultivated lands around. The men are well dressed and the women good looking, and expert smiths and native musicians abound. But they indulge, alas! in cannibalism when they can.

After *two years' travelling*, the mighty river CONGO is sighted. Away there in Manyema, 1,500 or 1,600 miles from its mouth, it is a strong-sweeping current of turbid, yellow water, fully a mile wide, and flowing at the rate of three or four knots an hour. No one had ever before followed its course beyond Nyangwe; when Stanley started from that great centre *half a continent* lay still *totally unexplored* before him. Terrible tales of its horrors were freely poured into his ear; but, heeding them not, he plunged boldly into the utterly unknown.

At first the expedition tried to travel by land, and struggled for months with desperate effort through Uguha, Uregga, and Manyema. But the extreme difficulty of penetrating these dense, dark, primeval forests disheartened and disorganized the force. Then, gazing on the broad, bright, swift-flowing river, the explorer came to the resolution to take to *it* and keep to it, till it should lead him to the ocean. "I seek a road! We have laboured through the terrible forests, and manfully struggled through their gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road; why, here lies a broad, watery avenue cleaving the unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here

are woods all round, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes; why not build them? *To-day I will launch my boat on that stream, and it shall not leave it till I finish my work!*"

This resolution was kept! For *four long months* was the brave explorer borne down by the steady current of the mighty Livingstone River, down through a thousand miles of country previously unseen by European eyes, past the mouths of twenty or thirty large rivers, which poured into the main stream such volumes of water as told that they came from very very far, past the Ruiki and the Lira and the Kasuka, the Urindi and the Lowwa and the Leopold rivers, past the Lomani and the Aruwimi and the Loika and the Lulanga and the Ikelemba, whose tea-coloured waters do not for *one hundred and thirty miles below the confluence* mingle with those of the main stream; past the Juapa, the Mobangi, and the Kasai rivers, right down to Stanley Pool. There the great water-way ceases to be navigable, and contracting from a width of four, six, and even ten miles, to an impetuous torrent a few hundred yards wide, rushes through tremendous mountain gorges, in a series of cataracts and falls, descending eleven hundred feet to Yellala, whence it flows as the tranquil Lower Congo to the Atlantic Ocean.

Never will the explorer forget the terrible and tragic experiences of those four months of floating down the broad upper river, the incessant and furious onslaughts of savage men, the desperate conflicts which drove his little fleet to take refuge amid the

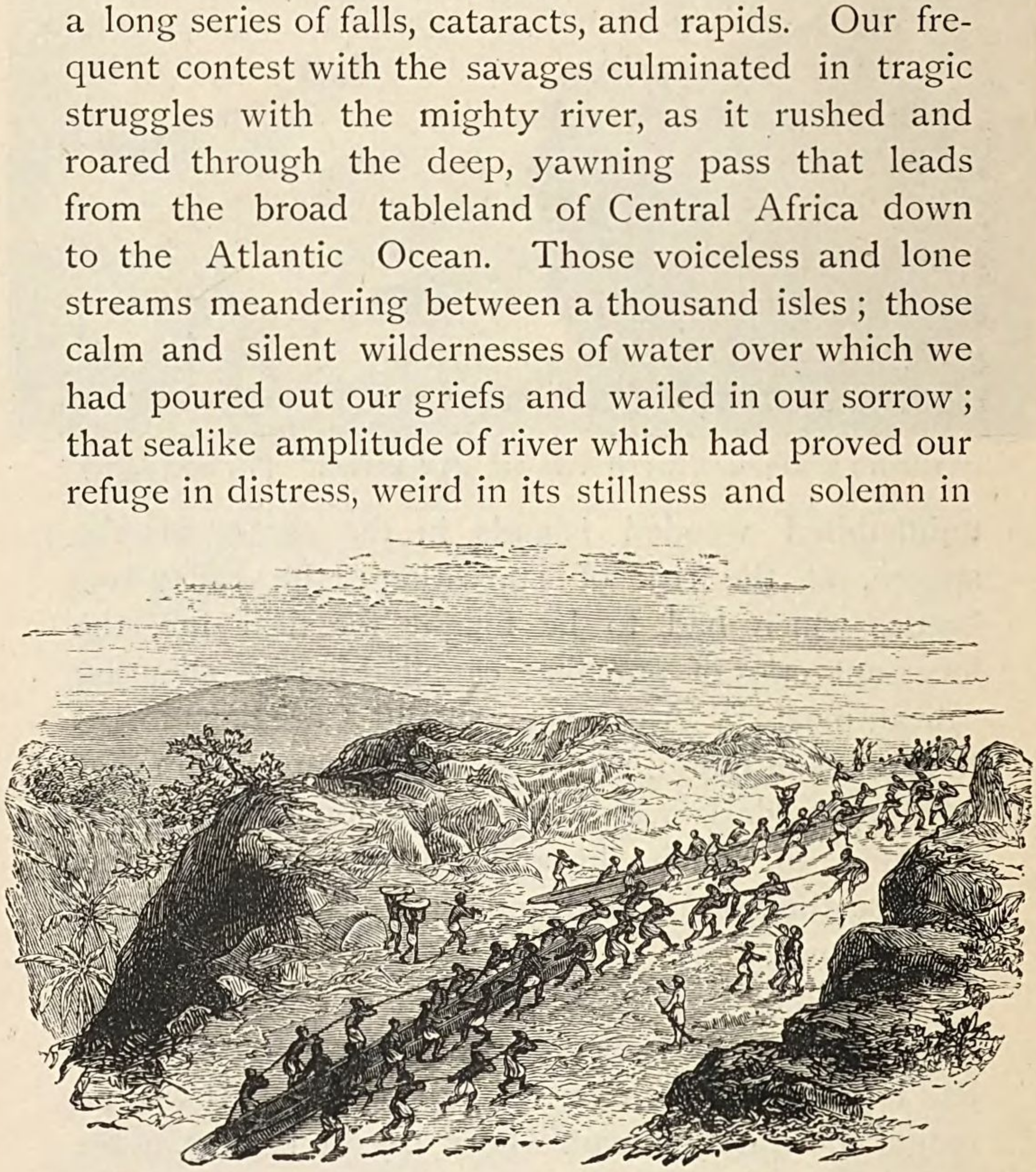


"TRAGIC STRUGGLES WITH THE MIGHTY RIVER." (*See next page.*)

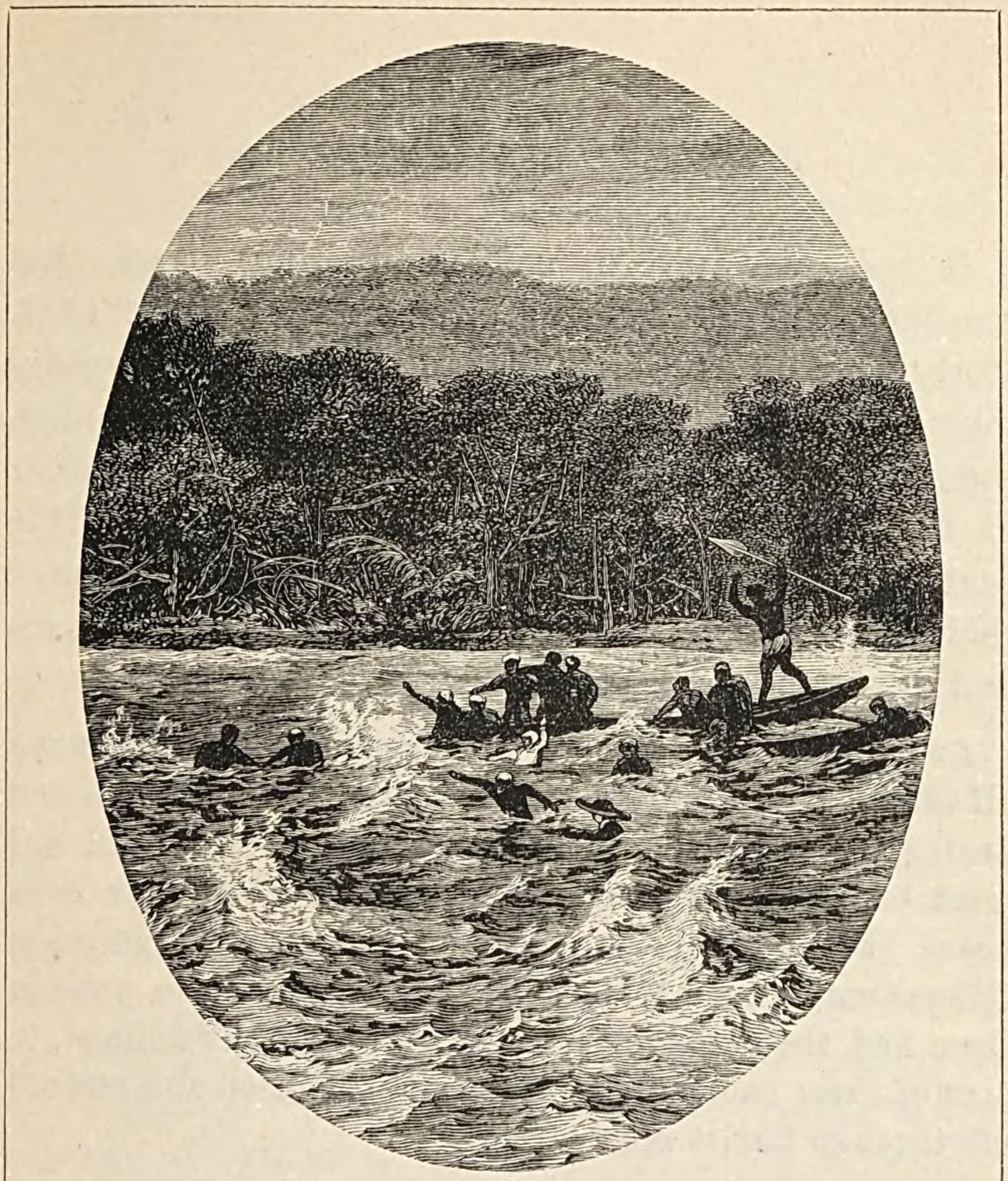
uninhabited wooded islands in the centre of the stream, at the risk of starvation; the thirty-two battles which had to be fought for dear life, the incessant cries of pursuing cannibal hordes, shouting "meat, meat!" And never should Christians forget the scenes of moral ruin and misery unveiled in that voyage, the dark world of. degradation and violence revealed, in which sin and Satan reign supreme, because the Son of God and Saviour of mankind is all unknown.

At Stanley Pool came a change of experience, but it was scarcely an improvement. The natives became less terrible, but the river itself more so! "It was no longer the stately stream whose mystic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle, uninterrupted flow fascinated

us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores ; but a furious river rushing down a steep bed, obstructed by heaps of lava, projecting barriers of rock, and lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contest with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river, as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad tableland of Central Africa down to the Atlantic Ocean. Those voiceless and lone streams meandering between a thousand isles ; those calm and silent wildernesses of water over which we had poured out our griefs and wailed in our sorrow ; that sealike amplitude of river which had proved our refuge in distress, weird in its stillness and solemn in



"TO DRAG THE CANOES OVERLAND" (*p.* 49).



IN THE RAPIDS.

its mystery, were exchanged for the cliff-lined gorge, through which with inconceivable fury it sweeps with foaming billows into the broad Lower Congo."

For *four months more*, all through the summer of 1877, this struggle with the river had to be daily maintained, and an awful struggle it was! To navigate the practicable reaches of calm water was comparatively easy, but to drag the canoes overland past each fall and rapid in the river involved tremendous labour and difficulty. Fourteen were drowned in the dangerous descent; and insufficient food,—amounting at last to starvation,—excessive hard work, and overwhelming fatigue disabled many more.

It was a wayworn, feeble, suffering band that reached Isangila Falls at the end of July, 1877. Forty were on the sick list, and disease was rapidly increasing. But the long journey was well-nigh ended, the sea was almost in sight, and, abandoning the river at last, the heroic explorer led the remnant of his party overland to Boma, only just in time to save their lives, after a journey of *seven thousand miles*, up and down and across broad Africa.

And through all these seven thousand miles, and among all these countless peoples and kindreds and tongues, and during all those long months and years, Stanley did not meet one single Christian, nor any who had ever even heard the gospel! He gazed on the representatives of tribes numbering at least fifty millions; but to none of them had the message of mercy ever been proclaimed, to none of them had the glad tidings of salvation and eternal life through Christ been carried!

And this was only *one* journey on *one* line, as it were, "through the Dark Continent." A hundred similar ones might be taken. Africa is 5,000 miles long; if crossed at distances of fifty miles, *a hundred such journeys* would have to be taken, in a hundred different latitudes; and in *by far the larger part of them* not a single disciple of Christ would be met from east to west! To so melancholy an extent is Africa in this nineteenth century still unevangelized, that line after line might be stretched from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, and pass through *only* heathen nations, which have never had a chance of being anything but heathen!

Cameron took three years in crossing Africa in a much more direct line. Starting in 1872, and passing through Ugogo and Unyanyembe, he crossed Lake Tanganyika and struck the Congo at Nyangwe, whence turning southwards, and traversing Kassange and Bihé, he emerged at Benguella.

He passed through equally unevangelized territory, and saw and reported much of the awful misery and degradation of heathenism. But his journey had none of the important practical results which that of Stanley has had. The great discovery of the latter linked together heathen Africa and enlightened Europe. He proved that the long familiar mouth of the Congo, within three weeks' sail from London, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, was the real western entrance into Africa, an entrance which, by means of a short railroad, would afford ready access to a vast navigable water-way, piercing the Dark Continent, north, south, and east, for thousands of miles.

This great discovery might prove either a blessing or a curse to Africa, according to the use which should be made of it. Not brave exploration only, but clever statemanship was needed, in order that the introduction of Central Africa to the world should bring to it good and not evil. But the time to bless Africa was come, and God, who in His providence had raised up first Livingstone and then Stanley, to reveal to men the condition of its great interior, now raised up for it a royal friend, in the person of Leopold King of the Belgians. In our next chapter we must tell how the great work was carried on.



VIEW OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE FREE STATE WAS FOUNDED.

It was in the autumn of 1879 that the second stage of Stanley's work on the Congo began. It differed most materially from the first. That had been a private expedition, sent out by two newspaper editors, and its main object had been *discovery*. But his second journey was of an even more important character. An influential association, which aimed at permanent work for the regeneration of Africa, had been formed in Belgium, with the King at its head, and bearing the title of the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo." Its object was to study on the spot the problem of what could be done to introduce civilization and commerce into the great basin of the mighty river.

The leading explorer of his day was commissioned to go and if possible to open up—for their own benefit, and for the benefit of the world—the vast regions he had made known for the first time, regions which for ages had been sealed against civilization and commerce.

The object of the expedition was not religious, but

its indirect effect would be to help on mission work in those regions, even more than it could have done had it been itself a Christian mission. It would have been long before any missionary society would have had sufficient means at command to organize and equip such an expedition, or would have secured a leader whose natural character, acquired abilities, and extraordinary experience fitted him so well for the task. Without any expense or trouble to missionary societies, this expedition undertook work which they rejoiced to have done, but which they could not themselves have attempted.

The following letter gives Mr. Stanley's own view of his second mission to the Congo :

"And now I begin another mission seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open, if possible—all such districts and countries as I may explore for the benefit of the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society, which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but *my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and wherever rejected, the mission must withdraw to seek another field.* We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands be made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made and tolerance be granted under this new system. In some regions experience tells me the plan may work wonders. God grant it success every-

where! I have fifteen Europeans and a couple of hundred natives with me."

It was no longer a question of merely pushing a way through cannibal tribes by fire-arms and force, but rather one of winning the friendship and co-operation of the natives of the country, with a view to peaceful settlement and mutually beneficial commerce. On his first descent of the great river the explorer had to fight his way through hostile tribes, strong enough to have annihilated his comparatively weak expedition, as—hardly bestead and hungry, anxious and uncertain—he pressed on through an unknown world. In these later voyages, on the contrary, he was at leisure and at ease; his object was to form a permanent friendship with every tribe as he passed along, and to plant a chain of stations on the banks of the river for 1,200 miles into the interior. This object required that he should get the people to understand and trust the white man as their friend. The steamers and the artillery of civilization placed his expedition at such an advantage, that opposition was seen to be useless, and was consequently scarcely attempted. Interpreters were at hand to conduct negotiations and obtain information; resources were abundant, and as a result, residence was peacefully effected, even among the cannibal tribes so hostile on the former occasion.

In some senses Stanley's second exploit was greater than his first. True he did not stand alone in it, as he had done previously, but his part in the founding of the CONGO FREE STATE—a group of

countries in the heart of Africa, almost as extensive and as populous as the United States of America—was a large and most important one, and it may safely be said that without his aid the task would never have been accomplished.

A period of five years, from 1879–1884, was devoted to this great work, which consisted of two distinct parts. The first, or African section of it, comprised the period of labour, exploration, and discovery in the Congo Valley; and the second, or European part, was the great and successful diplomatic achievement crowned by the labours of the Berlin Conference.[1]

The African part of the work began in July, 1879.

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[1] The Livingstone Inland Mission had been for a year and a half established at Pallaballa before the expedition arrived at Banana, and as its operations were carried on at first exclusively on the north side of the river, our missionaries on the south side saw and knew very little of it for the first year or two.

We thought then, and think still, that Stanley's choice of the north bank was a mistake, and that his usual sagacity was at fault in this case. Much needless labour and expense were incurred in consequence. The north bank of the river presents *far* more serious impediments to travel, and has fewer resources in food and in carriers than the south. Experience has demonstrated that the southern route is the better, as it is now used almost exclusively by travellers, and the railroad shortly to be constructed will take the same course. The "road" on the north side, opened at heavy expense of life, labour, and money, was abandoned, and the capital stations constructed at such heavy cost by the "Comité d'Etudes" had to be transferred to the south side. The English Baptist Mission moved over their stations also; and at the Berlin Conference the north bank—above Manyanga—was surrendered to France.

Bishop Taylor's stations are mostly on the north side, and the Swedish Mission has also two opposite Mukimbungu.

From August, 1879, to July, 1884, it consisted in a struggle against the physical difficulties of the Congo region. The first *two years* were spent in clearing and making a road over very difficult, rocky ground in a gorge naturally poor and barren, and not very populous; and in carrying up by this road thousands of tons weight of materials, stores, tools, sections of steamers, luggage, provisions, and barter goods; and also in building four stations in the Cataract Region. Not till this was accomplished could the expedition continue its work in the interior.



A CONGO CARAVAN.

The base station was formed near the falls of Yellala, at a village called Vivi; the next at Isangila, reached by land; the third at Manyanga, reached by the river; and the fourth at Stanley Pool. This was in some senses the hardest part of the undertaking, and involved two years of the roughest pioneering work,—work which few men living could have accomplished as successfully as Mr. Stanley did.

In spite of a dangerous amount of exposure and fatigue, his life and health were wonderfully preserved He suffered from one very nearly fatal fever at Manyanga in May, 1881. After relapses extending over many weeks, he had become so weak and exhausted that he thought he was dying. His doses of quinine rose to fifty and even sixty grains, and their potent effect corrected the fever at last, leaving him too weak even to express his last wishes. His people were gathered round his couch to receive, as they thought, his dying words—his European comrades waiting anxiously for his last instructions; he struggled hard to recall his fleeting senses and concentrate his mind for the final charge. In vain! Faintness, unconsciousness shut out the scene, and the oblivion lasted many hours, merging afterwards into sleep. When he awoke he was a saved man! Feeble as an infant, ravenously hungry, he began to recover, but recovery was a long and tedious process. "I was at this time," he says, "only 100 lbs. in weight; my limbs were mere sticks supporting a feeble, weak body, to which the few paces from the bed to the chair appeared an immense labour."

Health and strength however gradually returned, and "Bula Matari,"[1] the breaker of rocks, plunged once more into the arduous and unceasing labours involved in his enterprise.

It was in December, 1881, that the first goal of the expedition was reached, and a station—to which the name of Leopoldville was given—founded on the Upper Congo, on the southern shores of Stanley Pool,—the northern being already claimed by the French, as their representative, Count de Brazza, had reached that point by the Ogowé, in the interval since Stanley's first visit. Much trouble was caused by a native chief called Ngalyema, a vain, foolish, covetous, but withal clever fellow, whom it required no small tact and skill to manage. He was won to good behaviour at last, though only after months of patient manœuvring. The other chiefs in the neighbourhood were friendly, and a site on a hill was selected for the station. Three months were spent in making local political arrangements, and in laying out, building, and stocking this station, destined to be the terminus of the road through the cataract region, and the starting-point of the navigation of the upper river. A little steamer, the *En Avant*, had been prepared, which with a whaleboat and two large canoes formed the little flotilla with which this easier and pleasanter part of the enterprise was attempted.

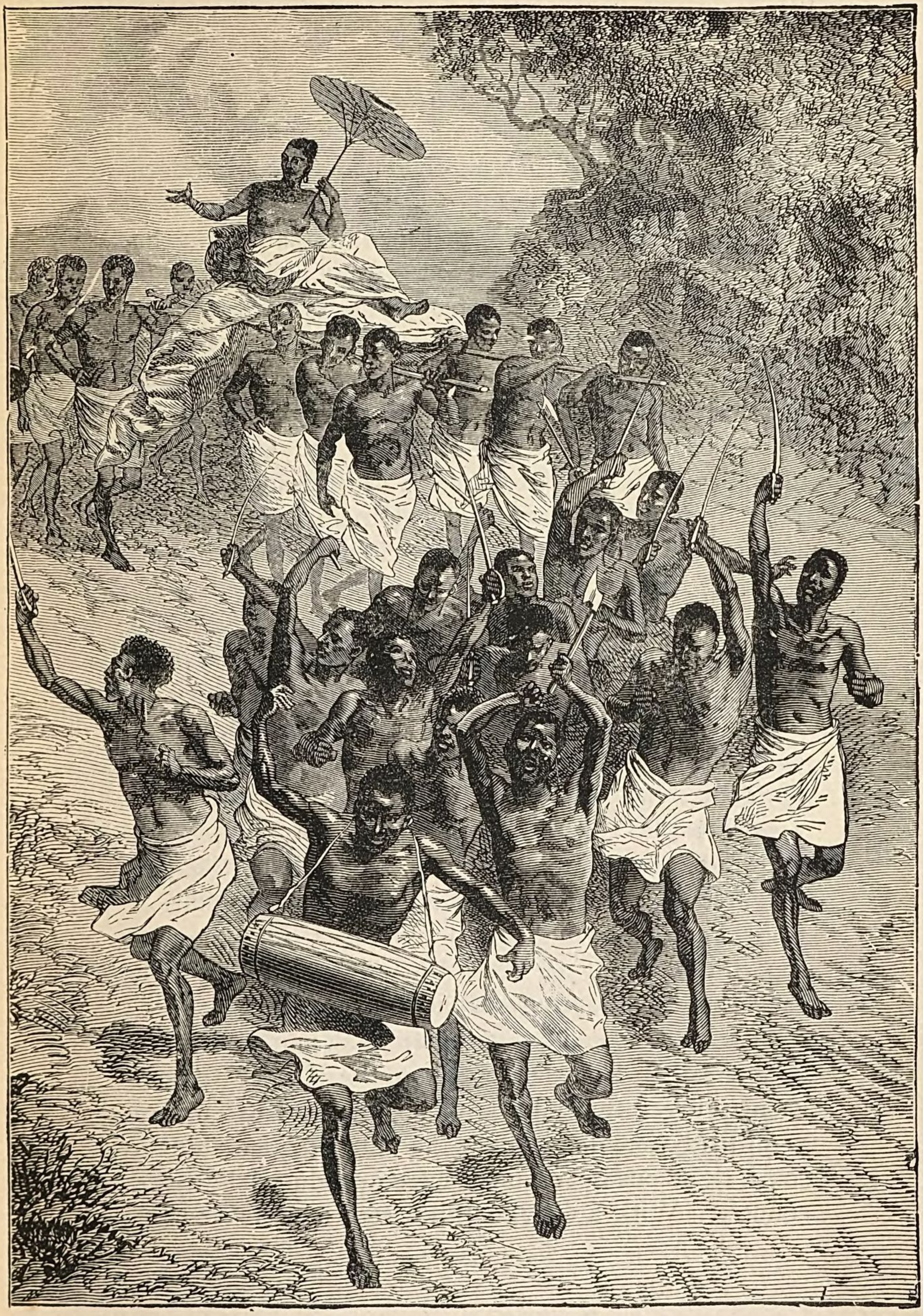
[1] "Bula Matari," or the breaker of rocks, was the name given to Mr. Stanley by the natives of Vivi when he was making his first road to Stanley Pool. See "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," vol. i., p. 237.

From Leopoldville to the Upper River.

The narrow and picturesque gorge of the Congo continues for sixty-four miles above the lakelike enlargement of the river known as Stanley Pool. The banks present richly wooded valleys and hills, about 600 feet high. The width of the river in this part is about 1,500 yards, and the population is scanty, the natives having probably learned from experience the dangers to health encountered in the gorge of the river, up which cool and treacherous winds blow daily.

The first station formed was at Mswata, a native town situated about twelve miles below the confluence of the Kwa River with the Congo. This is a most important point, though its full value was not known at the time of which we speak. An immense system of inland rivers, including the Kasai and the Sankulu, join the Congo near this point. Lieut. Janssen was left in charge here, and was cordially adopted by the stout old native chief Gobila as his "white chicken." A good house was soon erected, and, all promising well, Stanley returned to Leopoldville to fetch up the men and the goods to found the sixth station farther on.

He then made an exploration up the Kwa River, encountering a fine, commanding, imperious native queen, named Gankabi, five feet seven or eight in height, sturdy, square-shouldered, substantial in form, bronze in colour, not negroid in countenance, austere, fixed, resolute, earnest-eyed, an unusual specimen of



A CENTRAL AFRICAN QUEEN.

an African woman, such another perhaps as Candace, queen of the Ethiopians.

There was a scarcity of fuel for the steamers in this river, and some of the towns were inclined to be hostile; but the travellers passed on as far as Musye, where they unfortunately selected the less important of the two branches of the river which there presented themselves, and so missed the discovery of the longest and most important tributary of the Congo—the Kasai—which falls into the Kwa at this point. The branch which they ascended led them into a lake of 800 square miles, which they circumnavigated, and named Lake Leopold II.

Scarcity of food, exposure, and anxiety again laid Stanley low at this point with dangerous fever, and obliged his immediate return to the Pool. A severe attack of gastritis followed the fever, dropsical symptoms also appeared, and it was evident that nothing short of leaving the country was likely to restore an exhausted constitution. In July, 1882, therefore, after three years of stupendous toil, the explorer was taken in a feeble and suffering condition to St. Paul de Loando, and by October, 1882, he was reporting himself at Brussels, and considering with the "Comité" the future of the great enterprise.

Five stations had been constructed, and a steamer and a sailing-boat launched on the Upper Congo. Stanley urged that all was of no practical use unless a railroad were made past the cataracts, and unless some righteous government were introduced into the country. With a view to this latter, it was felt that

the work done needed consolidation, by obtaining concessions of their authority from all the petty chiefs along the river, and thus obtaining such rights in the country as might prevent others from undoing the work that had been done, by "annexing" these newly opened lands, and governing them (as Portugal governs her colonies) for their own benefit and not for the good of the natives. It was felt that in order to develop commerce trade must be free and all nations welcome to settle and work in the country, and that above all slavery must be strictly prohibited. The King and "Comité" fully agreed in these views, and, promising all the financial and material help needed, wished Stanley to return as early as possible, and complete his task by planting stations as far as the Equatorial Falls, 1,200 miles from the coast, and acquiring by purchase and by treaty the needful political rights.

His stay in Europe was consequently a very brief and a very busy one. He sailed again in a specially chartered steamer, with fourteen officers and 600 tons of goods, and reached Banana once more on the 14th of December, 1882, having been absent altogether five months from the expedition, though six weeks only of the time had been spent in Europe.

Trouble and disappointment—which seem as indigenous on the Congo as fevers—met the explorer at every step on his second journey up the river ; but by dint of his tact, wisdom, patience, decision, and energy, all was soon restored to working order, and in April, 1883, he was in a position to start once more from Leopoldville for the upper river.



A CENTRAL AFRICAN "KING" AND HIS COURT HOLDING A "PALAVER."

A well equipped expedition of eighty men, with about six tons of most carefully selected material, consisting of every necessary for the founding of two more stations, was organized. It may give some idea of what the fitting out of a Congo party involves, if we quote Stanley's account of the equipment of this expedition.

> We have axes for them to hew the forest, hammers to break the rock, spades to turn up the sod and to drain the marsh, shovels to raise the rampart, scythes to mow the grass, hatchets to penetrate the jungle, and seeds of all kinds for sowing. Saws to rip planking, and hammers, nails, and cabinet-makers' tools to make furniture; needles and thread for sewing all the cloth in their bales, twine to string their beads; and besides these useful articles in the cases, there are also countless 'notions' and fancy knick-knacks to appease the cupidity of the most powerful chief or excite the desire for adornment in the breast of woman. Nor has the white man been neglected; there is enough for him to eat and grow fat upon while in good health, and enough medicine to cure a hundred fevers for each. It were well that these things should be told perhaps once in a while to the reader, that he may have *a sensible idea of what planting stations in distant places really means.* These articles were not thrown promiscuously into the boats; a due and equitable proportion of each had to be calculated and measured out per head of white and black per month, otherwise turmoil and peevish discontent were certain to be heard in a very short time.

At the Mswata Station Lieut. Janssen was found well, after thirteen months' residence, and the town had grown considerably since his settlement, containing some 1,500 people. The flotilla then passed out of the Congo *gorge* into the broad expanses of the upper river, and the following extracts give Stanley's opinion of the Upper Congo and its commercial worth:

> "On passing Rocky Point and emerging in view of this broader

width, we may be said to have entered fairly on the Upper Congo. Hitherto we have been voyaging, since leaving Boma and the estuary-like breadth of the Lower Congo, *in a pass or defile.* . . . The real heart of equatorial Africa is this central fertile region, whose unparalleled richness will repay the toil and labour required to bring it within the reach of Europe.

"It was not the uplands of the maritime region, with their millions of ravines, with their narrow, oven-hot valleys, and bald grass tops, with their limited bits of grassy plateaux, with here and there a grove of jungly forest scattered like islets amid the grassy wastes, that I strove for. It was this million square miles of almost level area, which we may call the kernel, that was worth the trouble of piercing 235 miles of thick, rude mountain husk, which separates it from the energies of Europeans who, could they but reach *it*, would soon teach the world what good might come out of Africa !

"In my voyage down the great river in 1877 I had but a dim glimpse of the mainland. To escape the unaccountable ferocity which then menaced us as soon as we came in sight of the wild men, we had to seek refuge in the mazy channels between the islets. Now however our mission is to build in the midst of these wild men ; but before we can do so we must seek for them, confront them calmly, persuade them to hush their clamours, soothe their unquiet hearts, and win them to gentle ways and arts of peace.

* * * * *

" I rejoice to find that this country is not only high in value, but that it excels all other known lands for the number and rare variety of precious gifts with which nature has endowed it.

" Let us take North America, for instance, and the richest portion of it, *viz.* the Mississippi basin, to compare with the Congo basin, previous to development by that mixture of races called modern Americans. When De Soto navigated the Father of Waters, and the Indians were undisputed masters of the ample river basin, the spirit of enterprise would have found as natural productions *some furs and timber.*

The Congo basin is however much more promising at the same stage of undevelopment. The forests on the banks of the Congo are

filled with precious redwood, *lignum vitæ*, mahogany, and fragrant gum trees. At their base may be found inexhaustible quantities of fossil gum, with which the carriages and furniture of civilized countries are varnished; the boles exude myrrh and frankincense, their foliage is draped with orchilla-weed, useful for dye. The redwood, when cut down, chipped, rasped, produces a deep crimson powder, giving a valuable colouring; the creepers which hang in festoons from tree to tree are generally those from which india-rubber is produced (the best of which is worth 2*s.* per lb.); the nuts of the oil palm give forth a butter, a staple article of commerce, while the fibres of others will make the best cordage. Among the wild shrubs are frequently found the coffee plant. In its plains, jungle, and swamp luxuriate the elephants, whose teeth furnish ivory worth from 8*s.* to 11*s.* per lb.; its waters teem with numberless herds of hippopotami, whose tusks are also valuable; furs of the lion, leopard, monkey, otter; hides of antelope, buffalo, goat, cattle, etc., may also be obtained. But what is of far more value, it possesses over 40,000,000 of moderately industrious and workable people, which the Red Indians never were. And if we speak of prospective advantages, and benefits to be derived from this late gift of nature, they are not much inferior in number or value to those of the well-developed Mississippi valley. The copper of Lake Superior is rivalled by that of the Kwilu-Niadi Valley and of Bemké. Rice, cotton, tobacco, maize, coffee, sugar, and wheat would thrive equally well on the broad plains of the Congo. This is only known after the most superficial examination of a limited line, which is not much over fifty miles wide. I have heard of gold and silver, but this statement requires further corroboration, and I am not disposed to touch upon what I do not personally know.

"For climate, the Mississippi valley is superior; but a large portion of the Congo basin, at present inaccessible to the immigrant, is blessed with a temperature *under which Europeans may thrive and multiply*. There is no portion of it where the European trader may not fix his residence for years, and develop commerce to his own profit, with as little risk as is incurred in India."

Proceeding still eastwards along the great water-way, the expedition noted continual proofs of the richness of the country in natural resources. Ivory was abundant, and offered at exceedingly low prices, nor was it the only valuable product.

"We then came opposite to what we formerly considered to be the mouth of the Sankuru River, but which Yumbila, our guide, declared to be merely a channel. We ascended by it, since we did not wish to lose sight of the left bank. Here we discovered that a valuable forest of gum-copal trees commenced, the tops of which were draped with orchilla weed. A general burst of admiration broke out from the lips of the Zanzibaris, who were heard to exclaim,—

"'Ah, friends, this *is* a rich country! Copal below, and enough orchilla to make many fortunes on the top![1] There is nothing like this in *our* country! And just look at the rubber-bush!'"

Bolobo, Lukolela, and other populous neighbourhoods were passed without attempting any settlement, as the natives were shy and distrustful. The steamers with their strange noises filled them with fear, and drove them to incantations and fetish ceremonies for self-preservation.

"Despite however these and sundry other precautions against imaginary evil, the people were not quite satisfied in their minds, for the dreaded Ibanza must be concealed, they thought, in our boats. What was it that they heard throb and sigh and groan so heavily as the *En Avant* came alongside their landing-place? They ranged themselves over and above the boats, lost in silent contemplation of the wonderful structures. Their thoughts struggling for utterance were perplexing, and prevented the usual glib and noisy interchange of ideas. The problems they have to resolve are weighty and difficult, they know of nothing to which they can compare the medley of strange noises issuing from the

[1] Gum-copal is worth £5 a cwt. in Liverpool, and orchilla weed £2 10*s*. per cwt.



AN UPPER CONGO HOME.

huge iron pots which hiss incessantly. What unseen power was it that revolved the wheels they saw fly around with lightning speed? What does that iron drum contain? Why is that white cook throwing in such large sticks? Does the Ibanza eat wood? Is the Ibanza cooped up in the iron drum? Who makes that squeaking noise escaping out of the funnel? These and such-like thoughts trouble the minds of the aborigines of Bumba, so that little trade for food can be made, though it is plentiful and cheap.

"Later on bananas, goats, chickens, sugar-cane, tobacco, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and yams are

freely sold, although the multitude is flighty and prone to panic, which causes the two chiefs, Myombi and Sungo Maji, to be rushing about, crying out, 'Peace, O people! sell your produce in security! these white men are our brothers, by every bond that can bind us!' With all these hearty efforts to impress their people with confidence however, the slightest rush of steam, a movement of a white man, the impatient lifting of a helmet off the brow and scratching the heated head, would send hundreds promiscuously flying like a herd of frightened buffalo. Sacred water was sprinkled along the shore and over the trees and towards the boats; the long handbell of Sungo Maji was vigorously beaten, and old men came and muttered their incantations: but yet there was a dread of the Ibanza. The stifled screams of women testified to a presentiment that he was present; the uneasy, restless, rolling eyes of the men searched for the first symptoms that he was advancing; the cries of 'Be firm, O men of Bumba! there is nothing to fear,' reiterated over and over again by the chiefs, who were ringing their bells like anxious town-criers, denoted vivid expectancy."

Another subject of discussion among the people of Irebu was, *What was it that turned the paddle-wheels of the "En Avant"?* This was a difficult puzzle to them. Some would have it that there were about twenty men concealed somewhere in the bottom of the steamer; others doubted that, and hotly maintained that the secret was in that big pot (boiler), otherwise why should the cook (engineer)

be always near it, making up the fire inside? But what *was it* that the engineer was cooking so industriously? Ah! that was another puzzle!

"Whatever it is," said they, "it takes a long time to cook! That engineer has been cooking all day, and it is not finished yet! It must be a strong medicine that, and all that large pile of wood has been used up. The two other boats have similar pots into which their cooks shove in fuel continually! Perhaps if we had also big pots in our canoes, and some of the white man's medicine, we need not toil any more with tired arms at our paddles, and suffer from aches and pains in our shoulders!"

A station was planted at Wangata on the equator, 757 miles from the sea, and passing on, the expedition found itself, in October, 1883, among the warlike Bangala tribes, which had so resolutely fought Stanley on his first descent of the river in 1877. Their settlement of Iboko is so extensive, that it took seven hours of steady steaming to pass it by. The chief, Mata Bwyki (Lord of Many Guns), is a fine old Hercules of six feet two in height, and of stentorian voice, with a splendid figure and an expression of power in the face.

He hesitated a good deal at first as to how to treat Stanley and his followers; but hearing of all his good deeds lower down the river from a native member of the force, he at last decided for peace, and the ceremony of blood-brotherhood having been duly performed, he "lifted his mighty form, and with his long giant's staff drove back the compressed crowd,



AN INTERVIEW WITH A NATIVE CHIEF AT WANGATA STATION.

clearing a wide circle, and then roaring out in his most magnificent style, leonine in its lung force, kingly in its effect,—

"'People of Iboko, you by the river side, and you of inland—men of the Bangala, listen to the words of Mata Bwyki. You see Tandelay before you. His other name is Bula Matari. He is the man with the many canoes, and has brought back strange smoke-

boats. He has come to see Mata Bwyki. He has asked Mata Bwyki to be his friend. Mata Bwyki has taken him by the hand and has become his blood-brother. Tandelay belongs to Iboko now. He has become this day one of the Bangala. O Iboko, listen to the voice of Mata Bwyki.' (I thought they must have been incurably deaf not to have heard that voice.)

"'Bula Matari and Mata Bwyki are one to-day. We have joined hands. Hurt not Bula Matari's people; steal not from them, offend them not. Bring your produce and barter with him. Bring food and sell to him at a fair price, gently, kindly, and in peace, for he is my brother. Hear you, ye people of Iboko—you by the river-side, and you of the interior?'

"'We hear, Mata Bwyki,' shouted the multitude."

The voyage on the upper river extended as far as the second series of cataracts which interupt the navigation of the Congo and which are called the Stanley Falls. Here the ravages of the Arab slave-traders, who had partly desolated this region, came into view. We shall speak of these more fully elsewhere. While abhorring their conduct, Stanley was in no position at this time to oppose or punish them. He had to make friends, and a station was planted on the island of Wana Rusari, among the Wenya fishermen of the falls, in December, 1883. A brave young engineer named Binnie—a little Scotchman, five feet three in height, but "possessed of a superior and firm soul, that would carry him through any

physical weakness,"—volunteered to be left here alone among savages and Arabs, twenty days' journey from the nearest station, and doomed to at least six months' complete isolation from the civilized world. A critical position, but one loyally accepted for the work's sake, and, as was proved subsequently, nobly used. Mr. Stanley says:

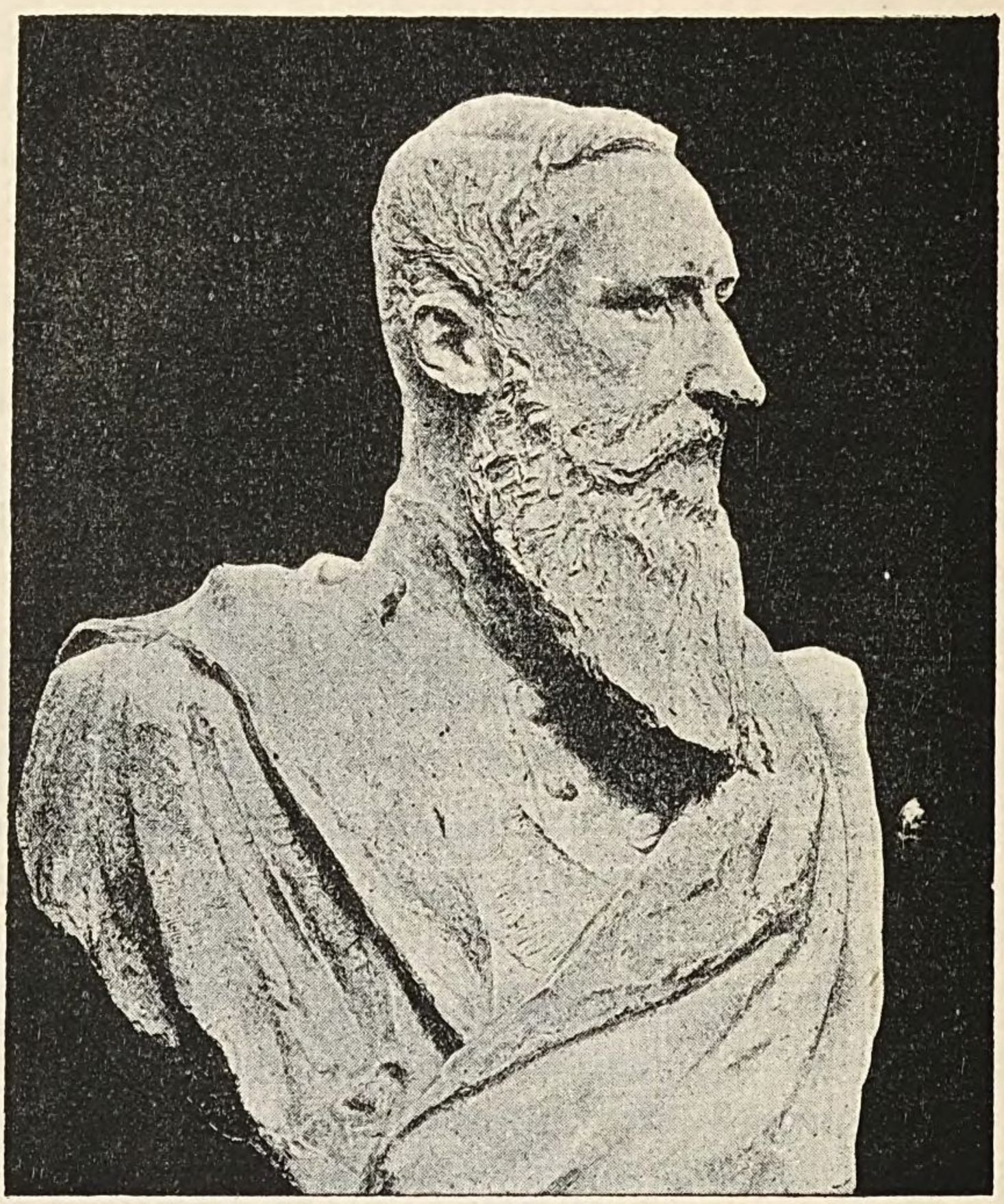
"We cleared about four acres of ground, and constructed a dwelling-place for him; furnished him with tools, axes, hoes, hammers, and nails, gave him provisions of wheat, flour, meat, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, milk, soups, jam, butter, potatoes, bacon, lard, sauce, tapioca, vinegar, and brandy, and candles; and stocked his goods' store with cloth of various kinds, beads of many colours, cowries, brass wire, rings, wristlets, and anklets, tin plates, and mugs, and pans. Leaving him with thirty-one armed men—soldier-labourers—and a plentiful reserve of ammunition, with abundance of sage advice to be prudent and just in his government, amiable and patient in his intercourse, trustful and courageous, we committed him to the care of Providence, and on the 10th of December we turned our faces homewards, leaving the little man all alone with his grave responsibilities. . . .

"But on the steamer's return the little man was discovered to have done nobly. He had enlarged his possessions, he had extended his clearing, and built an entire village; he had been planting and making gardens, and the savage natives round about him acknowledged him as their friend. Binnie was the umpire in all arguments, the arbiter in all political controversies—in short, he was the general referee in all the disputes which occurred in the locality."

The character of the natives of the upper river is not by any means that of hopeless degradation and stupidity. The people are apparently born traders, and with guidance and direction from Europeans, and the assistance of European capital and skill, they are likely to develop into a successful commercial community.

"In the management of a bargain," says Stanley, "I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world! Unthinking men may perhaps say cleverness at barter and shrewdness in trade consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. 'Unsophisticated' is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or man in connexion with the knowledge of how to trade. Apply the term, if you please, to yourself, or to a Red Indian, but it is utterly inapplicable to an African, and this is my seventeenth year of acquaintance with him. I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, named Lingenji, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of £10 worth. Therefore when I write of a Congo native, whether he is of the Bakongo, Bayanzi, or Bakete tribes, remember to associate with him an almost inconceivable amount of natural shrewdness and power of indomitable and untiring chaffer."

The expedition reached Leopoldville again on its return journey at the beginning of 1884, having been absent 146 days on its voyage of over 3,000 miles, and after introducing his successor, Col. Sir Francis de Winton, to his difficult duties, Mr. Stanley sailed for Europe in June, 1884.



Leopold

LEOPOLD II.,

KING OF THE BELGIANS,

FOUNDER OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

ONE-HALF of the great task voluntarily assumed by the Comité d'Études du Haut Congo, which had by that time merged into "the African International Association," was now completed. The possibility of profitable intercourse between Europe and Central Africa had been demonstrated. The veil of dense obscurity had been lifted from the face of the new world, and that of ignorance about Central Africa from the minds of Europeans. By inquiries on the spot, particulars as to the products of the vast regions watered by the Congo and its affluents, their prices on the spot as compared with their prices in Liverpool, the willingness and ability of the natives to trade, the possibility of Europeans residing in the interior, the conditions of health, the requirements of transit, the political relations of the tribes, had been learned. These and a thousand other subjects had been fully elucidated by actual experiment, and the immense importance and desirability of connecting the basin of the Congo with the civilized world had been made abundantly clear.

It had been proved that, judging by the West African trade already in existence, which amounted

even then to *thirty-two millions* sterling, the trade of the Congo basin, if it were placed in communication with the ocean by a short railroad, would be likely to amount to fifty millions in a very few years, and the trade of the whole of Central Africa to two hundred and forty millions (£240,000,000).

These were not random guesses, but figures arrived at by accurate calculation on the basis of existing facts. And, further, it had been proved that the total sum required to develop this enormous trade was comparatively small, only about three and a half millions!

From the statesman's point of view therefore, as well as from that of the philanthropist, it was clear that Europe should open up Africa. The old and overcrowded countries needed nothing so much as a new and large market. Here was one which they could never supply sufficiently for many a year.

The next great undertaking was to secure, if possible, for the vast regions of Central Africa which had been so patiently and successfully explored good government and all the blessings that follow in its train. It was needful to protect them from the ravages of war and of the slave trade; to guarantee the commerce of the future from destructive or even detrimental imposts; to secure perfect freedom for person and property, for religion and trade; and to obtain a European charter that these priceless privileges should never be interfered with by any civilized power.

The object aimed at in all the previous proceedings

by the philanthropic and generous monarch who had instigated them, and borne out of his private purse their enormous expense, was not the territorial aggrandisement of Belgium, nor any other selfish and personal aim. Seldom has a great and costly enterprise been carried out by any nation, much less by any individual, from motives so purely unselfish and noble. Leopold of Belgium was fired with a noble ambition. He aspired to be the benefactor of the Dark Continent, a helper of the helpless, a protector of the weak, a shield to the defenceless. Central Africa had been revealed in all its naked savagery, in all its defenceless barbarism. Were its swarthy sons and



SWARTHY SONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

daughters to be victimised as their brethren of the West Coast had been? Were they to be enslaved by the Arabs for the sake of the ivory of their elephants, as the East Coast tribes had been, and as the more central tribes were already being enslaved? Were the stronger and more civilized races to oppress and crush and extirpate the weaker and less civilized, as, they had, alas! so often before done in the history of mankind? Was poor Africa, when at last its long night of isolation was over, and explorers had without its consent introduced it to the civilized world—was it to be exploited for the benefit of *others*, or developed for its own good as well?

The unprincipled selfishness of trade had been amply illustrated by the old slave-trade, by the Portuguese government of Angola, above all, by the cruelties of the Arab slave-raiders, from Egypt to Quillimane, and from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls. Was the vast new territory, for the knowledge of which the world was indebted to Stanley and King Leopold, was *it* too to have its soil watered with the blood of its own sons and daughters, its air filled with their cries and groans under the slave yoke and the slave whip—its roads marked by their bleaching bones, until at last it should become depopulated and half desert, as many of the Eastern districts had already become? Were a handful of Moslem tyrants on the East, and a shoal of selfish rum-selling traders of various nationalities, to reap all the benefit of the discoveries made by noble men at the cost of so much life and treasure? It must not be!



A CENTRAL AFRICAN ENCAMPMENT.

Yet there was a danger of it, nay, there was a certainty of it, unless *power* united to humanity and Christian principle stepped in to prevent. Human nature is selfish. Central Africa would become a prey, and might yet have cause to rue the day when Stanley descended the Congo!

The crisis was a serious and difficult one. Already Portugal was advancing the most baseless claims to authority over the Congo, and what her rule does for Africa is sufficiently evidenced by the wretched condition of her colonies both on the east and on the west coasts of the Dark Continent.[1] France, in right of De Brazza's discoveries on the Ogowé, was also asserting rights to wide dominion. As usual she was ambitious, touchy, and very resolute; Portugal was proud and obstinate, and could not for a long time be made to see the unreasonable nature of her demands to be recognised as sovereign over territories she had never even seen or entered.[2]

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[1] See p. 93 *et seq.*

[2] England stood decidedly aloof at *that* time, unwisely as it seemed to many of us, from any participation in the responsibilities of the new world. Though Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Stanley, Cameron, and Gordon, as well as a hundred Protestant missionaries, who had lived and laboured in the region, were all English, yet England's only national interest in the Berlin Conference was to secure her influence in the Niger country. Our Government considered our colonies extensive enough already, and had no ambition to assume any further responsibilities in Western or Central Africa. The same policy which dictated the surrender of the Egyptian Soudan and of the hero of Khartoum dictated also the refusal to take any advantage of Stanley's great discovery, in the first place, and the decision to undertake no responsibility, in the second. We say nothing as to the wisdom of this course. We are not competent judges. Yet we cannot but remember

Belgium did not want for itself African territory, but Africa wanted Belgium! Its generous monarch wanted to secure good government and protection for the Africans, and a right for all nations to trade freely with this large and long isolated and consequently poor though rich world. He had nobly won a position which justified him in demanding this. He presented the International Association to the Berlin Conference in possession of four hundred and fifty treaties made with African "kings," who had for substantial considerations transferred to it their rights of sovereignty Combining these into one concrete whole, the Association very properly asked for recognition of its right to govern the territory thus acquired, as a free state constituted by international law.

The United States of America were the first great nation to recognise the Congo Free State, but at the Berlin Conference all the other great powers did the same. Portugal alone stood out. But at last, on the 14th of February, 1885, this difficulty was overcome, and Portugal joined the other powers of Christendom in recognising the African International Association

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that Banana is only three weeks' sail from London, and that hundreds of millions of English capital lie idle for lack of investments, and that never could a Protestant nation have had a nobler chance of benefiting millions of men by simply governing them for their own good, as we govern India. We had the men, we had the money, we had the chance offered first to us. We declined it, and left the post of honour—true honour—the office of benefactor of the new world, to Catholic Belgium. Perhaps it was expedient. The Niger is a great river, and if we cannot preserve it and our other West Coast colonies from the drink curse, we are certainly unfit for larger responsibilities.

as the sovereign power on the Congo. She signed a treaty resigning all pretensions to the right bank of the river, including Banana and Boma, as well as to the left bank of the river above Nokki. She also withdrew all claim to the Atlantic coast-line from Banana to a place called Yabé, thus giving to the Association thirty-eight miles of coast-line, to which they had always laid claim. On the other hand, the Association resigned all pretensions to Kabinda, Landana, and the surrounding country, and the south bank of the river up to Nokki, in favour of Portugal.

It had previously made to France also large concessions, some of which should not in right have been required. The accompanying map indicates the relative positions of the French, Portuguese, and Congo Free State territories.

The adhesion of Portugal to the plan of Europe terminated the difficulties which stood in the way of the recognition of the Congo Free State, and permitted the close of the labours of the Berlin Conference. The constitution under which the new state was to be governed was elaborated by diplomatists; the monarchical form was selected, as under the circumstances the most suitable. Brussels had long been practically the seat of the administration. It now became the seat of government, and Leopold of Belgium naturally became the first king.

The close of the Berlin Conference was a red-letter day in the history of the new world of Central Africa, little as that poor ignorant world knew it! A mighty though bloodless victory had been won on behalf of

POLITICAL MAP OF CENTRAL AFRICA AS SETTLED BY THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

French
Portuguese
The New Congo Free State.
--- The dotted line encloses the zone in which free trade is established.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

INDIAN OCEAN

R. Congo
R. Kasai
R. Lulonga
R. Aruwimi
R. Lubilash
R. Sankuru
R. Kwango
R. Kassai
R. Loange
R. Wambu R.
R. Ogowai
R. Ikoko
R. Ikata
R. Alima
R. Nkeno
R. Ubangi
R. Mbomu
R. Welle
R. Shari
Lake King Leopold
Lake Victoria Nyanza
L. Albert Nyanza
L. Mwta Nzige
L. Rikawa
L. Bangweolo
L. Mweru
L. Kisale
L. Kamolondo
L. Tanganyika
L. Kabamba
L. Kashanda
L. Kawambe
L. Moero
Lumi R.

JIR. PHOTO. ENG. Co

the poor and needy. The nations of Europe had agreed to secure for Central Africa the opportunity of a peaceful and prosperous development, such as she would never have enjoyed but for such agreement. It was a triumph of Christian principle over human selfishness. Europe for once agreed to do what is right by the helpless, and to prevent others from doing what is wrong.[1]

Two nations derived from this conference enormously *increased* colonial possessions in Africa—France and Portugal.

The West African dominions of the former are now *equal to all France and England combined*, comprising at least 5,000 or 6,000 miles of river navigation, and having a coast-line of 800 miles.

Portugal gained an extension of territory which makes her coast-line nearly 1,000 English miles in length, and gives her an extent of country equal to all Belgium, Holland, France, and Great Britain combined! Will she know what to do with this vast domain? Judging by what this rapidly decaying papal state has done with her African possessions for the last 400 years, there is slender ground for hope that the poor natives of these regions will derive

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[1] At least with one exception, the drink traffic. An earnest effort was made to get it prohibited, but, alas! it failed. It was agreed to restrict it within certain undefined limits, but beyond this the Conference could not go, owing to the powerful influence of the great drink-selling communities. The king has power to regulate the traffic, but not to forbid it. Hence the reopening of the question at the Brussels Conference, 1890.

much benefit from Portuguese domination! But religious liberty and free trade are happily secured by the Berlin Treaty both in French and Portuguese territory as far as it lies within the geographical basin of the Congo. The zone of privileged *commerce* extends indeed right across Africa to the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The Congo Free State, which received its political existence at this Conference, embraces an area *as large as all India;* and though its coast-line on the Atlantic is short, yet it embraces the *mouth* of the Congo River. Its southern boundary is the watershed between the Zambesi and the Congo; its western limit extends close to the Albert Nyanza, and includes Lake Tanganyika, which lies geographically in the basin of the Congo. Its northern limit reaches up towards the Soudan, including the Welle-Makua-Mobangi and its tributaries, so that it embraces the largest part of Central Africa.

In all this vast territory the merchant adventurer is fenced all round with guarantees against spoliation, vexation, and worry. The liquor traffic may not be abused; slave-trading is prohibited; the missionary is entitled to help and protection, and scientific expeditions to special privileges.

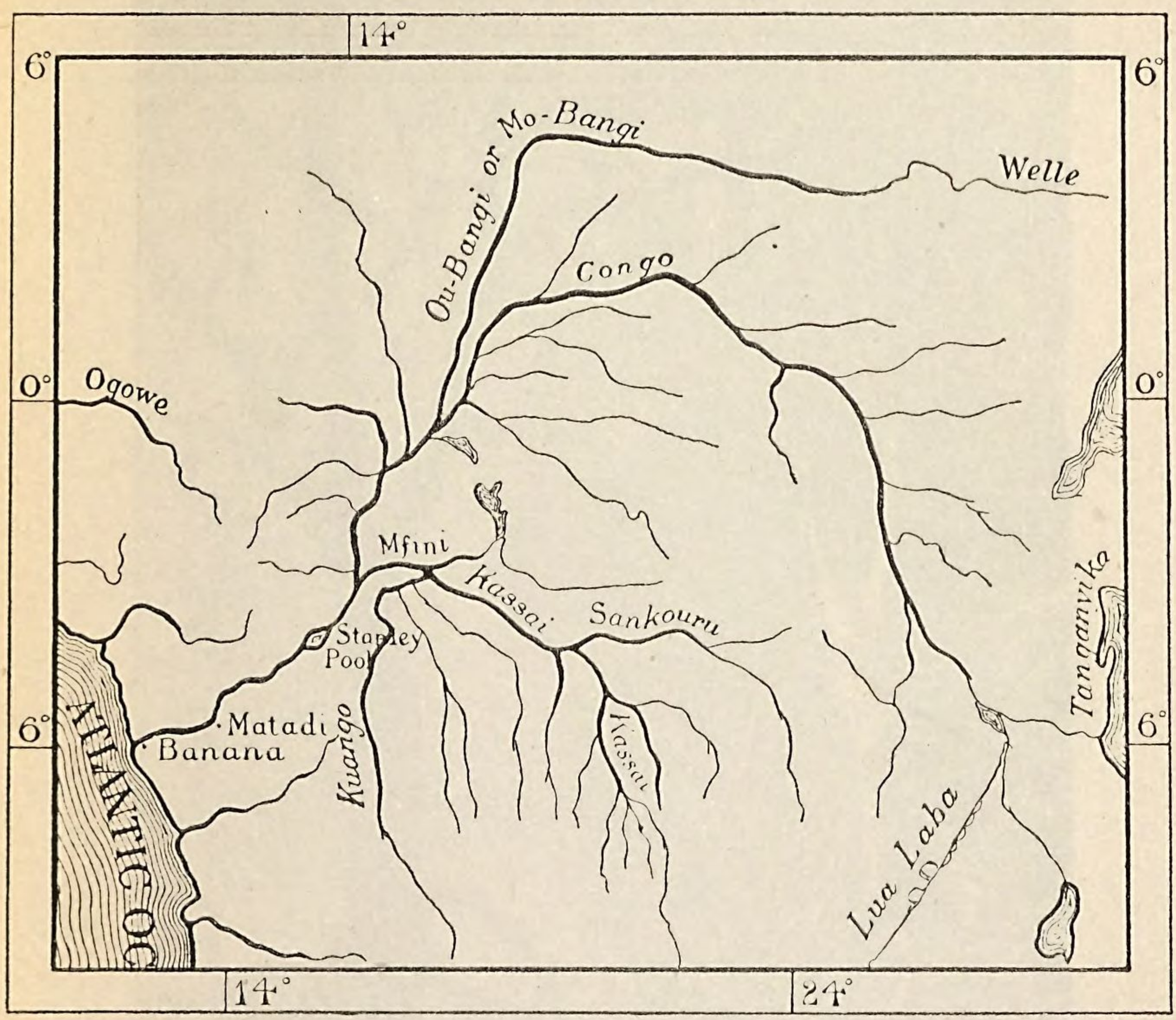
Surely it is impossible to ignore the working of a higher will than that of man in the influencing of so many great nations on behalf of the helpless tribes of Central Africa!

The blessings of civilization, long bestowed in rich abundance in Europe and North America, and in

measure in Asia and South America, seem now destined to overflow, and flood with new life and light the long-oppressed Dark Continent and the swarthy races so long victimised by every nation possessed of ships and colonies. Never before in the history of our race has such a hopeful prospect existed for the inhabitants of an uncivilized region brought for the first time into contact with strong and civilized peoples.

The selfishness of mere trade, the greed of gain which is apt to stop at no injustice, are restrained and checked from the very first. Black men and white are to be equal before the law, neither slavery nor the slave-trade are to be encouraged, or even permitted; peace is secured by international guarantee over all this immense district, commerce is to be fostered, not only by the absolute freedom of person, property, and trade, but by the establishment of such securities for permanence and stability as will invite the liberal investment of European capital; and, above all, perfect religious toleration is guaranteed.

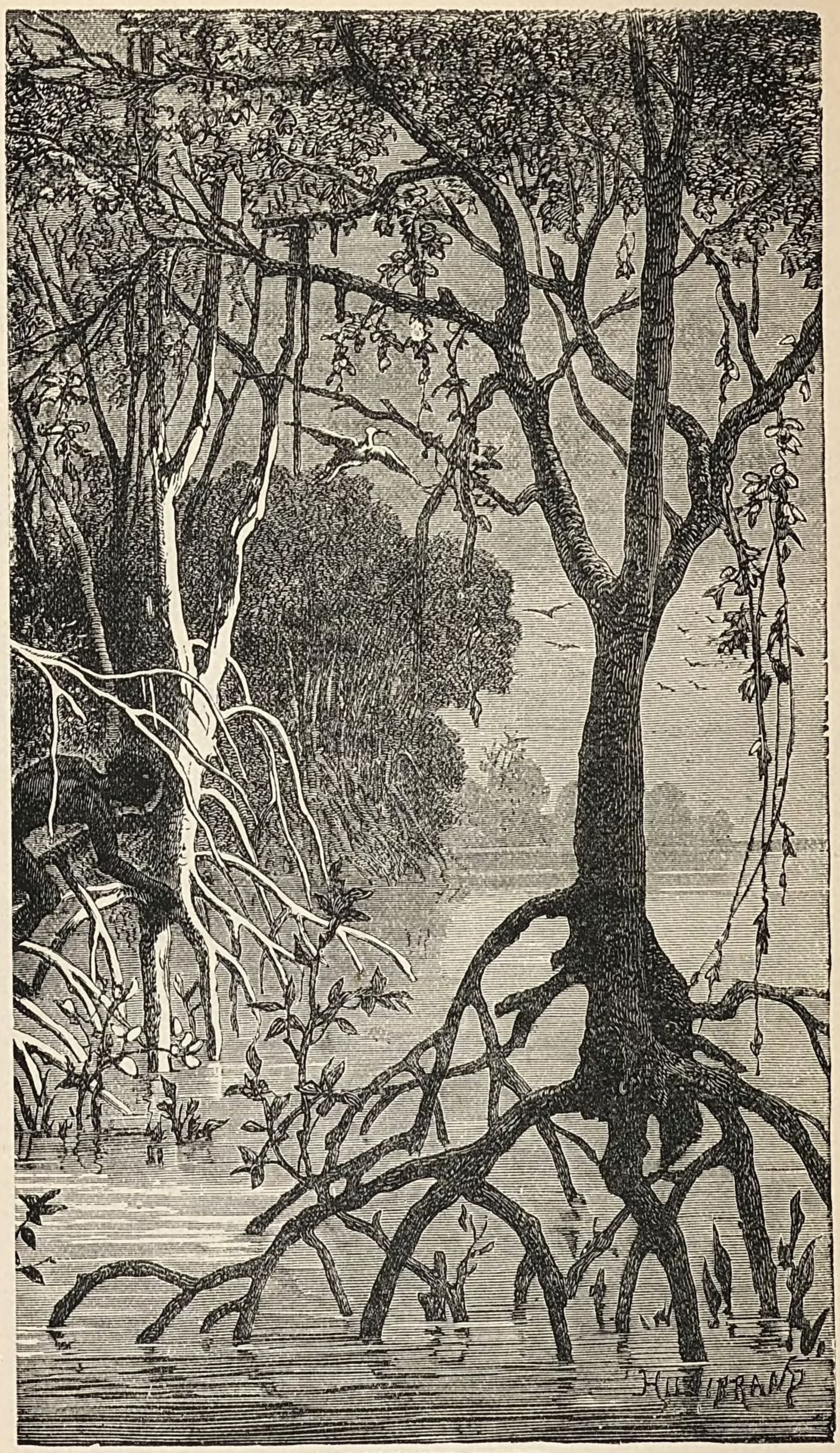
May we not hope and pray that He who has wrought so wondrously on behalf of Central Africa since the days of Livingstone will now incline and enable His Church to send forth ambassadors of Christ in adequate numbers, to do for the countless Bantu races what neither commerce nor civilization can do,—teach them the way of eternal life?



300 Miles

The above rough outline map of the CONGO BASIN shows the general direction of the main lines of drainage, in a region about 1,400 miles broad by 1,200 deep, containing 1,680,000 square miles of country, all rendered accessible by this great water-way.

The Congo basin of Central Africa is the largest river basin in the Eastern hemisphere, exceeding those of the Ganges in India, the Yang-tse-kiang in China, or the Danube in Europe. It is exceeded only by the Amazon in South America. Its extent is best understood by comparison. The following show the square miles drained by some of the largest rivers in the world: Danube, 300,000; Tigris and Euphrates, 230,000; Nile, 500,000; Volga, 640,000; Ganges and Brahmaputra, 650,000; Mississippi, 1,250,000; Congo, 1,639,000.



A MANGROVE SWAMP.

CHAPTER V.

PORTUGAL IN AFRICA.

[We think it well before going further to say a little on the subject of Portuguese claims to African territory, as the subject has a present interest, as well as a relation to the past. It must be considered in the light of the history of her African colonies.]

QUESTIONS of mere party politics have, of course, little interest for Christians; but there are political subjects having an important bearing on the well-being of mankind, and on the progress of the gospel, which claim the attention of all who desire to see extended "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Such was the question of the recognition by treaty of the pretensions of Portugal to sovereign rights on the western coast of Africa, between Ambriz (lat. 8° S., the present northern limit of its possessions) and a point a little above Kabinda (lat. 5° 12′ S.), *including the mouth of the Congo.* This territory, with a coast-line of about two hundred miles, was, till the year of the Berlin Conference, absolutely independent.

The *ground* of the Portuguese claim was *a papal grant* made to Portugal in the year 1481 by Sixtus IV. This pope issued a bull, by which he conveyed to the Portuguese the sovereignty of all the lands they should discover beyond Cape Bojador, including

the entire coast-line of the African continent below Morocco, of Arabia, and the whole eastern coast, and of the countries round the Indian Ocean, of Malacca, Siam, and many East Indian islands! A liberal grant this of what did not belong to him! If such a grant be considered valid, Portugal undoubtedly *had* a claim to the territory in question; but happily the days in which the popes of Rome could dispose of the world at their pleasure are long gone by!

As a general rule, a question relating to the possession of two or three hundred miles of the coast-line of an uncivilized part of Africa would have little interest; but in this case it assumed *great* importance, from the fact that the only mouth of the mighty Congo, or Livingstone River—the greatest highway into Central Africa—lies in this very territory. To claim *it* was to claim *the only door* which opens into the heart of Africa from the west, a door all the more important and valuable because it is within three weeks' sail of London. The Congo must inevitably become in the future the principal channel of commerce with West Central Africa.

At that time however the Portuguese laid claim to it, and pressed England to recognise the claim. The ground taken by Portugal was, that this country was already hers, and that England should *recognise* her rights. As long as the region was of no importance, these "rights" were allowed to lie in abeyance, Portugal had no desire to open up or civilize the country; but when others began to do this, and it was perceived that the commerce of the Conog

must soon become considerable, the claims were asserted, in the hope of securing the power to impose upon future commerce dues and charges which would enhance the revenues of Portugal.

Our cabinet, feeling the increasing need of *some* government in that region, was at first disposed to acquiesce, only securing that certain important rights should be protected. This was opposed in Parliament, the treaty was rejected, and the Berlin Conference afterwards settled the question, as we have said, providing that the river itself, as well as the northern bank, which is part of the Congo Free State, should be open to all nations.

Portugal is now advancing similarly unreasonable claims in Eastern Africa to lands which she has never entered or even visited; and we think it well therefore to recall some facts in the history of Portugal and its colonies which afford material for coming to a judgment on the advisability or otherwise of permitting the ascendency of that power, there or anywhere in the unappropriated parts of Central Africa. Great as the need of government undoubtedly is, and certain as it is rapidly to become still greater, yet the present state of things around Nyassa is better than any that would be likely to arise from the establishment of Portuguese authority.

The English, the French, and the Dutch *can* colonize, and *can* govern foreign possessions, as their history abundantly proves; the Portuguese *cannot*, as *their* history proves with equal clearness. A study of

that history is all that is needed to make one shrink from the thought of Portuguese supremacy extending to any fresh portions of the world.

Philanthropy and Christianity alike lead us to feel the importance of this subject. Why do we want to open up Central Africa? Why do we want to navigate the great Congo water-way, and to establish relations with the millions who dwell upon its banks? Why do we want to keep Nyassaland and the navigation of the Zambesi River free to all nations? For three reasons:

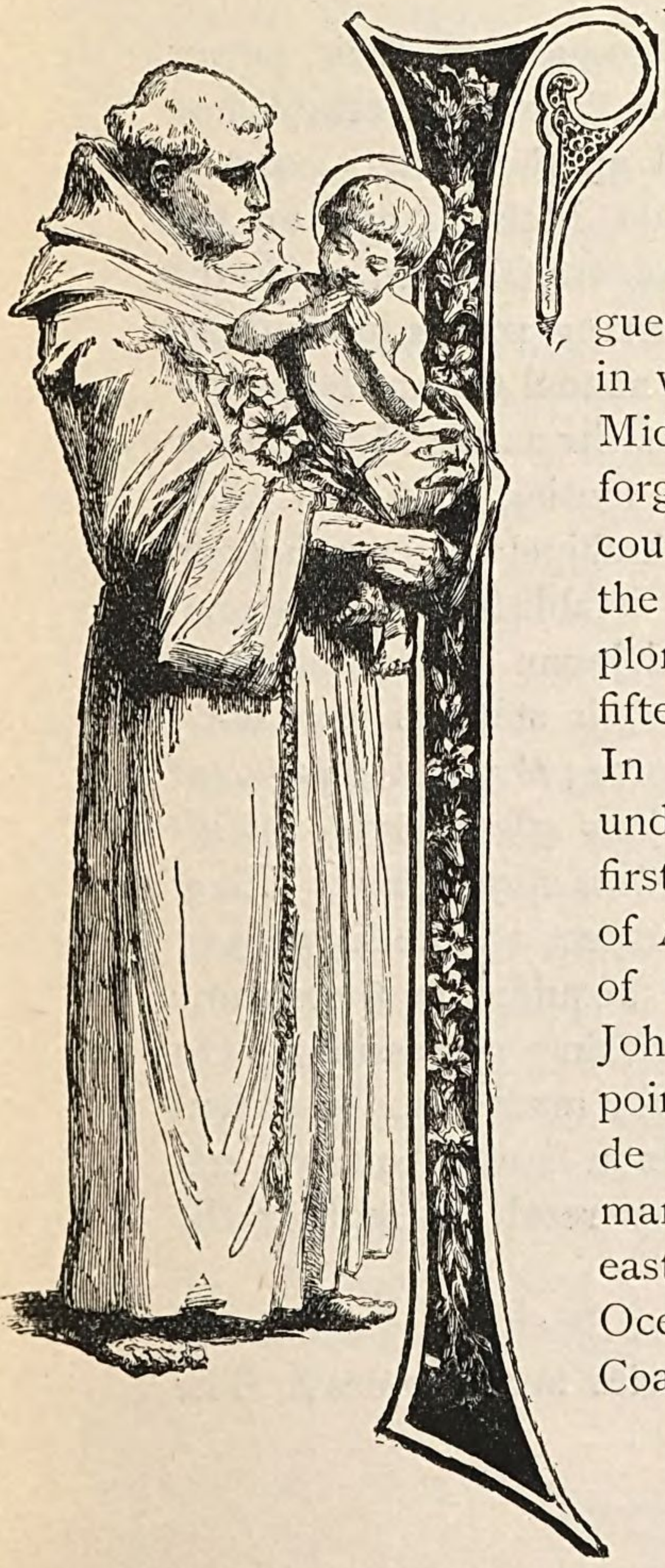
I. To Christianize and civilize the natives.

II. To put a stop to slavery and intertribal wars.

III. To extend commerce as a means to both the above ends. Also as a way of providing a new market for the surplus production of the old countries of Europe, suffering now from a glut of manufactured products in the absence of sufficient demand.

Now it is easy to prove that in no single place on the face of the earth where Portugal has ever set foot (and she has set foot on a great many in her time) have any of these results been attained. Nowhere has she Christianized or civilized inferior races; nowhere has she stopped or opposed slavery or intertribal wars; nowhere has she established lucrative and beneficial commerce! Wherever her influence has been felt, native tribes have been demoralized, oppressed, or exterminated; slavery has been fostered, and wars stirred up on purpose to promote it; while commerce has been conducted with a view to the benefit of the mother country only, with a grasping

greed of gain that has defeated its own object, and in the end extinguished the very commerce from which it sought too much. A thousand facts might be adduced in support of these statements. We must condense only a few of the most important.



ITS geographical position would naturally make Portugal one of the first maritime powers of Europe, and the one glory of Portuguese history is the brief period in which it became such in the Middle Ages. It can never be forgotten that it was this small country which took the lead in the memorable maritime explorations and discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1486, it was the Portuguese under Bartholomew Diaz who first sailed down the west coast of Africa and rounded the Cape of Good Hope, as their king, John II., called the southern point of the continent. Vasco de Gama, in the reign of Emmanuel, in 1498 sailed up the east coast and round the Indian Ocean, and reached the Malabar Coast of India, where the Por-

tuguese fought against and conquered the Arabs at one extreme of their wide empire, as they had already fought against and conquered them in Morocco, the other extreme. They established a great but unsubstantial colonial empire in India, of which Goa became in 1510 the centre.

Depending for the maintenance of their power mainly upon material force, the Portuguese established military stations and forts all up the eastern coast of Africa, at Mozambique, Sofala, Melinda, and on the borders of the Red Sea, at Socotra, Muscat, at Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, and at many points in southern India, as well as on the Coromandel Coast, the peninsula of Malacca, and even as far as the Moluccas or Spice Islands. They got a footing also in Ceylon and in the eastern Indian Archipelago, especially in the island of Timor, and established commercial relations even with China and Japan in the middle of the sixteenth century. All their stations were however maintained by military force; *they never attempted colonization, or made the slightest effort for the benefit of any of the people among whom they settled.* They were entirely unlike in this respect to the English or to the Dutch, who have since acquired in these same countries such vast and flourishing possessions. On the other side of the world they made equally extensive discoveries and conquests in South America, and with an equally unsatisfactory result as regards the conquered countries.

What has been the *result* of Portuguese dominion over all these various countries and peoples? The

answer is an intensely sad one, especially when we remember that Portugal was a professedly Christian nation, and all these peoples were either Mohammadans or pagans. Has she anywhere imparted the blessings of Christianity and civilization, with their attendant peace and prosperity? Has she grown permanently richer through her colonial empire, or benefited in any way herself by her conquests and annexations?

The reply is patent to all. The career of Portugal since the middle of the sixteenth century *has been a steadily downward one;* in every possible respect the decadence can be traced. Her territory has been reduced, and at one time for more than forty years her very independence was extinguished; her population has been diminished, so that it is now little more than that of London and its suburbs, amounting in the mother country to four millions, and in the colonies to three and a half. Her government has deteriorated in character and in power; her colonial administration is marked by weakness, corruption, and inefficiency. Her people are sunk in ignorance and burdened with taxation. Her internal resources are still to a large extent undeveloped, and her colonial resources almost entirely so. Her navigation has all but ceased to exist, her mercantile marine consisting only of about a hundred vessels, transporting some 16,000 tons of merchandise! Not a single line of transatlantic steamers sail from her ports, and even the mail to Angola has to be largely subsidised by the Government. Her fisheries, once rich and productive, afford now only the most slender sub-

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sistence to a miserable and diminishing population, producing not one tithe of what they formerly did. Her manufactures *had* completely died out, though they have recently revived a little, but only about 20,000 workmen are now employed in them. Her internal communications and public works are still in the most elementary state; her finances show an annual deficit; and her colonies are in abject decay, forming a charge upon the mother country instead of yielding to it any revenue; while the condition of the people in them subject to her sway is utterly deplorable.

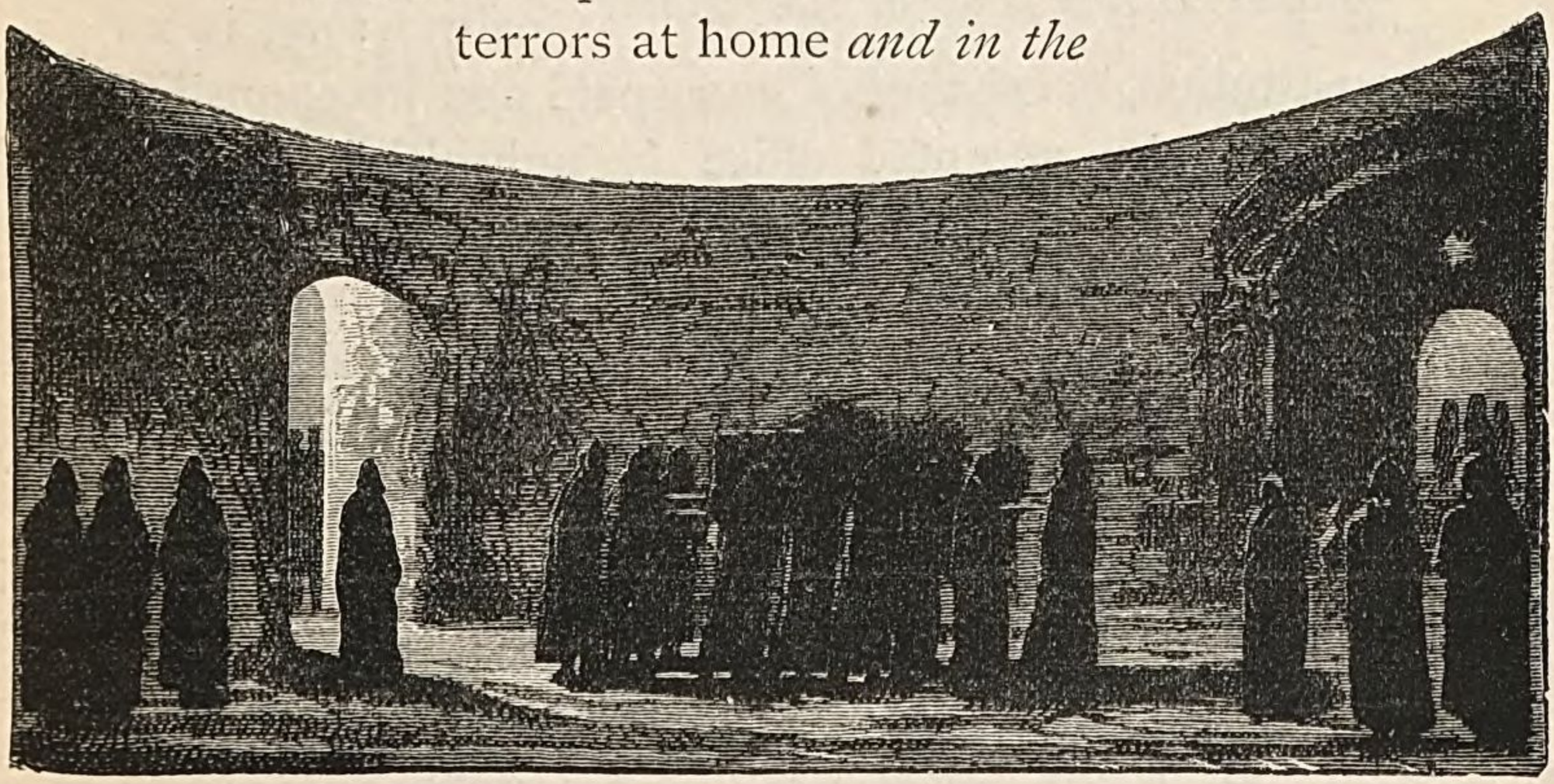
The facts on which the above statements are based have not been gathered from foreign sources, but from Portuguese documents and returns, which will be found embodied in a review of the present political and commercial condition of the country, entitled, "Le Portugal et Ses Colonies," published in Paris.[1]

Nor are the reasons of this remarkable and complete deterioration difficult to discover. The warlike enthusiasm and venturesome heroism which can secure conquests can never found permanent colonial empires unless backed up by justice, benevolence, patience, and perseverance, statesmanlike wisdom, and the power of exercising firm yet gentle authority. In these qualities the Portuguese, alas! are lacking. They never laid a broad, material basis for the permanence of their dominion, but allowed it to depend on the force of arms. They have no genius for com-

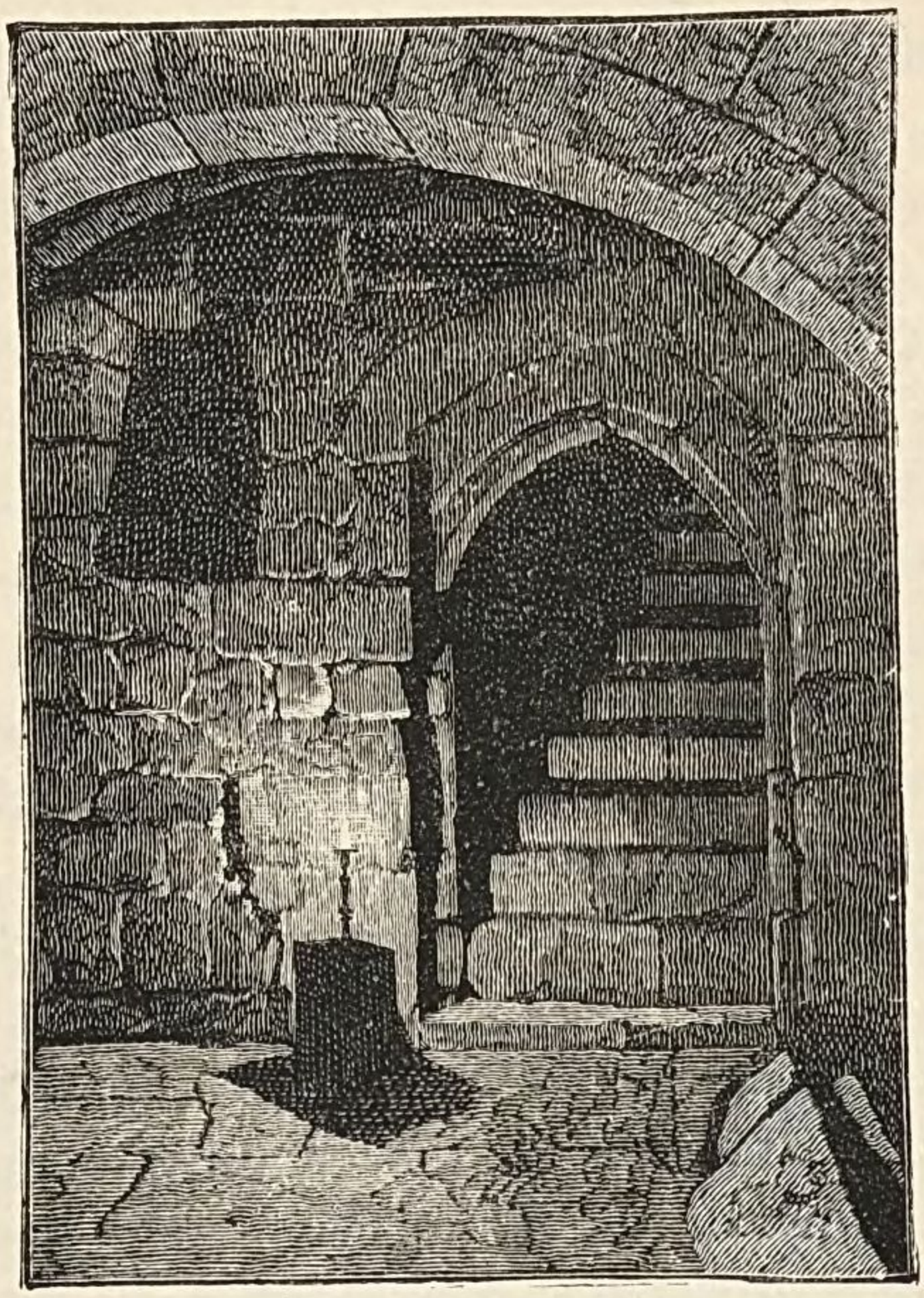
[1] Guillaumin et Cie., Rue Richelieu, 14.

merce, unless the greedy desire for gain, regardless of the way in which it is procured, may be considered such. Portugal was too small a country to sustain by her own unaided resources the vast outlay involved by her suddenly created and enormously extended colonial empire. It led to an emigration so rapid as to reduce the home population below the right and safe point, and moreover the immense influx of ill-gotten gain that poured into the mother country when the gold and diamonds of Brazil and the rich produce of India were its monopoly, led to the bad consequences which sudden riches generally produce, —luxury, extravagance, indolence, pride, and general demoralization.

The fatal influence of the *Jesuits*, which culminated in Portugal about the same period, the establishment and unmerciful working of the Inquisition, with its abominable persecutions and its sombre terrors at home *and in the*



INQUISITION, WITH ITS . . . SOMBRE TERRORS."



"THE FATAL INFLUENCE OF THE JESUITS."

colonies, sufficed to make the Portuguese, who were already hated for their avarice and despotism, execrable in the eyes of the natives. The story of the Jesuit persecutions at Goa is almost too horrible to read.

The government established in the colonies was from the first moreover radically wrong in its constitution, consisting of underpaid and irresponsible officials, who accepted office in unhealthy climates with the sole view of speedily enriching themselves by the oppression of the natives and the manipulation of the revenue, and then returning to enjoy their wealth in Portugal. Colonial governors were appointed for three years only, and felt that they had to make hay while the sun shone.

The decay of most of the Portuguese colonies was as rapid as their growth had been sudden. Brazil, the largest and richest, however remained to them longer than the rest, and for a time kept up the failing

exchequer of the mother country. In 1822 Brazil however, became independent, and Portuguese domination in South America *ceased.*

Of the once world-wide empire of Portugal, whose colonies in the fifteenth century girdled the globe, and (like England's now) exceeded in population and extent the mother country, there now remain to her only a few little islands on the coast of Africa, including the Cape Verdes; the provinces of Angola, Benguella, and Congo on the west coast of Africa; that of Mozambique on the east coast, including Quillimane, and some small districts on the Zambesi; the miserable little province of Goa in India, which has only 48,000 inhabitants; a few unimportant possessions in the East Indian Archipelago, including a portion of the island of Timor, the small island of Solor, and the islet of Macao off the coast of China.

In these still remaining colonies of Portugal corruption and decay are painfully evident; nothing can well be more deplorable than the condition of Goa, the only remnant of her once extensive possessions in India; and it is the same with Macao and Timor. In the hands of *other* European nations, commerce with India and China has assumed immense proportions and great importance, but in the Portuguese settlements it is dying out!

As to Angola and the other West African possessions of Portugal, *their* growth was entirely due to the slave-trade with Brazil and North America, and since its suppression they languish out a useless

existence, painful to themselves and profitless to the mother country. The total population of the colonies of Portugal at the present date does not exceed three and a half millions, and their exports to the mother country are under two millions in value!

In view of these undeniable facts, we may well ask, Would Portuguese influence in East Africa have been at all likely to secure the enlightenment and civilization of the people? would it be likely to develop a profitable commerce between the new world of Central Africa and the old world of Europe, if the Zambesi were acknowledged as a Portuguese river? It is certain moreover that though *religious liberty* might be stipulated for and secured by treaty, it would never really exist under Portuguese laws. To what extent is religious liberty secured in the mother country? Roman Catholicism is the established religion of the kingdom, and the law provides only that "*foreigners* are permitted to profess their religion with the right of *private* worship in buildings set apart for the purpose, but not having externally the appearance of churches." *Portuguese subjects*, whether black or white, would not be considered "foreigners" within the meaning of the terms of this article, and therefore the natives would enjoy no more religious liberty on the Zambesi than they now enjoy in the Cape Verde Islands or in Madeira. We have learned what sort of liberty exists in these, by the expulsion of missionaries from Madeira and from St. Vincent!

Again, would *slavery* be steadily and consistently

opposed under Portuguese rule? and would the moral condition of the people be elevated? Judging by analogy it would be the very reverse. It is well known that all the horrors of the West African slave-trade owed their birth to the Portuguese; and it is not less notorious that Portugal evaded by all possible subterfuges for thirty years the signing of the treaty by which other European nations early in this century bound themselves to the abolition of the odious traffic. Our Parliament was obliged at last to pass a bill authorizing British cruisers to board and search Portuguese vessels, and detain and destroy such as they found engaged in it. Even *now* this is the only check on the slave-trading propensities of the Portuguese. The slave-trade was maintained by Portugal *on the Congo* up to 1868; and it has only ceased, thanks to the energetic interference of the commanders of the English cruisers. As soon as this iniquitous trade became impossible or too dangerous, the commercial energy of the Portuguese on the banks of the Congo was at an end.

Of course, the slave-trade as it used to exist is *now* abolished on the West Coast; but, as Lord Mayo says, "slaves can be bought and sold still in the provinces of the Portuguese colonies." Mr. Stanley confirms this when he says:

"In 1878, the Portuguese Government abolished the slave-trade in all their possessions, but *means were found to carry on the traffic under another name.* They have got over the difficulty by importing what they call 'colonials.' They are brought in lighters to Benguella from Catumbella, and then taken to Loanda

in the mail steamer. Their names, ages, and descriptions are taken by Government officials, and they are asked a number of silly questions, such as, 'Are you hungry?' 'Have you had anything to eat?' 'Do you want any food?' in order that the affirmative 'yes' may be obtained. They are then shipped by mail steamers to St. Thomas to labour for five years. In the steamer I came home in there were eighty-two of these Africans. They are paid about twopence a day, and provided with food and lodging. The great curse of this system is, that any planter, after he has received his consignment of black labourers, can go down to Santa Anna, the capital of St. Thomas, *and recontract these natives, without consulting them*, for another term of five or seven years. That this is slavery cannot be denied."

In 1865 Monteiro saw a caravan with three thousand slaves, a third of whom were destined for exportation, arriving in Benguella, and he says that all the officials, from the governor to the smallest clerk, were bribed to shut their eyes to the illegal proceedings.

Cameron says: "The crimes perpetrated in the centre of Africa by men who call themselves Christians and Portuguese would appear incredible to the habitants of civilized countries. The Portuguese are morally the accomplices of the slave-dealers, and ravishers of women and children." Many a time we have been absolutely sickened in reading the narratives of eye-witnesses of the horrible cruelties of the Portuguese slave-traders, exceeding if possible those of the Arab traders on the east coast.

The German traveller, Dr. Tams, speaking of comparatively recent events writes: "If the Portuguese were called upon to pay one drop of blood for each existence which they have sacrificed without mercy, Portugal could not offer enough inhabitants."

Of Portuguese rule in *East* Africa Dr. Krapf says: "She ruled with a rod of iron, and her pride and cruelty had their reward in the bitter hatred of the natives. Governors and officials sought only to become quickly rich, to enjoy their ill-gotten wealth at home. Nowhere is there to be seen a single trace of any real improvement effected." [1]

Portugal lays claim to a decided anti-slavery policy, and makes fair *profession* on this head. But "actions speak louder than words." In face of a thousand contradictory facts, professions go for little!

As regards Loanda, Livingstone says: "The country remains very much the same as the Portuguese found it in 1575." More than three centuries of occupation, and no improvement! And again: "The intercourse which the natives have had with the white men does not seem to have ameliorated their condition to any great extent. Very many lives are annually sacrificed to their cruel superstitions, without the interference of the Portuguese authorities."

And what shall we say of the *commercial* prospects of the lands where Portugal bears sway? Again, let the history of the past and present facts answer

[1] KRAPF: "East Africa," p. 524.

the question. "During three centuries," says Ritter, "the Portuguese have done nothing to improve the condition of the African tribes with whom they have relations."

Cameron says: "They hold the keys of the land route from Loanda and Benguella, but keep out foreign capital and enterprise, and are the moral accomplices of slave-traders and kidnappers. A blind system of protection, carried out by underpaid officials, *stifles trade*, and renders these places hotbeds of corruption."[1]

Livingstone says the Portuguese employ their power to perpetuate the miserable condition of the country, and Monteiro's testimony is full and clear on the point. "In the fifteen years that I have lived in and travelled over a great part of Angola, and passed in intimate intercourse with natives and Portuguese, I have had abundant opportunities of witnessing *the miserable state to which that fine country has been reduced by the wretched and corrupt system of Portuguese government.* The few honest men there find themselves unable to influence in the least the sad state into which the country has been sunk by long years of rapacity on the part of its irresponsible governors; whilst in Portugal itself patriotism and public morality are debased by an unchecked system of bribery and greed of money and of power, it is too much to expect that the rich colonies will be purged of their long existing abuses."

[1] "Across Africa," p. 334.

Few could better estimate the value of her colonies to Portugal than Antonio Gallenga, Esq., for many years correspondent of the *Times*, and author of a volume entitled "Iberian Reminiscences" (Chapman & Hall), who thoroughly studied the question of her commercial condition. He says: "Her commerce must always be poor; her colonization, in so far as it depends on herself, nothing at all. She has no population to spare, none that can go and cultivate the land in her colonies. The Portuguese of Lisbon and the southern provinces of the kingdom are a weak and dawdling race, well described by Byron as 'poor paltry slaves.' Those of Oporto and the north and north-east are a better race; they have great energy and manliness, and are mixed with the Gallegos, immigrants from Galicia and other parts of the north-west of Spain, whom they despise as the Spartans did their helots, but who do all the hard work of the country, and are its backbone.

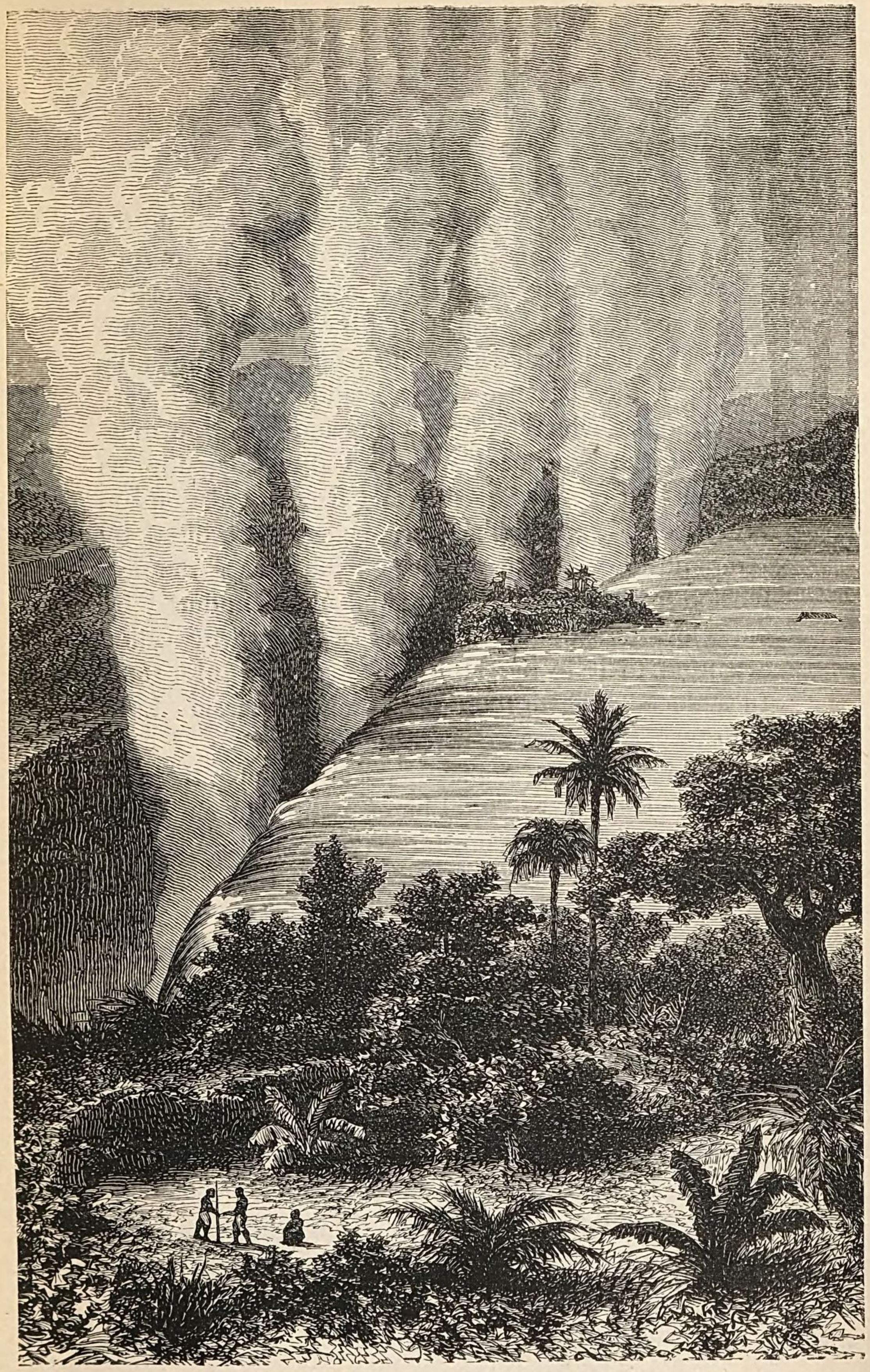
"But taking the whole population of Portugal as it is, they are so far from being able to spare any of their people for the colonization of other lands, that it is reckoned their production of wine, the great staple produce of the kingdom, would be at least double, if the vast tracts of the country now lying waste were cultivated.

"Those who leave Portugal do not generally go to the *present* colonies of the kingdom, but *to its former possession* of Brazil; not to seek employment as husbandmen, but to engage in petty trade, or as mechanics, sometimes realizing a fortune, in which

case they come back to enjoy their earnings in Lisbon, where they are known as Brazileros.

"The colonies of Portugal in Africa, Asia, etc., are *merely possessions out of which the Portuguese governors derive some income*, as the Dutch do at Java, as hard taskmasters of the helpless native population; but commerce, as carried on between the kingdom and its dependencies, must rely for existence on protection, for *Portugal has but little to sell, and its revenue is chiefly based on heavy duties levied on the produce of other countries.* Portugal's colonial dominions extend over a surface of 709,469 English square miles, with a population of 3,333,700 persons. It is questionable whether there are 3,000 Portuguese settlers, reckoning all of them, deducting, of course, the garrisons."

Such being the facts of the case, and such the lessons, experienced English philanthropists cannot but feel indignant, on the one hand, and amused, on the other, at the claims lately put forth by Portugal to the territory stretching not only from the Zambesi to Mozambique on the Indian Ocean,—but right across the African continent to Angola on the Atlantic! This enormous claim has been based on a grant of Pope Alexander VI., the worst pope —and one of the worst men—that ever lived, the infamous Spanish Borgia, who burned Savonarola, and made his name an execration to posterity. On this outrageous claim Portugal based another, that the Zambesi River belonged to her! In pursuance of this latter claim she actually proceeded to seize a steamer and supplies of ammunition belonging to the



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

Discovered by Livingstone.

African Lakes Company, which was on its way up the Shiré to the Nyassa district. This she did, in spite of the fact that it was illegal according to treaties which she had made, on the faith of which this company had been founded. The course was the more reprehensible, because it was adopted at a very serious crisis, when the well-being and even the existence of the beneficent African Lakes Company, as well as that of the Scottish and English missions on Nyassa and Tanganyika, were being jeopardised by Arab hostility. Under these circumstances, the pretension was of course more than could be endured by our Government, and the Earl of Harrowby called attention to it in the House of Lords in July, 1888. In the debate which took place on that occasion Lord Salisbury, the prime minister, said :

"I agree with my noble friend in thinking that the possession of a vast natural highway like the Zambesi, under the peculiar circumstances of its history, *cannot be claimed by Portugal.* After all, it was discovered by Englishmen, and is now principally used by Englishmen. It leads to settlements wherein Englishmen are conducting their operations, religious and commercial; and I think that, even according to the strict doctrines of international law, it is a matter of the greatest doubt whether a nation in full possession of the two sides of the Zambesi River has a right to exercise any jurisdiction to bar access to the territories which lie beyond. The Congo and other rivers have been declared free ; and that being the case, and especially considering the very peculiar circumstances

in which the Zambesi is placed, I am convinced that the opinion of the civilized world will be on our side when we say that *the Zambesi must be a route open to all, and not confined to one.*"

In his recent work on tropical Africa, Professor Drummond says, as regards the claims of Portugal to the Nyassa territory : "No one has ever attempted to define how far inland the Portuguese claim, founded on coast possession, is to be considered good. But that it cannot include the regions north of the Zambesi—the Shiré Highlands and Lake Nyassa—is self-evident. These regions were discovered and explored by Livingstone. They have been occupied since his time exclusively by British subjects, and colonized exclusively with British capital. The claim of England therefore—though nothing but a moral claim has ever been made—is founded on the double right of discovery and occupation ; and if it were a question of treaty with the natives, it might possibly be found on private inquiry that a precaution so obvious had not been forgotten by those most nearly interested." "On the other hand, no treaties exist with Portugal ; there is not a single Portuguese in the country ; and, until the other day, no Portuguese had ever seen it. It is a region from which they have, by the natives, been most carefully excluded. The reason for this forced exclusion is not far to seek. At first, Portugal had too much to do in keeping their always precarious foothold on the banks of the Zambesi, to think of the country that lay beyond ; and when their eyes were at last turned towards it by the successes of the Eng-

lish, the detestation in which they were held by the natives—the inevitable result of long years of tyranny and mismanagement—made it impossible for them to extend an influence which was known to be disastrous to every native right. Had the Portuguese done well by the piece of Africa of which they already assumed the stewardship, no one would dispute their claim to as much of the country as they could wisely use. But when even the natives have had to rise, and by force of arms prevent their expansion, it is impossible that they should be allowed to overflow into the highland country, much less to claim it, now that England, by pacific colonization and missionary work, holds the key to the hearts and hands of its peoples. By every moral consideration, the Portuguese have themselves forfeited the permission to trespass farther in equatorial Africa. They have done nothing for the people since the day they set foot in it. They have never discouraged, but rather connived at the slave-trade. Livingstone himself took the servant of the governor of Tette red-handed, at the head of a large slave-gang. They have been at perpetual feud with the native tribes. They have taught them to drink. Their missions have failed. Their colonization is not even a name. With such a record in the past, no pressure surely can be required to make the Government of England stand firm in its repudiation of a claim which, were it acknowledged, *would destroy the last hope for east Central Africa.*"[1]

[1] "Tropical Africa," p. 207.

Consul Johnson has recently hoisted the British flag at the confluence of the Ruo with the Shiré. We trust this means that England does not intend to permit Portugal to interfere with that grand Nyassa district, which is sacred to every Scotch heart, if not to every Englishman, as the land of Livingstone. The Protestant missions of the Scotch Presbyterian Churches have already done great good there, and only need protection of life and property to succeed gloriously.[1]

[1] Since the foregoing was in type the question of Portuguese pretensions in East Africa has come to a crisis, and been settled happily in the right direction for the benefit of the poor Africans. Millions of these long oppressed and much-enduring people will have reason to be thankful for the ultimatum sent by the English Government to Lisbon in January, 1890, requiring the immediate abandonment on the part of Portugal of all pretension to rights in the Shiré Highlands and in Nyassaland as well as in Mashona and Matabele lands, which are now declared British protectorates. Portugal had no alternative but to yield the point, but she did so under protest, and with much resentment. It is strange that our tardy adoption of a course strictly in accordance with international law and justice should have rendered Portugal so utterly oblivious of the fact that to Britain alone she owes her present national existence. The long Peninsular War—which was fought mainly in her defence—cost England 150 millions sterling, besides the lives of thousands of her sons.



THE COUP DE GRÂCE TO AN EXHAUSTED SLAVE.

CHAPTER VI.

AFRICA'S GREATEST CURSE—SLAVERY.

A HOST of evils afflict poor Africa! Isolation and ignorance, superstition and sorcery, poverty and tyranny, cruel customs and satanic delusions abound all over the new world. But in spite of them Africans live on and have done so for ages, though they do not multiply as they should do or fill their continent. They continue to *exist* and, according to their own low estimate of happiness, to live happily, notwithstanding their great and many disadvantages. Moreover all these evils are capable of amelioration and removal, and they would yield to the Christian agencies and civilizing influences now at work in course of time.

But there is one dark and dreadful evil in the presence of which the Africans do not live, but die! They die by the thousand and the hundred thousand, in sudden agony or prolonged torture. They cease to exist, and leave the lands they occupied to desolation and the wild beasts. It is an evil that is incapable of any amelioration, and the beneficent influences of time and growing civilization have no tendency to check it.

As a malignant and incurable cancer eats with intolerable anguish into the body, until death ensues, so does this evil eat into the vitals of Africa, with results that must be fatal, unless it can be arrested.

It is an ever-spreading, ever-deepening evil, and as yet no cure has been found for it. But if Africa is ever to be evangelized, saved, and civilized, a cure must be found. In the mercy of God we believe it will be found, and be found soon. May He inspire the minds of men to discover it, and encourage and enable philanthropists to apply it!

We allude of course to the destructive and depopulating ARAB SLAVE-TRADE. Livingstone first unveiled to us its horrors; his tombstone in Westminster Abbey attests his detestation of it, and appeals with touching fervour for its extinction. But it runs still that "open sore of the world," though he gave his life for its abolition!

No fair view of the new world can omit this salient feature of its social condition. The curse of the Arab slave-trade prevails *mainly* in the Soudan and in the eastern half of the continent; but it has spread already from the coast to the centre, and is desolating even the banks of the Congo. It is ravaging some of the fairest portions of the Congo Free State, and imperilling some of the most hopeful missions of the Church. We must not pass the subject in silence, for the sake of those who are not familiar with the facts. It is a case in which, though ignorance is bliss, it is *not* folly to be wise. For only

those who know can sympathise, and only those who sympathise will pray, and prayer is all-important, for God alone can help.

The Arabs in Africa have ever been true to the prophetic description of their race. They are Ishmael's seed, and their hand is against every man and every man's hand against them! Four thousand years ago the angel told Hagar this would be the character of her son's posterity; and as certainly as in Isaac's seed all nations of the earth have been blessed, so surely through Ishmael's descendants countless nations have cruelly suffered. Saracens and Arabs have been emphatically a "woe" in the earth.

Nowhere is this more evident than in Africa. Their contempt of lower races, and their unprincipled greed of gain; the slavery which their customs demand and their faith allows; their partial civilization and possession of firearms, and the helpless, unarmed condition of most of the native races—all these together have made them what they undoubtedly are, Africa's worst woe! Like ravenous beasts, they live by carnage, and never even accuse themselves of cruelty. They are born and clever traders. Ivory is almost the only article of African commerce which as yet yields much profit. It abounds all over the interior, and can be bought so cheaply there that enormous profits arise from its sale on the coast. But it cannot walk itself, and there are no trains or beasts of burden to carry it. How is it to be got to the seashore? If porters were honestly paid to

carry it, the profits would be seriously diminished; and, besides, porters would not spontaneously undertake the long, difficult, and dangerous journey.

The easiest, cheapest, and almost only way to get



HONESTLY PAID ZANZIBARI IVORY PORTERS.

riches by this commerce is to *steal* and enslave men and women, manacle them that they may not escape,

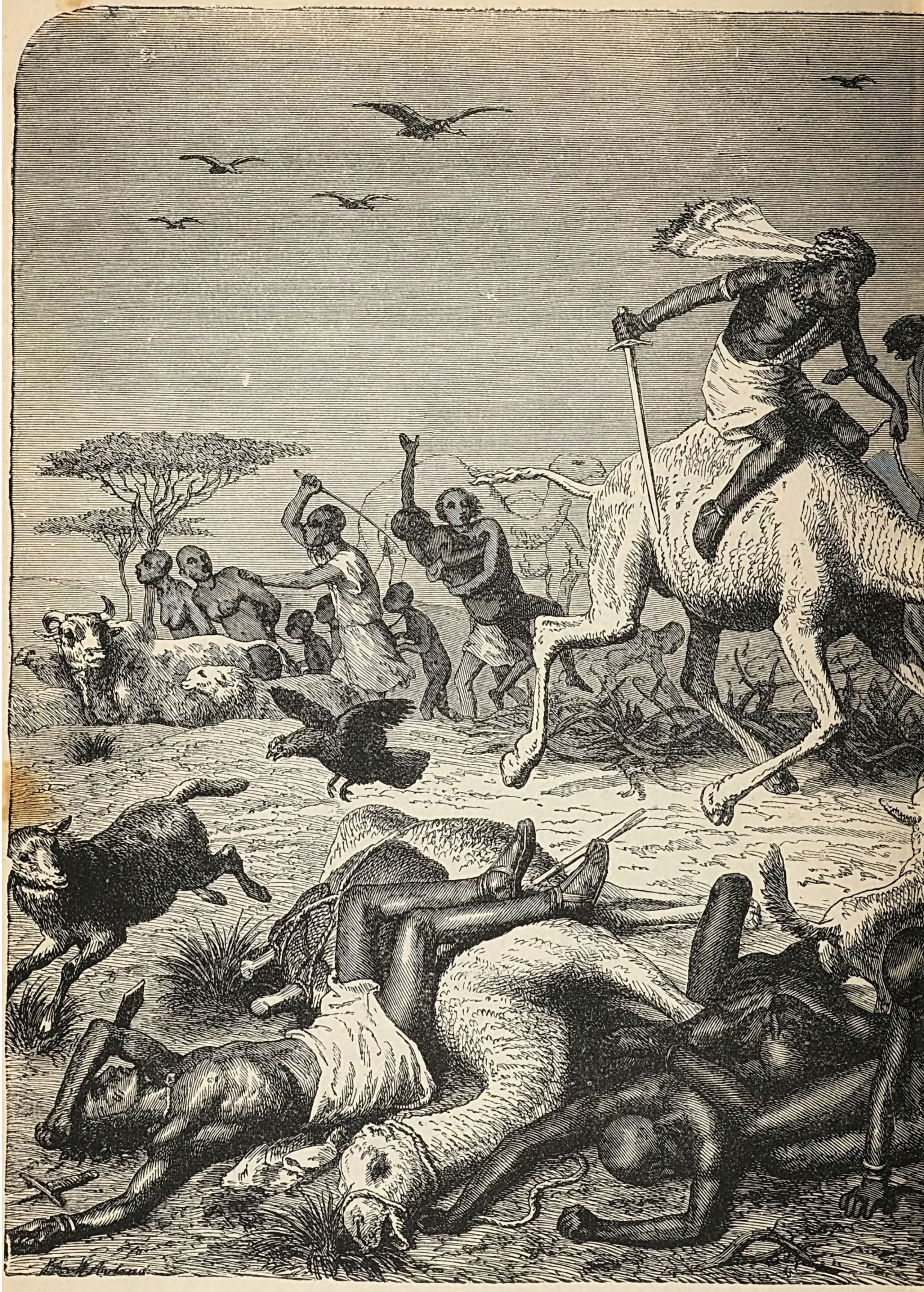
load them with the heavy tusks, drive them under the lash, give them only food enough to keep them from starvation, shoot them if they faint and drop, and sell *them* as well as their loads, when the long journey is ended. This is what the Arabs do.

How easy to sum it all up in a paragraph! How awful to *see* even a single specimen of the practice! Livingstone felt first faint, then furious, then in despair, then "as if he was in hell," when he unexpectedly witnessed an Arab slave raid at Nyangwe in 1871.[1] Alas! such scenes are still repeated daily all over east Central Africa from Egypt to Nyassaland. It is impossible to open a book of travel in these regions without coming across accounts of scenes as terrible.

Sir Samuel Baker describes a slave-raid on the White Nile as follows, and the sketch would hold good of many another neighbourhood.

> On arriving at the desired locality, the (piratical) party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and, quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions,

[1] "It was the demon that haunted the last twenty years of his life; it met him at every turn and baffled him more than once in his researches."—HUTCHINSON: "The Slave-Trade of East Africa."





VORST FOE.

and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue; while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. They are then fastened together, the former secured in an instrument called a *shéba*, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in front of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the headquarters in company with the captured herds.

The able-bodied men fall in large numbers in the attempt to defend their families. It is mostly the young men, women, and children who are captured and enslaved. Commander Cameron, who crossed Africa in about the centre, writes of a caravan he saw, led not by Arabs, but, with shame be it said, by Portuguese:

Coimbra arrived in the afternoon with a gang of fifty-two women, tied together in lots of seventeen or eighteen. Some had children in arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass cloth and other plunder. These poor, weary, and footsore creatures were covered with weals and scars, showing how unmercifully cruel had been the treatment received at the hands of the savage who had called himself their owner. . . . The misery and loss of life entailed by the capture of these women is far greater than can be imagined, except by those who have witnessed some such heart-rending scenes. Indeed the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilized land.

To obtain these fifty-two women, at least ten villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from one to two hundred, or about 1,500 in all. Some may, perchance, have escaped to neighbouring villages, but the greater portion were undoubtedly burnt when their villages were surprised, shot whilst attempting to save their wives and families, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungles, unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries.

Cardinal Lavigerie, the Roman Catholic primate of Africa, and the eloquent and enthusiastic advocate of the poor African's cause, says :

All that are captured—men, women, and children—are hurried off to some market in the interior. Then commences for them a series of unspeakable miseries. The slaves are on foot. The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied (and sometimes their feet) in such a fashion that moving becomes a torture to them ; and on their necks are placed yokes, which attach several of them together. They march all day ; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw *sorgho* are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again.

But after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings, and the privations have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economise powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time some one breaks down the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting place, after the first days of such a life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness ; then, to economise the scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall, when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighbouring trees ; and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and sleep as well as they can.

Could anything exceed the horror of the spectacle witnessed by Stanley on his first journey *up* the Congo ? When he came down it, on the great voyage of discovery, which introduced it, alas ! to the Arabs as well as to Europe, he had seen large and flourishing towns near the mouth of the Aruwimi. When he

returned four years later, he saw signs of some great change—desolation instead of prosperous population, charred ruins instead of busy villages. We have not space to quote his touching story of what followed in full. But we must give enough of it to convey an impression of the facts.

Every three or four miles we came in sight of the black traces ot the destroyers. The charred stakes of once populous settlements, scorched banana groves, and prostrate palms, all betokened ruthless ruin.

At four p.m. we halted at a camp in a plain just above the devastated site of Yavunga. We had passed, since leaving the Biyerre, twelve villages utterly consumed by fire.

* * * * *

Not one house was visible, although the extensive clearing indicated that Yaporo had been populous. This would have been evident even had I not remembered that I had seen a large and long extended town here. A mile above we detected some object, of a slaty colour, floating down the stream. The *En Avant* steamed towards it, and the man with the sounding pole at the bow, on arriving near it, turned it over with a boat-hook. We were shocked to discover the bodies of two women, bound together with cords! The tragedy, by the appearance of the bodies, must have occurred about twelve hours previously.

Wondering what could have been the cause of the committal of such a crime, we continued to follow the shore, until we came to the upper end of the crescent bend. At the close of an hour we were rounding the point, when, looking up the river hastily, we saw a white mass fronting the landing-place of a village. I caught up my glass and examined it. Others appeared in a group, as we edged towards the centre of the stream. They were *tents;* the Arabs of Nyangwe!

They were in considerable force, for their camp, or village, was evidently large enough for a great number, and a rough palisade seemed to surround it. We formed ourselves in line, and advanced up river. As we drew near I observed through the telescope that our presence excited a commotion on the banks, which became lined with a multitude of men in white dress, who acted as if flurried. I also saw a large number of canoes fastened to the landing-place, which revealed at once the secret of the sudden midnight surprisals. These people had in some manner descended the river from Nyangwe, past the falls.

* * * * *

We discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality and without disguise they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs. They had started sixteen months previously from below Vinja Njara. *For eleven months* the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubiranzi, on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biyerre and Wane Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that the area described would be equal to 34,570 square miles, just 2,000 square miles *greater than the island of Ireland, and is inhabited* by about one million of people.

* * * * *

After spending the morning listening to such of their adventures as they chose to relate, I was permitted in the afternoon to see *the human harvest they had gathered*, as many of my people had exaggerated the numbers of the captives they had seen in the camp.

Their quarters were about 150 yards above the place we had selected. It was surrounded with a fence made of the hut walls of the native town of Yangambi, which lay without in ruins ; in length the camp was about 300 yards.

The first general impressions are that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors ; there are lines or groups of naked forms, upright, standing, or moving about listlessly ; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions, naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers ; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women, bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers.

On paying more attention to details I observe that mostly all are fettered. Youths, with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain like one of our boat anchor chains is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed right leg brought together by the central ring. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around which their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their breasts. There is not one adult *man* captive amongst them !

* * * * *

The slave-traders admit that they have only 2,300 captives in this

fold, yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country *larger than Ireland*, bearing fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron. Both banks of the river show that 118 villages and forty-three districts have been devastated, out of which is only educed this scant profit of 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 tusks of ivory! The spears, swords, bows, and the quivers of arrows show that many adults have fallen. Given that these 118 villages were peopled only by 1,000 each, we have *slain* 11,800 and only a profit of *two per cent.* By the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwe, of camp life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox, and the pests which miseries breed, there will *only remain a scant one per cent. upon the bloody venture!*

They tell me, however, that the convoys already arrived at Nyangwe with slaves captured in the interior have been as great as their present band. Five expeditions have come and gone with their booty of ivory and slaves, and these five expeditions have now completely weeded the large territory described above. If each expedition has been as successful as this, the slave-traders have been enabled to obtain 5,000 women and children and take them safe to Nyangwe. These 5,000, out of an assumed million, will be at the rate of a half per cent., or *five slaves out of* 1,000 *people.*

* * * * *

If the above figures are trustworthy, then the outcome rom the territory with its million of souls is 5,000 slaves *obtained at the cruel expense of* 33,000 *lives!* And such slaves! They are females or young children who cannot run away, or who, with youthful indifference, will soon forget the terrors of their capture. Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father, and perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown up daughters. An entire family of six souls have been done to death to obtain that small, feeble, useless child.

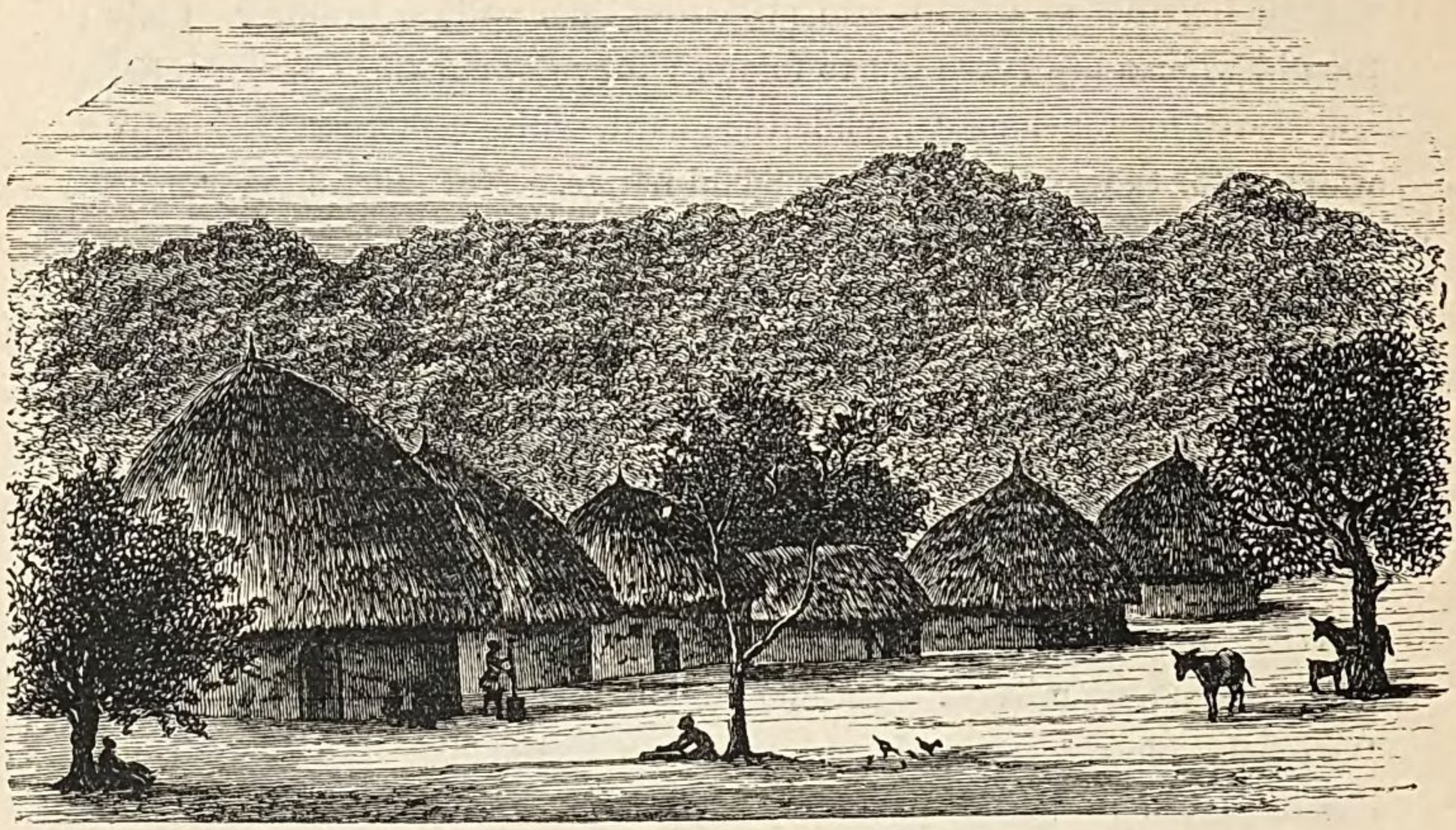
These are my thoughts as I look upon the horrible scene. Every second during which I regard them the clink of fetters and chains strikes upon my ears. My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the collar, or as it displays a manacle exposed through a muscle being irritated by the weight or want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvium of the unwashed herds within this human kennel, the smell of other abominations annoy me in that vitiated atmosphere; for how could poor people bound and

riveted together by twenties do otherwise than wallow in filth? Only the old women are taken out to forage; they dig out the cassava tuber and search for the banana, while the guard, with musket ready, keenly watches for the coming of the vengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang, to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin which hangs down in wrinkles and puckers. And yet, who can withstand the feeling of pity so powerfully pleaded for by those large eyes and sunken cheeks?

What was the cause of all this vast sacrifice of human life, of all this unspeakable misery? Nothing but the indulgence of an old Arab's "wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous instincts." He wished to obtain slaves to barter profitably away to other Arabs, and having weapons, guns, and gunpowder enough, he placed them in the hands of three hundred slaves, and despatched them to commit murder wholesale, just as an English nobleman would put guns in the hands of his guests, and permit them to slaughter the game upon his estate.

Yes, that is the explanation! It is the old story of the wicked world, *might against right!* Give gunpowder in the hands of lawless men let loose among naked savages, and this is the result.

Writing of the Blantyre Mission, south of Lake Nyassa, a Scotch missionary named Scott says: "The Arab slave-trade is making frightful progress. Caravans of Arabs are pouring in—for trade? No! Hardly a bale of cloth goes up country from the East Coast; it is guns and powder, not even spirits. It is simply slaughter; the slaughter of thousands, and the desolation of the fairest lands—lands where the natives were at peace, where industry and thrift and



"CLEAN, REGULAR, WELL-BUILT TOWNS."

happiness ruled: where to get through one village you might start in the early morning and not pass out of it till the sun was half-way down, journeying straight on; and these are now desolate! Fresh routes are opening up to the Arabs, and the desolation is spreading. It is not slave-trade; it is ruthless massacre of the most barbarous type."

In 1881 Major Wissmann was travelling between the Sankulu and the Lomani among the Basonge. He described their large and well to do towns, clean, regular, well built, and peaceful. The people were confiding and kind. From half-past six in the morning till eleven o'clock were spent in simply walking through the long-extended town of Bagna Pesihi, and there were many such places—continuous streets of houses for eight or ten miles, all inhabited by kind, friendly people. Of the people he wrote:

"They lived in beautiful villages, miles in length, cultivated the land, and excelled in the manufacture of cloth, pottery, iron articles, and wood carving. To the east of these tribes, however, I found that, in consequence of a recent inroad of the Arabs of Nyangwe, the villages had been deserted. The Basonge have never yet seen an Arab, nor heard the report of a gun; but I am afraid their fate is sealed."

His prognostication proved, alas! only too correct! Four years later he revisited the scene in company with others.

Once more we camped near the large town of the Bagna Pesihi. Early on the following morning we approached its palm groves. The paths are no longer clean, as they used to be. A dense growth of grass covers them, and as we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck by the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of a welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms, slowly waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy homesteads and the happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything, and a charred pole here and there, and a few banana trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the roadside, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened here since our last visit.

The Bagna Pesihi—nay, the whole tribe of the Bene Ki—had ceased to exist. Only a few remnants of this once powerful tribe, so we were told, had sought a refuge with a chief on the Sankulu, named Zappu Tapp, himself a refugee from Arab aggression.

You may readily imagine the indignation with which the sights we saw filled us, and the detestation in which I hold such wholesale destroyers of human life and happiness. *Day after day we were called upon to witness the same abhorrent scenes until* one day, on the banks of the Lukasi, we came upon a camp of these Arabs. They numbered three thousand men, and their leader was Sayol, one of the lieutenants of Tippu Tib. It was with difficulty that I led my people thus far, for they had suffered much hunger when crossing depopulated districts. We had lived on the pith of palm trees, and even fruits reputed to be poisonous were not despised; yet hardly a day passed without one of my faithful Baluba dropping down dead from exhaustion. Only he who was responsible for the lives of his subordinates can appreciate what I

suffered in these dark days. And whose the guilt, but of those devastators of regions which before their appearance could be traversed in security by caravans numbering their thousands?

I paid a visit to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams, at its entrance, was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket-shots, later on, proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practising musketry upon his unfortunate prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately to furnish a cannibal feast for Tippu Tib's auxiliaries from the Lomami.

Cardinal Lavigerie is the director of the Roman Catholic missions in the Dark Continent, missions in the prosecution of which much devotion and heroism have been exhibited, and which appear in Uganda at least to have made real converts. The sincerity of these *Pères Blancs* seems evinced by the fact that eleven of them have suffered martyrdom and more than fifty have died from fatigue and hardship. Cardinal Lavigerie says of them:

> They have seen with their own eyes, in the course of ten years, whole provinces absolutely depopulated by the massacres of the slave-hunters, and each day they are obliged to witness scenes which point to the rapid extinction of the race. In the last letter which I have received from Tanganyika, dated in March last, they tell me that every day they see caravans of slaves arriving, and that every day they see boats crossing the lake, loaded almost to sinking with their freight of human chattels. They tell me, particularly, of the province of Manyuema, which at the time of the death of Livingstone was rich in ivory and population, but which the slave-hunters have now reduced to a desert, seizing the ivory, and reducing the inhabitants to slavery in order that they may carry the ivory to the coast, after which their captives would be sold. The contempt for human life engendered by such examples as these, and by the passions of the slave-hunters, is so great that you can imagine nothing more horrible. An excess of cruelty causes them to make use towards men of terms hitherto reserved for wild beasts—it is all of a piece with the custom of Central Africa; for the blacks themselves, when they have slaves, adopt the terms of the

slave-hunters, and call them by no other name than "my beast," "my animal."

The unfortunate people who are captured for slaves are treated like beasts—men, women, and children; listen to these words, you who are Christians, *they are treated like beasts*—the horror of their situation passes all imagination; they are hunted like animals, and when they are caught are compelled to bow under a yoke: their heads are forcibly thrust between the space made by a small triangular-shaped piece of bent wood attached to a long pole, and so they are driven.

A map of Africa, in which the districts *harassed* by the slave-raiders and those *depopulated* by them are distinctively coloured, tells by means of the eye a sad tale to the heart! Between the Sahara and the Zambesi the country *not* invaded by them is far less than that disfigured by their blood-red tracks and dull stains. The amount of human woe intimated is absolutely inconceivable! The entire Soudan is abandoned to them and enslaved by them; the Equatorial Province, so long and so nobly held by Emin Pasha, having fallen, 1,500 miles of country from Khartoum to Uganda is at their mercy. The waters of the Congo in the northern part of its course divide Africa for a thousand miles roughly into two halves, Eastern and Western. The Eastern half is *all* harassed by the Arabs, and they have penetrated far enough into the Western to join hands with the Portuguese slave-traders like Coimbra, alluded to above.

But we must not multiply quotations, though it would, alas! be all too easy to fill with similar extracts a volume larger than this! Cameron has summed up the state of things in a sentence: "Africa is bleed-

ing out her life blood at every pore. Should the present state of affairs be allowed to continue, the country will gradually relapse into jungles and wilds."

God has appointed *government* for the punishment of evil-doers, and Africa's anguish arises from the lack of this. Hitherto diabolical evil-doers have had things all their own way in the Dark Continent, and they have depopulated whole districts of enormous extent.

Europe is now at last undertaking and attempting to govern Africa for its own good, to protect its weak and helpless children alike from domestic tyranny and alien spoliation. Christians should trace the hand of God in this, and sympathise with every effort, no matter by what nation it is made, which promises to evoke order out of chaos. They should earnestly pray for the prosperity of the attempt to restrain lawless violence in Africa; for unless the Arab slave-trade can be arrested, the continent cannot be civilized, or colonized in its healthy districts, or developed in any way, or, above all, evangelized.

All efforts to ameliorate the existing state of things having proved unavailing, and the Arab traders increasing everywhere in bold aggressiveness, a conference of the European powers now engaged in the government of various parts of Africa was summoned at Brussels in the autumn of 1889. The result of its deliberations has not yet been made public. Whatever they may be, there is good reason to hope that any repressive measures which may be decided on

will be rendered effective by *united action*, without which little can be done.

Our valued friend Mr. Francis W. Fox, the delegate of the Aborigines Protection Society, wrote to the *Times* a letter, which Lord Salisbury desired should be read to the conference, and which indicates some of the resolutions which will probably be adopted He proposed that,

Bearing in mind the general principles which should actuate the operations of the stronger powers in their dealings with the weaker and unprotected races of Africa, the conference might agree to declare that in all the respective territories and spheres of influence in Africa of the several powers—

1. That the slave-trade is illegal and punishable.
2. That within these areas all slaves may claim manumission papers.
3. That all systems of apprenticeship and forced labour should be illegal in the same areas.
4. That all the powers shall actively co-operate and assist in seeing these conditions are carried out.
5. That no slave arriving at the boundary of a territory under the jurisdiction of the signatory powers shall be surrendered, unless as a criminal.
6. To follow up proclamation of illegality of the import of slaves into territories under nominal sovereignty of the Sultan of Zanzibar by declaration of *freedom without compensation* in the islands of Pemba, Zanzibar, Mafia, etc., and of freedom under arbitration in other areas, the "quasi-slave" to work out portion of the redemption.
7. Arbitration courts to be international.
8. The powers to instruct their respective consular or authorized agents *to publish* in every part of their respective territories the proclamation of the illegality of the slave-trade, and of the conditions on which slaves may obtain their freedom.
9. That as the general consensus of opinion of the best men in the several countries represented at the conference is that the importation of spirits and ardent liquors, and the indiscriminate trade in firearms and ammunition, has been, and is, a great curse and injury to the native races of Africa, this conference recommends the prohibition of

the importation of all spirits, ardent liquors, fire-arms, and ammunition, excepting under strict and clearly defined limitations.

But even should the conference adopt resolutions similar to these, and others equally admirable, the grand difficulty of carrying them into effect will remain. For this there is but one remedy, the speedy improvement of the means of communication all over Africa. Without this, the best laws will be useless, because they cannot be executed. Without this, legitimate trade cannot be made as profitable as slavery, or more so, to the Arabs; and till this can be done they will hardly abandon their present lucrative traffic.

But as Africa has so magnificent an international river system, on which steamers can ply for many thousands of miles, besides its great inland seas, rapid communication is by no means so impossible as it might seem. Four short lengths of railway would render available the whole of the inland navigation, and one of the four is already in hand.

1. From Matadi to Stanley Pool, about 270 miles.

2. From Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza, about 400 miles.

3. From Suakim to Berber, 270 miles.

4. From the Zambesi to Lake Nyassa, say 200 miles.

With these four railroads, and steamers on all the lakes, Africa could be so far guarded as, on the one hand, to *prevent* the slave-trade to a great extent, while, on the other, her commerce would be so facilitated that the temptation to make slave caravans would be removed.

Such railroads would scarcely be constructed by private capital. But governmental security might be given by a national guarantee of interest. The railroads would pay in course of time, and meanwhile incalculable benefits would accrue to poor Africa.

It must be remembered that not all the slavery in the Dark Continent lies at the door of the Arabs and Portuguese. To an enormous extent the people enslave each other. It is the very atmosphere of Africa! Slavery is indigenous.

But the domestic slavery in Africa is in some of its aspects not bad, indeed, it might almost be called good. It averts a great deal of bloodshed, and is the lesser of two evils. The recognition of a right to sell captives and criminals suggests an alternative to immediate execution. Such slaves, if not sent to the sea or to any great distance, suffer but little. They become family dependants, or agricultural labourers, and often grow rich.

But there is one horrible aspect of even native slavery which requires stern repression by all the European powers who rule in Africa. It is the reckless murder of slaves at funerals, to which we have alluded. This terrible custom, based on the superstition that the life after death in another world is just like this life, leads to the most hideous butchery. A great man must have a retinue of wives and slaves to attend him in the other life, a lesser man fewer; a king or a queen scores, and even sometimes hundreds.

Slaves are bought and kept for the occasion, and their master's death becomes the signal of their own. This evil is deeply ingrained all over savage Africa, but it can be suppressed by European influence. The Congo Free State is bent on eradicating the practice, and is succeeding to some extent in diminishing these funereal murders. Sir James Marshall and Judge Kane have recently begun to suppress it in the dominions of the Niger Company. But they found that moral influence would not do it. The people promised not to have these executions, and had them all the same. A little firmness and severity however soon settled the question. One murderer was caught and hanged, and one guilty village destroyed. Then the chiefs sued for peace, and promised there should be no more killing of slaves. They eagerly accepted a treaty with the government, the first article of which was the cessation of human sacrifices. The results of this treaty were soon seen.

A few days after peace had been made, Mr. Taylor informed us that two slaves had come in as a deputation from the slaves of Asaba, who wished to thank the white men for what they had done for them. Having prostrated themselves so that their foreheads touched the ground, which is the salutation of slaves, the spokesman said that at first the slaves could not believe that the war was made for them; that they had been kept like fowls and goats by their masters, who took them out when they pleased to be killed; but that now they knew they would be protected, and the slaves of Asaba sent them to thank us. I assured them that the war was made on their account, and that, if necessary, the white man would fight again for them, and that it would be their own fault if they submitted to these cruelties any more. The poor fellows immediately prostrated again, and on leaving the older

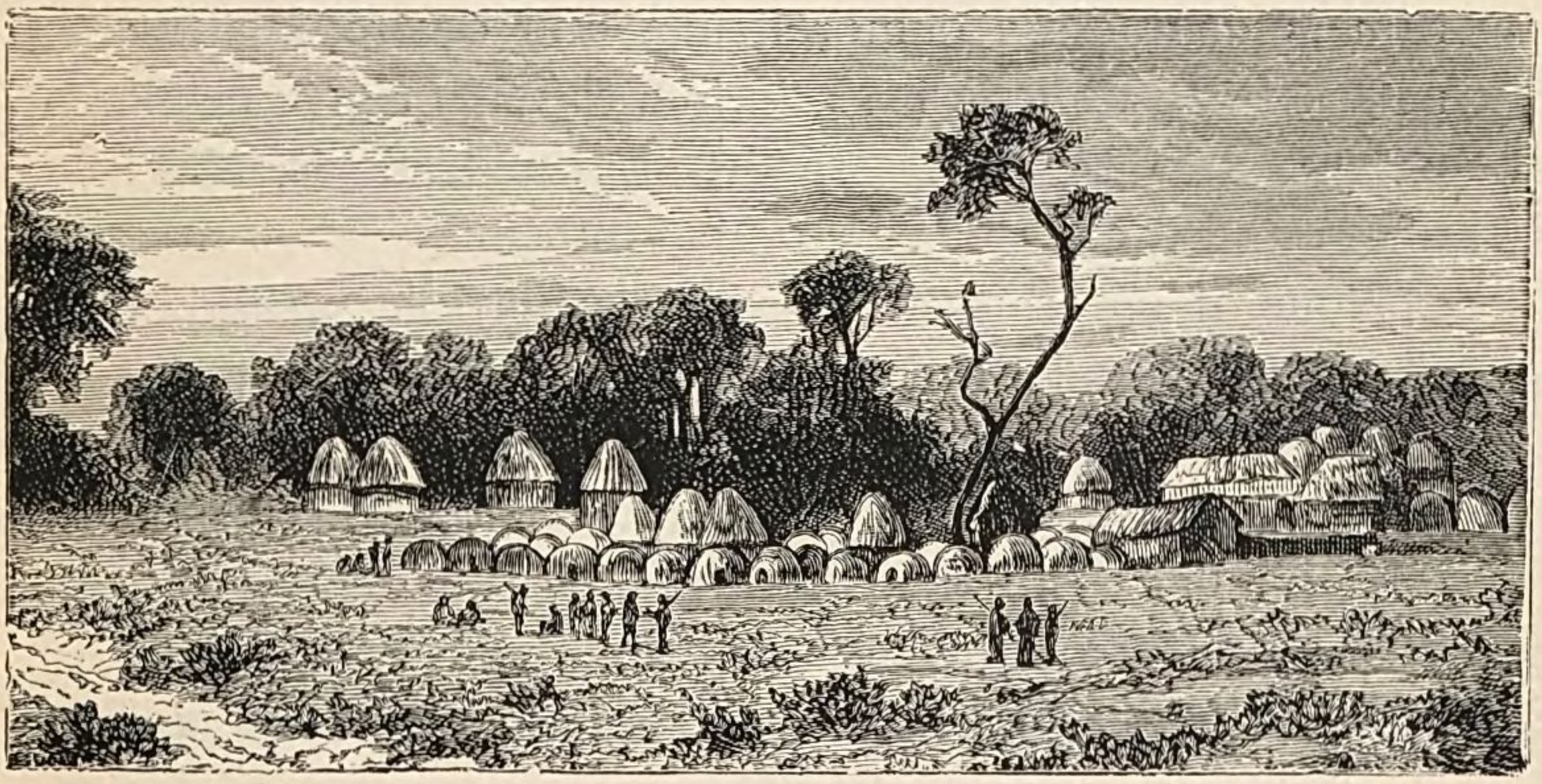
man stretched out his arms as wide as they would go, and said, "My heart feels as big as this. . . . Now we feel we are men, and not beasts." The success of this enterprise against the chief abuse of domestic slavery in Africa shows clearly what may be done among natives who have not come into contact with the Arab traders, and how a judicious admixture of moral influence and of vigorous measures may mitigate the worst features of the slavery that exists among the natives themselves.[1]

Every one felt delighted at such a happy ending to the war which had freed the slaves from being used as human sacrifices. It was not only at Asaba that the blow was felt; it was a lesson which the chiefs and slave-holders in all the surrounding neighbourhood will not forget.

On the Mobangi and some of its tributaries cannibalism is rife, and from the southern affluents of the Upper Congo boat-loads of poor victims destined to be fattened for food are constantly passing down to the market. One way of disposing of criminals is to sell them.

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[1] "Cardinal Lavigerie and Slavery in Africa," p. 327.



CHAPTER VII.

EUROPE'S SIN AND AFRICA'S SORROW.

If Africa's first misery be the slave-trade as carried on by the Arabs, her *second* is the rum-trade as carried on by the English, Germans, Dutch, and Americans. The horrors arising from imported liquor in Africa are indescribable and almost incredible. North, South, East, and West alike is the fatal traffic blighting the coast nations of the continent, and the interior also, if the traders can reach it. In Egypt and at the Cape, at Zanzibar and in the Gulf of Guinea, on the Nile and on the Niger alike, the white man's vile rum is degrading, demoralizing, and destroying the natives. In Canada it is a crime to sell or give drink to the Red Indians. In Africa the trade is, alas! unrestricted.

None of us are ignorant of the horrible results of the unrestrained drink traffic in Great Britain. We know that alcohol slays directly or indirectly its 120,000 victims year by year, and that it is responsible for nine-tenths of the crime, pauperism, misery, and cruelty of our great cities. What can be done to restrain its deadly ravages in Christian countries is a

grave question. But there is a question which is graver still. What can be done to stop its worst ravages in heathen lands, among the native races of Africa, India, Polynesia, and other uncivilized or semi-civilized countries, where it is being introduced by traders who call themselves Christians?

Merchants of many nations, especially those of Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and the United States, have for many years been forcing on the weak and ignorant races of Africa rum and brandy, which are to these peoples not only a curse, but a maddening poison. This they have done for the sake of the enormous profits arising from the sale of cheap and bad spirits, profits amounting in many cases to seven hundred per cent. They are doing it every year to a larger extent. Vast capital is invested in the trade; every opportunity for extending it is eagerly sought, and the right to spread this blighting curse on the earth is claimed in the name of free trade. The heathen have their *pombe* and their palm wine, and get mildly drunk on these without our help; but the moment they come in contact with Christian civilization, the fierce and fatal fire-water is freely supplied to them, they fall before the enticing temptation, drink with mad delight, get rapidly demoralized, and die.

The trade in this baneful article is enormous. Incredible quantities of it are introduced into Africa. Some tribes have been entirely extirpated through its use. The report of the Government commission on the liquor traffic at the Cape presents the evidence of ex-governors, native chiefs, English bishops, magis-

trates and inspectors, doctors, missionaries, and others who all give testimony against this liquor traffic, and agree that *the natives are being destroyed for lucre's sake.*

These uncivilized people have neither the strength of mind to avoid this snare, nor the physical stamina to withstand the poison. They are often painfully conscious of the fact, and entreat the Government in pity to remove from them the awful but irresistible temptation, whose dire results they dread, but whose fascinating attraction they cannot resist. Recently, for instance, a large deputation from a tribe of Kaffirs besought the Government in Cape Town not to permit canteens for the sale of liquor among them, urging that their people were being fast destroyed by it, both morally and physically. Mr. Moir, of the African Lakes Trading Company (which has made a noble stand against this curse), reports having seen boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen years old getting their wages in this poison ; and others mention having seen thousands of black girls lying drunk around the traders' canteens from which the liquor is sold.

An intense desire to shake off the drunkenness which is the consequence of contact with civilization has arisen in several densely populated parts of Africa. The natives of the Diamond Fields implored the Cape Parliament to have public-houses removed from them, but their petition was cruelly rejected. The Malagasy, who had received the gospel from England, and loved the nation to whom they owed so much, are being ruined by the same curse. Mauritius had be-



NATIVES DRAWING PALM-WINE.

come a sugar-growing colony, rum was made from the refuse of the sugar mills, and shipped to Madagascar. The crime of the island, it is recorded, "rose in one short year by leaps and bounds to a height too fearful to record." The native government tried to prevent the importation. But the merchants of Mauritius complained, the English officials interfered, and the land is still being deluged with misery and crime! The young king himself became a helpless drunkard and a criminal maniac, and the wrong done to the country remains unredressed. The same sad story, with local variations, is true as regards *all the native races accessible to the trade.* A deaf ear is turned to the cries of the unhappy victims of the lust for riches; the souls of men are bartered for money.

Ten thousand barrels of rum have been distributed among half a million of people in one year! The unscrupulous traders encourage the deadly taste for intoxicants among the coloured races, on the ground that trade is the main point to be considered. So dreadful are the consequences of drink among savage men, that at Kimberley the natives who come to work in the diamond mines have to be imprisoned —locked into compounds—after working hours, lest they should obtain liquor. The Mozambique tribes and the Egyptians do not escape, though Islam commands total abstinence. Everywhere the poison stream is flowing, and the plague is extending to enrich Christian traders, and destroy heathen and Mohammadan peoples.

The Sultan of Zanzibar threw every obstacle in the

way of the liquor traffic, and forbad his own subjects to deal in it; but he cannot prevent the subjects of other nations from doing so, and in Zanzibar the people are getting rapidly demoralized. Native porters returning from the interior are tempted to spend in the bestial orgies of a week the hardly earned wages of a year; and a race remarkably susceptible of civilizing influences is being ruined.

Let it be specially noted that all this means incalculable injury to England and Germany, as well as to Africa. The liquor traffic is fatal to every other branch of commerce. It is a revenue raised at the expense of the lives of the tribes with whom we trade. It is a system that threatens the extinction all trades but one. Commerce itself, to say nothing of religion, ought in its own interest to restrict it. It is favourable to no industry, either native or European, save that of the distiller. It fills the pockets of German and Dutch liquor sellers, while legitimate trade and manufacture languish and die. Had it never existed, there would have been from all the countries we have named large demands for a thousand useful articles which Europe supplies, together with a rapid development of the resources of uncivilized states. But at present the "opening up of Africa" means, in most cases, the opening of it to European vices—to gin, rum, and gunpowder—almost to the exclusion of more legitimate commerce.

Conventions with the natives that they should *not* be thus ruined have in certain cases been made, only, alas! to be broken; and such a shameful breach of

faith was recently justified in the Cape Parliament by a member on the ground that "*the vested rights of the licensed victuallers were not to be trampled under foot for the sake of a pack of blackamoors!*"

The faith that the natives once had in us is being rudely shaken and destroyed, and replaced by a belief that the assurances of the British Government are unreliable.

A single manufacturing firm in the neighbourhood of Boston, U.S.A., recently undertook for a merchant firm to produce for them 3,000 gallons of spirits a day for seven years, to be shipped to the Congo.

Sir Charles Warren experienced the evil of this traffic at the Cape. He says,—

"The blood of thousands of natives is at present crying up to Heaven against the British race; and yet from motives of expediency we refuse to take action."

Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., records his experience that even in Egypt, for whose condition we are to some extent responsible, similar ruin is being wrought.

"The native races of Egypt are being demoralized. . . . I went to see the khedive about it. . . . He said that he had viewed with grief and shame the increase of public-houses in Cairo and Egypt since the British army of occupation came. He said he should like to prohibit the sale altogether. He was a prohibitionist. His religion told him to be so; it was an article of his creed. But, he said, 'I am powerless.' I said, 'Why?' He replied, 'There are capitulations or agreements which have been entered into between the Turkish Government and other powers for the protection of European traders, and under these capitulations *this liquor is forced upon them* to sell without control, and so cheap, that you would hardly credit me if I gave you the price.' They import cheap spirits from Hamburg with a duty of nine per cent.; and you can get drunk for $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, and the natives for less."

There are two different missions hard at work among heathen races—God's mission and the devil's; and the devil's seems for the time to be the stronger of the two. Missionaries and Christian philanthropists are suffering and making sacrifices to enlighten, elevate, and save the heathen in Africa. At the same time hundreds of Europeans and Americans are as energetically working to degrade, brutalize, and ruin the native races.

Shame upon these men! Every trader in poison, every dealer in human destruction ought to be branded with a red mark of infamy, and punished as his heartless, selfish cruelty deserves. Is it not enough that we should ruin our own people, as we do with this trade in liquid fire and perdition, without extending the ruin to other nations beyond the seas? Have we no pity or humanity? Are they not our brothers and sisters whom we are thus crushing under the wheels of our most accursed civilization? What is Juggernaut on his monstrous car crushing a few hundred victims under his wheels to this enormous man-crushing machine, mangling millions all over the world! Look at that machine of civilization. Listen to the thud of its engines, the hissing of its steam, the roll of its trains, the rush of its steamers. Thousands of distilleries, railways, telegraphs, steamships, foreign factories, capitalists, merchants, traders all at work, to spread this destructive drink traffic to the uttermost; England, Germany, Holland, America, the foremost Christian nations in the world rivalling each other in this dreadful race of death and destruction, brewing

burning liquid and sending it out in streams to madden heathen men and women. We talk of the wickedness of the heathen! What is it to ours?

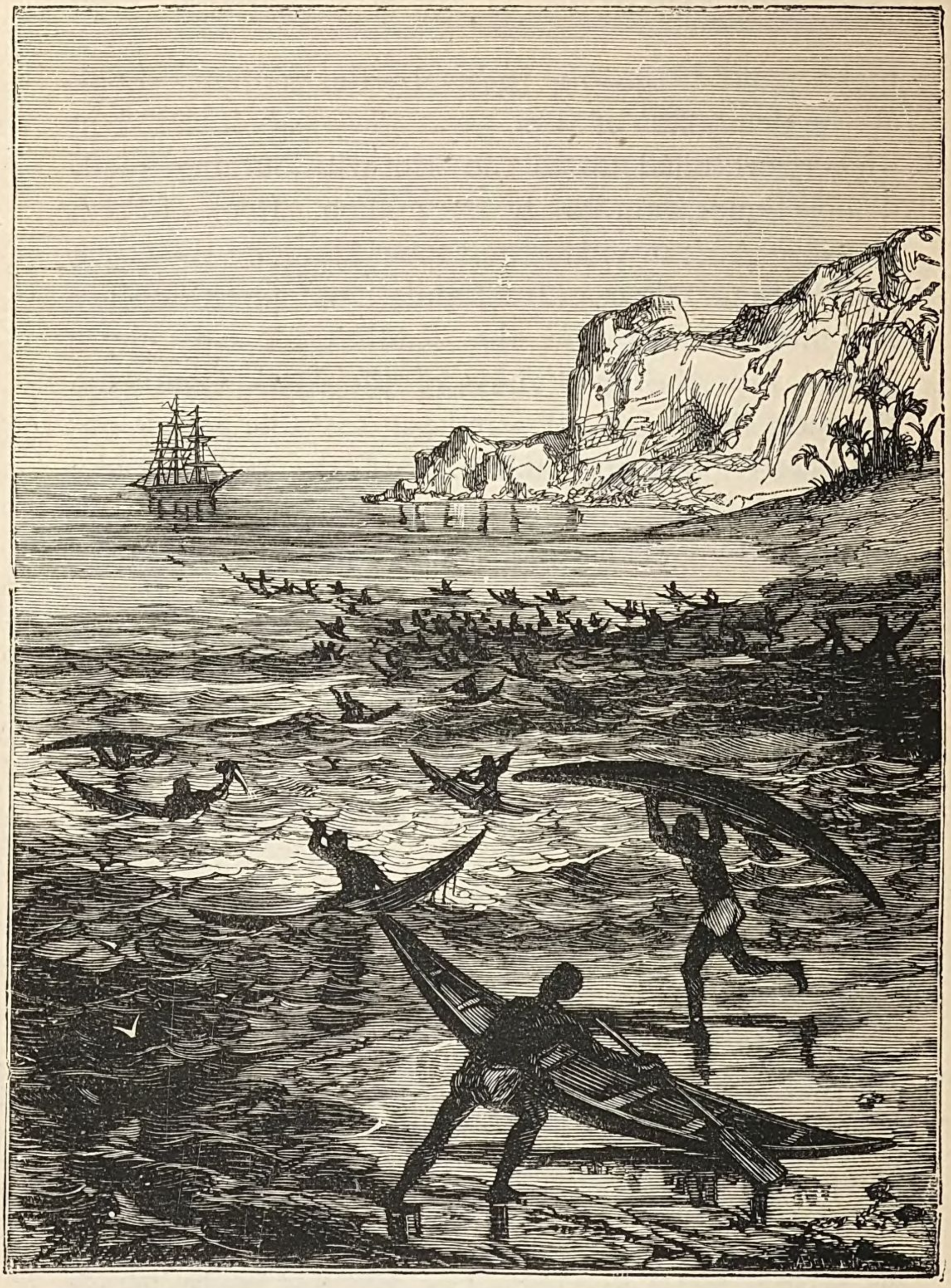
They do not know what is right, but we do. We are enlightened, educated, civilized; and we are strong, armed, irresistible; we have the riches and the resources of the world at our command. They are ignorant, unarmed, and poor. Ought we not to use our knowledge and power to lift up and bless these less favoured children of our common humanity? Instead of that, we crush them down into deeper darkness than they knew before. We set up what we call protectorates in Africa; that is, we send out our war-ships, and plant our European flags along its shore. If the natives resist us, we bombard their villages, and burn their towns; and then we land our troops, and build our factories, and fill them up to the roofs with rum bottles and gin cases, and drive our despicable, selfish trade to the ruin of the souls and bodies of the people. All along that West coast of Africa we have built great warehouses stocked with guns, gunpowder, and drink. We have built them at every river's mouth, and far up every navigable river, in the interior of the country, wherever European capital and power could reach; where the Senegal, the Gambia, the Niger, and the Congo roll their beneficent waters to the sea, there we have set up our man-murdering factories, and thither we send our cargoes of deadly poison.

Look at the green boxes in those factories, packed with gin, infamously bad gin too—scarcely fit to

make paint with—gin boxes by the million. Look at the demijohns of rum, great glass jars inclosed in wickerwork filled up to the brim with burning, maddening liquor, rum jars by the million. Look at them in every African village and town all along the coast, positively for thousands of miles, and far away into the interior. See how the deadly trade eats like a cancer into the very vitals of the Dark Continent. See how the rum bottles and gin cases lie as thick as the shells along its shore! And the selfish trader flourishes, and the helpless native perishes, and devils laugh, and angels weep, because a cruel and accursed civilization sacrifices humanity wholesale,—a sacrifice more infamous in the light of this nineteenth century than was that of blood-stained Moloch of old in the heathen ages that are gone.

Well may men like the traveller Thompson protest against the abomination:

"In wandering through some native villages on the Kroo coast," he writes, "one feels as if in a kind of Hades peopled by brutalized human beings, whose punishment it is to be possessed by a never-ending thirst for drink. On all sides you are followed by eager cries for gin, gin, always gin. Under their eager appearance one seems to hear the bitter reproach: 'You see what you Christians have made us. You talk of peace and goodwill, and yet you put devils into us!' I had travelled and suffered in Africa, inspired by the idea that I was doing some good to the world, in opening up new lands to commerce and civilization; but all my satisfaction was blighted as I felt that what little work I had done had better have been undone, and Africa still remain the Dark Continent, if such was to be the end of it all! For me, as things stand in many places, I am inclined to translate this cry of the opening up of Africa to civilization, as really being the opening up of it to European vices, old clothes, gin, rum, gunpowder, and guns."



NATIVES OF THE KROO COAST GOING OUT TO MEET A STEAMER FREIGHTED WITH THE WHITE MAN'S "FIRE-WATER."

That is the sorrowful conclusion of an African traveller who was once fondly proud that he had done something in opening up the Dark Continent.

Look at the testimony of another great African traveller, Sir Richard Burton.

"It is my sincere belief," says Burton, "that if the slave-trade was revived with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man with the gunpowder and rum which he has introduced, Africa would be a gainer in happiness by the exchange."

Listen to the words of the native African missionary James Johnson as to the rum-trade at Lagos.

"This awful drink trade weakens the body, debases the mind, demoralizes the intellect, and feeds the war passions. There has been no peace in Africa for centuries, but this drink traffic makes it worse. Why should European proximity to Africa be Africa's ruin? Negroes have proved themselves able to survive the evils of the slave-trade, cruel as they were, but they show that they have no power whatever to withstand the terrible evils of the drink. Surely you must see that the death of the negro race is simply a matter of time."

It should be clearly understood that England is not the principal offender in this matter. Germany, France, Portugal, Holland, and the United States have also their full share in the guilt. In 1884 Great Britain sent to the West Coast six hundred thousand gallons of spirits, while Germany sent over seven millions, and America nearly one million. It is not sufficient consequently to rouse the conscience of the British public to this crying sin of Christendom in order to produce improvement. The conscience of Europe and of America must be roused. An appetite has been created. If England does not supply what

will satisfy it, other countries will. The uselessness of anything but a common agreement among Christian nations was evidenced by what happened at the Congo Conference at Berlin. Great Britain, America, and other countries would gladly have joined in excluding the drink altogether from the New Congo Free State. The King of the Belgians himself desired it; but *Germany, Holland, and Portugal insisted on admitting it, on the ground that the new State was to be consecrated to free trade!*

It is useless merely to drive the trade from the hands of English firms into those of foreign firms. The only cure is co-operation. But the example of what has been effected in the way of preserving the North Sea fisheries from the drink traffic by co-operation is encouraging. Britain, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, France, and Holland came to *an agreement* by which the traffic there has been stopped.

Our object should therefore be so to waken the conscience of Europe and the United States as to lead to a joint prohibition of this deadly traffic among all native races.

As regards British Crown colonies, such as Sierra Leone, the Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Lagos, where the people have no self-government, no representatives or voice in local legislation, her majesty should be petitioned to repress the trade by enactment, or if the Government feel unable to do this, to take measures for a convention which might succeed in leading to united action among the powers concerned.

There are difficulties undoubtedly in the path, but

difficulties must not daunt us in the endeavour to remove this stumblingblock of colossal magnitude out of the way of the spread of the Christian religion. God and His providence will help those who seek to do His will. Let us pray that the minds of our rulers and of all Christian rulers may be opened to the conviction that no consideration of expediency, of policy, or of revenue can justify them in placing this most deadly temptation in the way of weak and ignorant races. Let us pray that merchants may be led to the adoption of a more innocent and in the end a more profitable trade, and that the prayers of natives, chiefs, and peoples to be delivered from this curse may no longer be left unanswered. As to the resolutely wicked, they must be restrained. We muzzle dogs in hot weather to prevent ravages of hydrophobia, can we not prevent the ravages of this worse madness? We forbid the sale of gunpower to the natives, can we not forbid the sale of alcohol?

Prayer and co-operation alone can meet the case. Prayer to God, persevering, unanimous, believing prayer; and co-operation,—the co-operation of Christian governments in the *prohibition* of a traffic producing more misery and destruction among native races than slavery with all its horrors.

We trust that the conference now sitting at Brussels, though called together to consider especially the first curse of Africa, may nevertheless do something to mitigate the second. As yet, happily, the drink does not pass into the Congo basin in any quantity. The

expense of porterage is prohibitory. But in 1894 the railroad will be opened, and what then? Is rum to be poured in by steam? God forbid! Is Africa's ivory to be exchanged for the death-dealing alcohol? Are we to send missionaries to tell the heathen that God says, "Be not drunk," and traders to invite them to buy and get drunk? At present the native Christians if tempted by a white man to take a glass reply, "No; *Christians do not drink.*" But even should converts be enabled to resist the temptation, how many converts would missionaries be likely to make among besotted populations and gin-craving crowds?

The power that permits the white man's drink—the cursed firewater and crime-creator of corrupt Christendom—to spread along the ten thousand miles of navigable river which lie open before steamers at Stanley Pool, that power will surely bring down on itself the just judgment of God! We cannot believe that the grand philanthropist who has done so much for Central Africa will ever permit this. He has the power to prevent it; he has overcome in the interests of Africa gigantic physical obstacles. Let him not fail before a moral one! Let him stand for the right, against the world if need be, and God will help him. The weal or woe of fifty millions of the dark-skinned sons of Ham are at stake in this matter. The existing restrictions will be of no use when the railroad is opened. Prohibition is the only hope for the new world. It wants clothes, it wants tools, it wants a thousand things; but it does not want drink! It has

enough of its own. It will buy in its simplicity whatever we offer it. Shall we sell it mainly "distilled damnation"? Again we say, God forbid!



NYAM-NYAM WARRIORS.

Representatives of the inland races unreached at present by European drink traffic.



A FOREST SCENE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA. *See p.* 166.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE work of African discovery has proceeded steadily since the Berlin Conference. After the exploration of the Congo, there remained of course no problem of similar magnitude to be solved. But the many tributaries of the great river had to be explored, and two of them prove to be little less important than the main stream. The Mobangi divides between French Congo and the Free State, and connects the Congo system with the Nile water-shed; it proves to be the lower course of the great Welle River of Schweinfurth, which runs through the Nyam-Nyam and Monbutto territories, some of its head waters being in Emin Bey's late Equatorial Province, within a few miles of some of the Nile head waters.

The great Kwa-Kasai-Sankulu affluent, on the other hand, comes up eighteen hundred miles from the far south and south-east, draining the waters from the northern slope of the Zambesi watershed. The Lomami, which runs for many hundred miles parallel with the Congo in its long northward course, proves to be navigable nearly as far as Nyangwe, which can therefore be reached from Stanley Pool

without any portage: a most important fact. The entire basin of the Congo proves far larger than was at first supposed, and the extent of its navigable waters is almost incalculable. Grenfell considers that there is scarcely a point in the whole basin which is a hundred miles from a navigable river. From all quarters of the compass streams of greater or less magnitude converge on the Congo main outlet, the western two-thirds of the continent sloping from north, south, and east towards it. The exploration of the Congo has therefore proved to be the discovery of Central Africa, the whole of which will all be brought by its means within easy reach of Europe, as soon as the two hundred miles of the Livingstone Cataracts near the mouth are bridged by a railroad. Until that is done the great continent is virtually inaccessible to commerce. A ton of luggage, which can be conveyed from England to the lower river for £2, costs about £70 for carriage to Stanley Pool, and twice as much to the far interior. The railroad is therefore a prime essential of the further civilization of this populous new world.

Can one be constructed? With perfect facility. Scarcely any engineering difficulties exist. Lines to less important countries, involving ten times the difficulty, have often been built. The short line from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, which is just the same length, had, instead of rising gradually for 1,100 or 1,200 feet, to climb the Cordilleras at an altitude nine times as great. It carries its passengers in a few short hours from tropic heat to alpine cold, passing

over aërial bridges and rocky shelves, overhanging abysmal depths, through awful cañons and tunnels, and on narrow ledges around giddy heights. Its construction was a triumph of engineering skill, and its cost must have been enormous, as well as the risk and loss of life involved in its construction. Yet its goal is comparatively unimportant. The Congo railway presents no such difficulties, and will lead into a vast new world, rich in resources.

A Belgian company has undertaken the task of building the requisite line, and has already (Jan., 1890) commenced operations, the Belgian government having liberally subscribed to the capital required.

A careful study of the proposed route has been made on the spot by competent experts. Accurate and detailed working plans of every mile of the road have been prepared, and estimates based on them and on present prices of labour in the country. It is calculated that a million sterling will cover all expenses of construction, provide rolling stock, and pay interest on the capital during the estimated four years of its construction. The total length of the line will be about 268 miles, of which only the first twenty-five present any serious engineering difficulties.

The principal bridges will be those over the M'poso, the Kwilu, and the Inkissi; the gradients are comparatively easy, and only in the first section will sharp curves be required. The line will start from Matadi, and run to the south of the usual caravan route to Palabala and Banza Manteka, and the terminus will be at N'dolo, a little above Kinchassa, on



ONE OF THE LESSER CONGO TRIBUTARIES.

Stanley Pool. At this point trucks of goods can be unloaded into steamers alongside, which can then start on a river system presenting from seven to ten thousand miles of uninterrupted navigation.

A complete judicial and administrative legislation has been formed for the Congo Free State, of which the sovereign is Leopold King of the Belgians. His

power is exerted by means of three general administrators, who direct respectively the departments of the interior, of foreign affairs, and of finances. They form a council for the consideration of the interests of the country, and submit their resolutions to the approbation of the king. At his instance they issue decrees and make laws. The department of the interior undertakes the administration of the police, the development of internal connexions, the service and transports, the public forces, native politics, and the provisioning of the stations. The department of finances considers all questions relating to the imposition of taxes, and expense of improvements, and it will gradually introduce a currency. The department of foreign affairs regulates the connexion of the State with foreign countries, the posts, and the administration of justice. The government is administered in Africa by a governor-general, assisted by an inspector-general, a secretary, and governors of the different provinces.

A legal code in two volumes has been published, and a bulletin is issued monthly, enacting fresh decrees as required. These laws are mainly founded on the Belgian code, adapted as requisite. The lands of the Congo Free State are divided into three classes: those in the actual occupation of natives, those occupied by foreigners, and those which are at present unoccupied. The natives do not recognise private property in the soil. It belongs to him who cultivates it as long as he does so, but the possession is not permanent. All questions about native laws are

left to be settled by native customs. Lands occupied by foreigners are held now under a government title. Before the constitution of the State they were held direct from the natives. Properties when purchased are now registered, so that there is permanent right of possession ; and a proprietor can sell his land without difficulty. No title is legal which is not thus registered in the government archives. Every sale and transfer must similarly be registered, as well as every lease ; but the registration is a simple process, involving no legal expense, nor any intervention of a solicitor.

On the upper river, any foreigner can without authorization appropriate unoccupied land to the extent of about twenty-five acres, on condition of coming to an understanding with the natives about it. But he is required as soon as possible to give notice to the governor-general of the province. Timber cannot be cut, nor can mines be worked without a concession from the government ; so that the grant of territory is not held to involve possession of any mineral treasures contained. Postal service has been established, and certain taxes imposed.

The State governs without interfering in any way with the native customs of the people, except where these involve murder.

Having few wants and abundant food supplies for themselves, industries are at a low ebb amongst the native population ; though where there is any incentive to work the people, who are well able to labour, soon become willing to do so, and that right heartily.

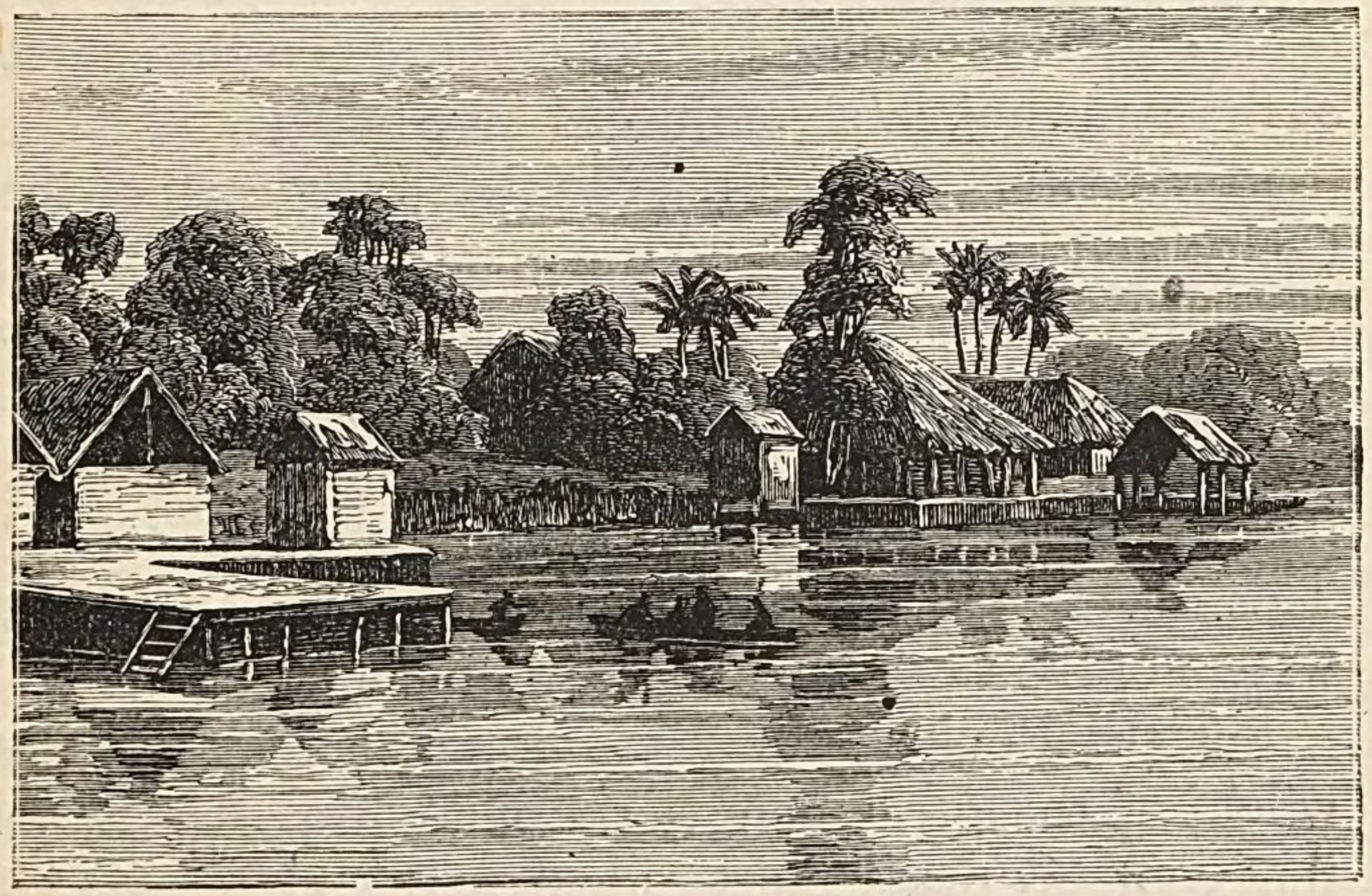
They are born traders. Barter prevails over the whole country, as money has not yet been generally introduced; but a rapid preparation is being made for the great change to a money currency which will come shortly. Already fixed standards of value are adopted, and an incipient bank-note or cheque is in circulation. The porters accept a white man's "book" or paper promise to pay, with childlike confidence, and the merchants, missionaries, and officers are all careful to give no ground for distrust.

The Congo Free State is divided into eleven administrative districts.

1. BANANA, and the district to the north of the mouth of the river.

2. BOMA, the capital, and the country behind it.

3. MATADI, the port and the starting-point of the



THE LANDING STAGE AT PONTA DA LENHA, LOWER CONGO.

railroad, ineluding also the Vivi and Isangila district north of the Congo.

4. The CATARACT REGION to the Inkissi River, both sides.

5. STANLEY POOL, including all the territory between the Inkissi and the Kasai, and eastward to the Kwango.

6. KASAI, the immense central district through which flow the Ikatta, the Kasai, the Sankulu, and their tributaries.

7. EQUATOR, including the whole Balolo country with its six rivers—the upper part of the horse-shoe bend of the Congo.

8. MOBANGI-WELLE, the western half of the great forest district lying between the Congo and the Mabangi.

9. The ARUWIMI-WELLE, or eastern half of the same region, including the dense forests on the course of the Aruwimi, lately explored by Stanley.

10. STANLEY FALLS, the country to the east of the Congo and between it and the great lakes.

11. LUALABA, extending from the south of Balolo-land to the Zambesi watershed, south of Lake Bang-weolo, and from Lake Tanganyika on the east to about the twenty-third degree of longitude on the west. This district includes the lake sources, and head waters of the Congo, and the Garangange country.

But the Congo Free State does not comprise the whole of the great new world of Central Africa, for that contains many independent native kingdoms, of which unutterably need the gospel.

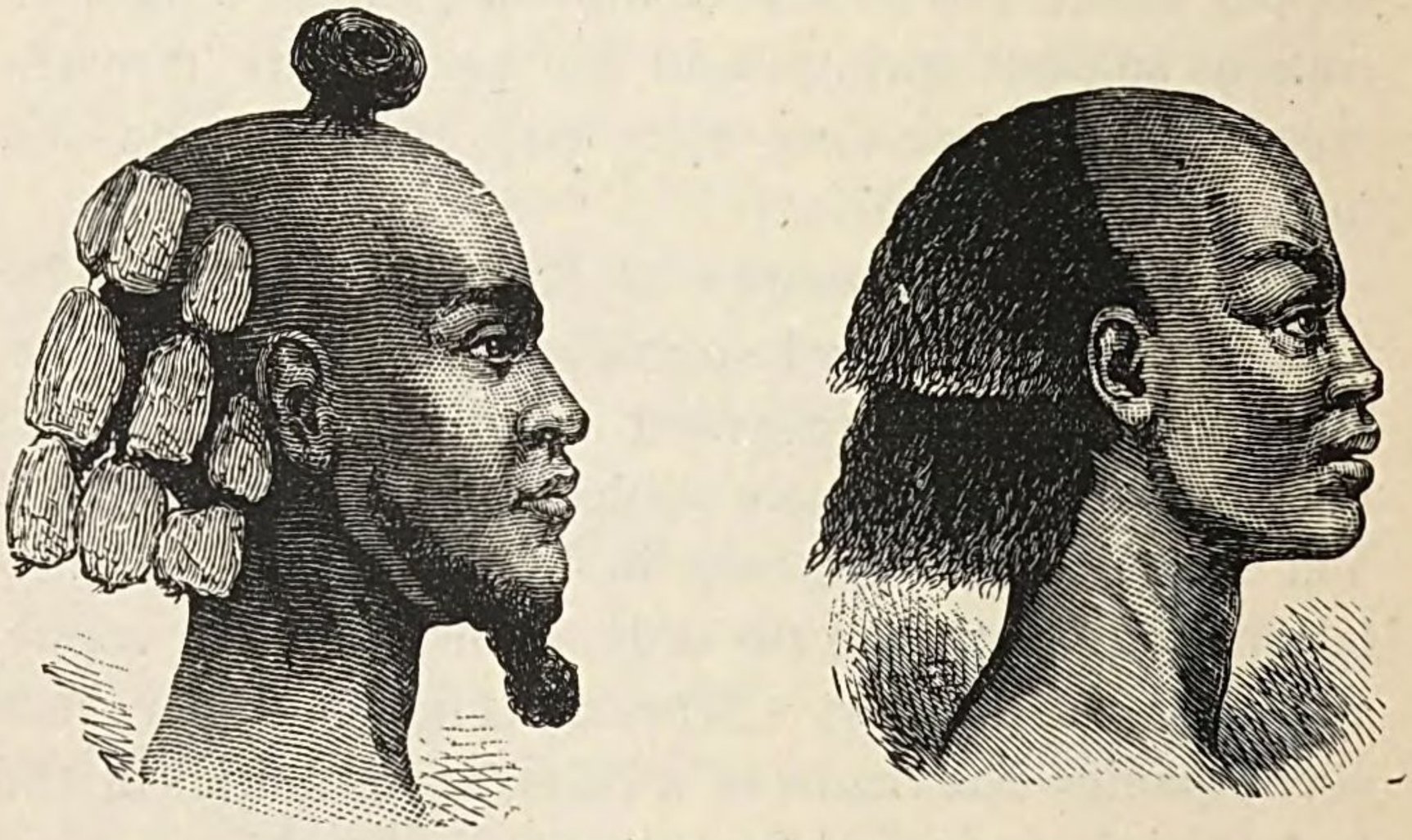
There is the Cazembe's kingdom in the south, where the royal palace is surrounded with an extensive inclosure, ornamented with human heads stuck on stakes, and where the presence of numerous mutilated wretches in attendance on the king serves to warn his subjects of the terror of his presence.

There is the Garangange kingdom of M'sidi, where Mr. F. S. Arnot, "the young Livingstone," and his friends are trying to found a mission. This country is picturesque and salubrious, consisting of highlands to the west of Lake Bangweolo. M'sidi is, though a perfect savage, one of the most powerful monarchs of that part of Africa. He is a cruel despot, who governs by means of 2,000 fusileers, whom he has trained and armed, and whom he employs on marauding expeditions. His own palace is surrounded by human skulls, and his brother's is indicated by piles of such, visible from a distance! The celebrated Katanga copper mines are in his dominions, which have also copious sulphur springs, and his people are remarkable for the deference they pay their women—an unusual thing in Africa.

There is also the empire of Kasongo, traversed by Cameron, between the Lomami and Lake Tanganyika. Here the ruler is regarded as divine, and as the husband of all his female subjects except his mother! Yet he surpasses the rest in horrid cruelty. Mutilation and death are the only punishments in vogue, even for the lightest offences. The slaughter that accompanies the death of a chief, at his burial in the bed of a river, turned from its course for this purpose,

is so revolting as to be almost incredible, had it not been described by eye-witnesses.

Then there is the strange Urua country, with its troglodytes, and caves twenty miles long; its people living in them and on grass islands in the Kassali, to hide from ever-advancing Arab slave-hunters. There is Unyamwesi, a pleasant, undulating, grassy country, covered with farms and rice plantations, traversed by the great caravan route, and now under German influence. This was the land where Mirambo, the black Napoleon, so long held the people in terror, and secured general submission. Here, thank God! a mission of the C.M.S. exists—a little light in the great darkness. Then there is Tabora, on the water-parting between the sea and the great lakes, with its capital of 5,000 inhabitants, standing as high as the top of Ben Nevis—a cosmopolitan place, where Arabs and Zanzibaris, Wanyamwesi and Baluchis



A MANYEMA ADULT AND YOUTH.

from India are found, mixed with Swaheli and other Bantu races.

The fish-eating and cannibal Manyuema, once greatly dreaded by their neighbours, are nevertheless a good-looking and fairly gentle people, with some artistic taste and considerable skill, especially in the dyeing of cloths and the building of suspension bridges. Nyangwe has ten thousand inhabitants, Arabs, slaves, porters, and is a purely Mohammedan place. The slave-traders have so desolated the banks of the Congo in this part of its course, that the many villages and towns described ten years ago have all disappeared! The western slopes of Tanganyika are thickly peopled, the hills are clothed with vegetation and gardens from base to summit. Large apes four feet high, more dreaded by the people than lions, on account of their supposed "evil eye," dwell in the forests and build in the trees. There is no Christian mission among these people, though the London Missionary Society has one on Tanganyika itself. Ujiji, where Livingstone stayed so long, has lost its importance, and is now a mere group of hamlets. The south end of the lake, where the Stevenson Road from Nyassa terminates, is the most important part of its shores, but unfortunately it is not healthy.

The great lakes are surrounded by country after country—all of them seats of tyranny, cruelty, injustice, and consequent misery. Uganda and Karagwe, Usukuma Urori and Nsoga, and the neighbouring districts, belong to the Nile fluvial system, rather than to that of the Congo; but on the other

side of the lofty mountain range that forms the divide between the two systems lies that gloomy forest region, hundreds of miles in extent, lately traversed by Stanley on the Emin relief expedition. A horrible, dark, dismal, swampy, dwarf-infested country ; the human race dwelling there would seem to have sunk beyond all hope of redemption. Yet it may be that here also the gospel is destined to win trophies. The forest extends over a region as large as France, Spain, and Portugal.

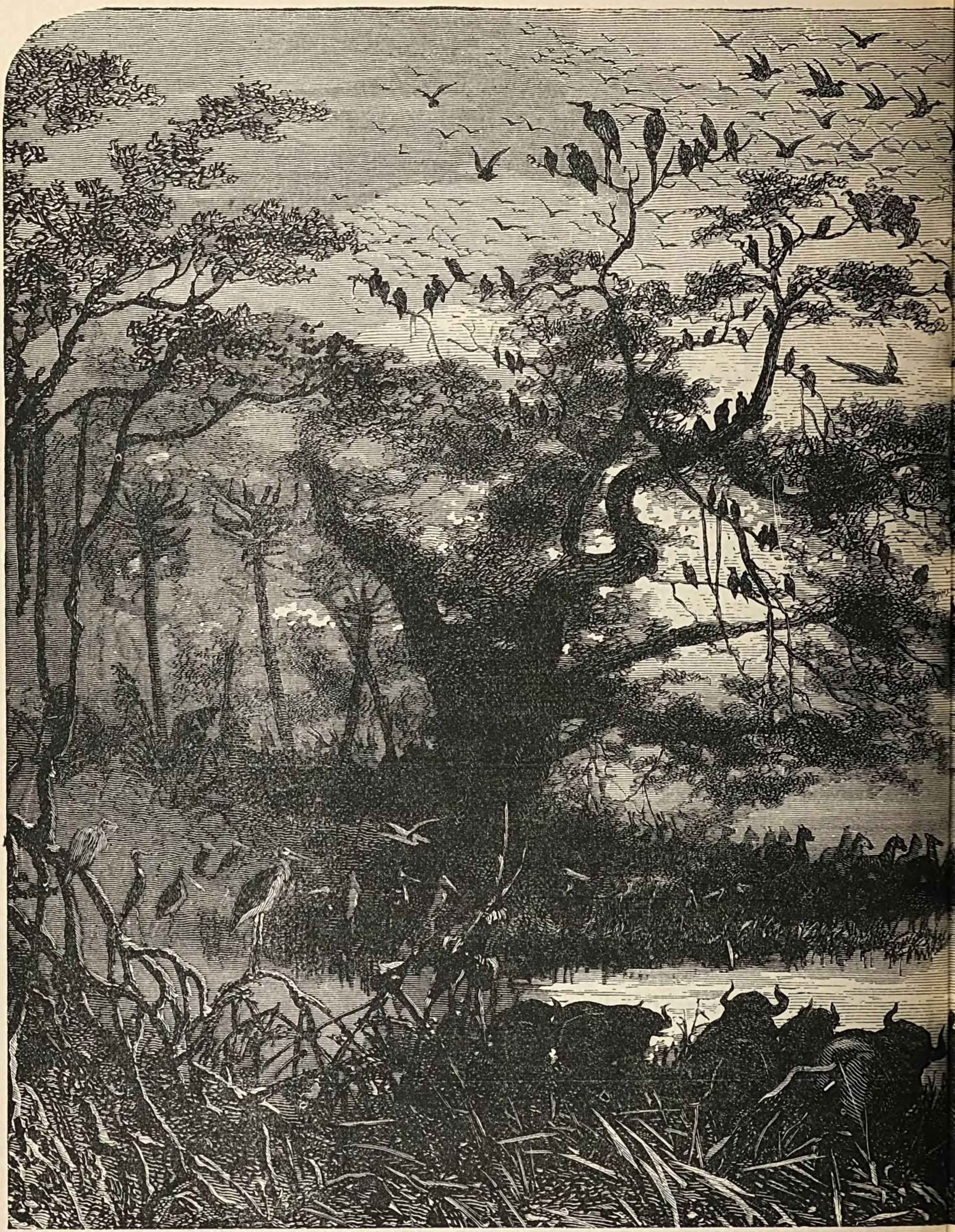
The populations of the Upper Congo affluents are as yet very little known ; but the Welle basin (or Upper Mobangi) has been traversed by Junker, Lupton Bey, Emin Bey, Casali, Petherwick, Felkin, Gessi, and others. Their accounts represent to us Monbuttoland as an earthly paradise, with a temperate and delightful climate, lying nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, fertile and well populated, with about a million of people. The Nyam-Nyam are twice as numerous, less cannibal than the Monbuttos, and remarkable for their strong conjugal affection.

The Mobangi is little known in its middle course as yet. It has been explored by Vangele; but none of its languages have been learned, and its people, who are very numerous on the north side, are fierce and shy. The lower river is still in a very backward condition. On the right bank especially, uncleared forests give shelter and food to enormous herds of elephants, buffalo, and other wild beasts, of which the human inhabitants stand in constant dread. Travellers have remarked that this part of Africa reminds

them of the prehistoric earth, possessed by the wild beast, while awaiting the advent of man. It is in that condition in which men are hunted by the wild beasts, rather than the wild beasts by men. The Congo Free State has no stations as yet on this southern bank, and the French have only one or two posts on the northern shore. But farther inland and in the valley of the Mobangi, the people are very numerous.

The mountainous and well watered French Congo, with the windings and tributaries of its main river, the Ogowé, has meantime been thoroughly explored by the two De Brazzas, Mixon, Rouvier, and others. It contains 240,000 square miles, and its population is estimated at from two to five millions. Only about two hundred miles of the Ogowé are navigable, though it runs a course of 600 miles. Its fall is so great, that its course is a succession of rapids, unfit for navigation. The Kwilu similarly is navigable for only about thirty-six miles. The French Protestant Church is *hoping* to establish a mission in this country, and has commissioners to investigate and report, but the country is still practically without the gospel.

The French had some difficulty at first in inducing the people to live in peace with them. But De Brazza, that brave and persevering pioneer, persuaded them at last to make terms. Brazzaville is founded on the spot where they "buried the hatchet," or made peace. "We will bury war so deeply, that neither we nor our children shall be able to dig it up; and the tree that shall take root here shall be witness



PREHISTORIC AFRICA. *See p.* 17



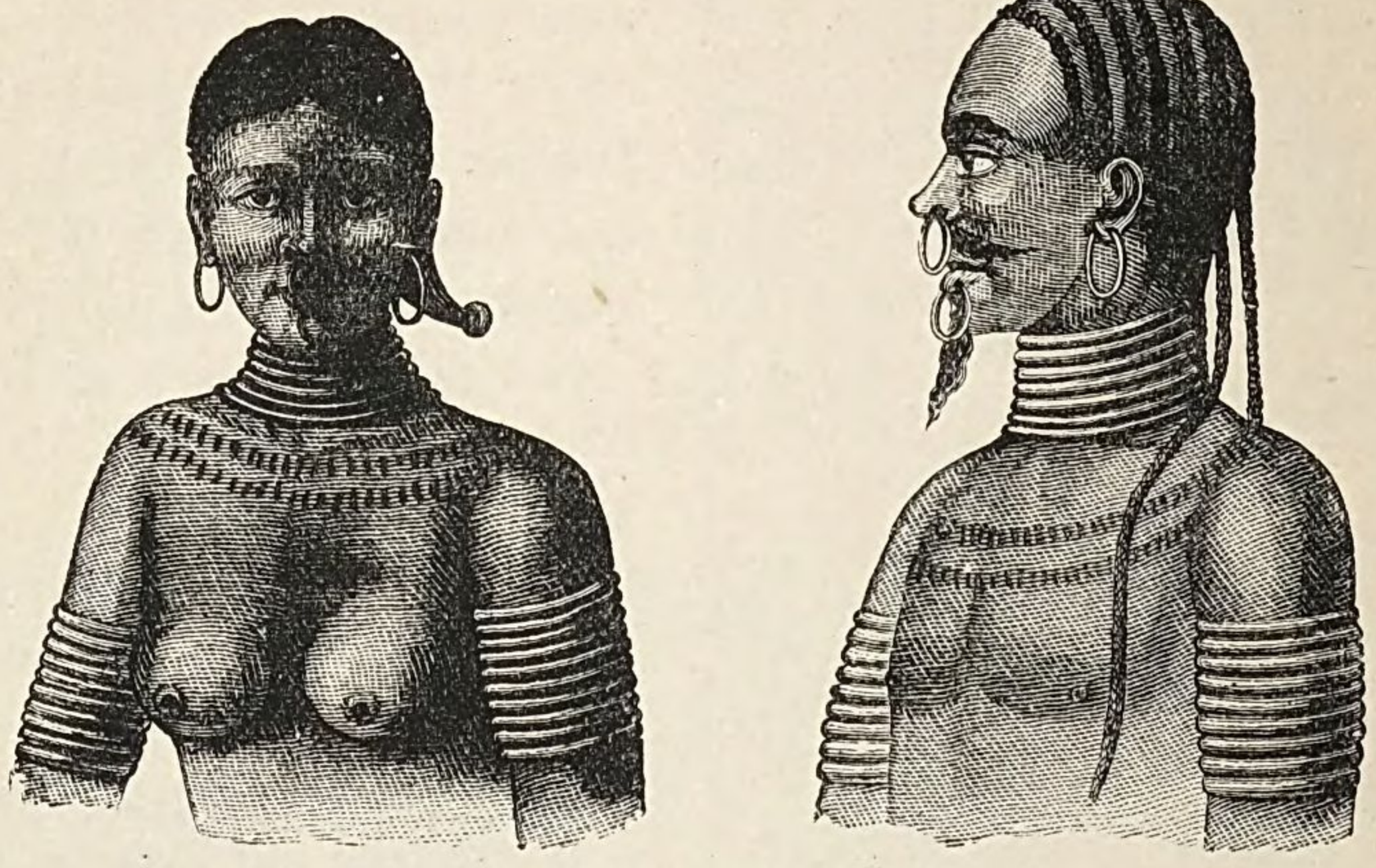
to the alliance between the whites and the blacks." Thus spoke the chiefs, to whom De Brazza replied, "May peace last until this tree produces bullets, cartouches, powder!"[1] The Catholics have an industrial mission station at Linzolo in French Congo.

In the enormous basin of the Kasai River there are still tracts of four or five thousand square miles, which have never been visited by any explorer. A few half-caste traders keep up some intercourse with the Portuguese of Angola; but no Europeans have settled in the country, and no missions are as yet at work. Yet the land which has been traversed is as populous as many of the countries of Europe.

The Bassonge and Bashilange people, who are intelligent and industrious, producing copper, clay, and wood works, earthenware textile fabrics and baskets, have countless and extensive towns and villages,—"interminable

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[1] RECLUS, vol. xii., p. 480.



NATIVE JEWELLERY.

villages," as described by travellers, some of them taking five hours to walk through. Two or three parallel streets, lined on both sides by houses and gardens, wind along the tops of the elevated crests between the river valleys. There are also the Kalunda people of the Lulua country and of the kingdom of the Muata Yauvo, a fine, tall, strong race, hospitable, kindly, and peaceful, who wear much native jewellery, and long sickles or swords; 8,000 or 10,000 people live in the capital of this country. There are also the Bakuba, and the Tchibokos, and the Basongomeni, and almost countless other peoples of whom time would fail us to tell.

And all these nations and peoples and kindreds and tongues, who have in the providence of God become known to us within the last few years, have yet to be evangelized! They live within easy distance of England; they are perfectly open, and willing for the most part to receive missionaries; they have no false

religion to prove an obstacle in the way of the true. They are waiting still, in this nineteenth century, for the gospel of salvation.

How long are they to wait? Why has God opened up the new world of Central Africa?

We often speak of God in history; we ought to recognise also God in geography. The time of such great discoveries as those of the last twelve years in Africa is ordered by Providence. They have a voice for the generation in which they occur, a voice which ought to be heeded. They remind us that the gospel is to be preached among all nations before the end comes. *That end is drawing very near*, and the rapidity with which Divine providence is throwing the entire earth open to the ambassadors of Christ says to us: "The time is short. Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." Opportunity means responsibility.

SECTION II.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION.

1877–1884.



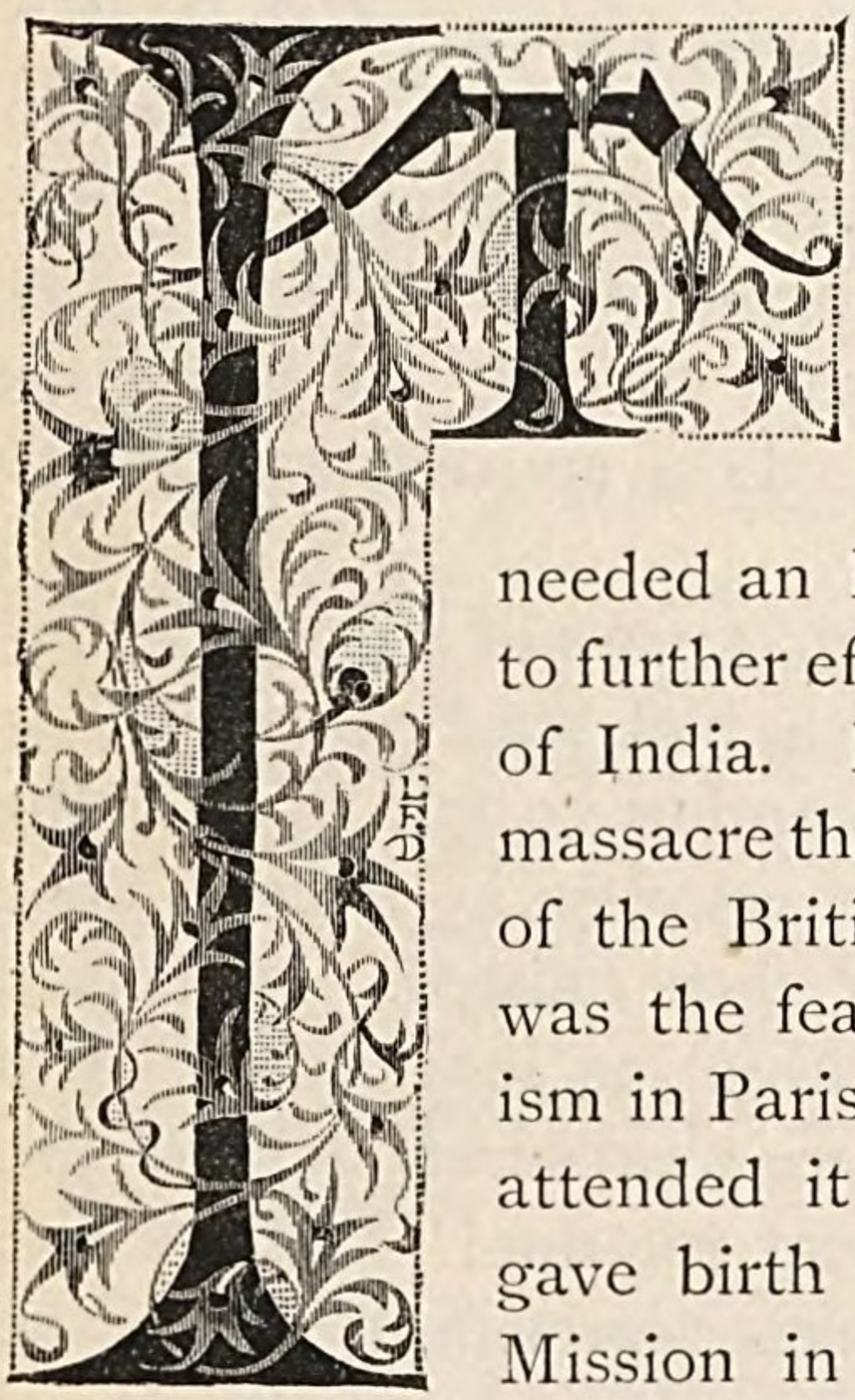
HENRY CRAVEN, OF LIVERPOOL,

THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE CONGO.

DIED AT KABINDA, OCT. 14TH, 1884.

CHAPTER I.

WHY WE BEGAN THE MISSION, AND HOW.



is frequently by the trumpet-voice of some startling and unexpected providence that Christians are awakened to a sense of neglected duty. It needed an Indian Mutiny to rouse us to further efforts for the evangelization of India. It was the horrible Druze massacre that led to the establishment of the British Syrian schools ; and it was the fearful outbreak of communism in Paris, with all the cruelties that attended it and its suppression, that gave birth to the blessed "McCall" Mission in that great city. So the wonderful journey of exploration and discovery sketched in our first section seemed to cry as with clarion tongue to a slumbering Church, "Africa is open ; enter it with the gospel !"

For forty years societies had been working on the coast, without penetrating more than a few miles into the interior. The results were less encouraging than might have been hoped. The coast tribes had been formerly degraded and demoralized by the slave-trade, and are now being ruined and brutalized by the equally accursed drink traffic, both trades pursued by so called Christians from greed of gain. Poor Africa! Low enough already, she had been for centuries sunk even lower by these adverse influences. But they had not penetrated very far into the interior. In the merciful providence of God that vast and populous new world had not been thrown open until the conscience of mankind had been sufficiently enlightened to demand the abolition of at any rate the slave-trade, and speedily we will hope also the restriction of the sale of spirituous poison to the heathen.

Even before the astonishing news of a grand water-way into the heart of Africa had reached our shores, many hearts had been yearning to get beyond the narrow belt of maritime country in which alone missions *on the west coast* then existed. It seemed unheroic, not to say unfaithful, to rest content with evangelizing these alone: we were surely debtors also to the peoples of the great interior! Did we not deserve David Livingstone's reproach for standing trembling and shivering on the rim of the great continent, instead of plunging bravely into the vast interior, where myriads were waiting in vain for the words of eternal life? Some of us were yearning for

better things, and had decided—even before Stanley's letters appeared—to attempt privately a new departure with a view to *interior* gospel work.

Where would it be best to begin? A short time previously Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, who has since done so much for Africa, had written to us suggesting our sending a mission to the so-called "king" of Congo, and offering £50 towards the expenses. But we had reluctantly declined doing so at that time. We knew how great the difficulties of such an attempt, and that the expense of it would exceed fifty pounds multiplied by ten. We were not then in a position to supply large funds for such a purpose, and moreover we did not feel inclined to send an evangelist to that part of the Congo. San Salvador did not seem to us a desirable centre, as the old kingdom of Congo, when conquered four hundred years ago by the Portuguese, had been forcibly converted by the victors into a nominally Christian country. The reception of an idolatrous and corrupt counterfeit of Christianity, differing from paganism only in name, had been made compulsory, under penalty of fire or sword, of the slave whip or other torture; and it seemed to us that the memories and traditions of that cruel propaganda would be a hindrance rather than a help.[1]

[1] See Pigafetta's curious "Report," published in Rome 300 years ago, A.D. 1591, a translation of which was issued in London in 1881 by Murray, Albemarle Street. After describing the horrible indigenous idolatries of the people of Congo, he says:

"This was the sort of religion practised amongst the people of

True, Portuguese influence had been for more than a century wholly withdrawn from the land, and the only relics of the Popery which had been imposed on the people were certain objects of fetish worship, the real nature of which had been long forgotten. Still virgin soil, as it seemed to us, was preferable, especially as there was so much of it, and as moreover a Protestant effort in San Salvador would scarcely fail to excite Portuguese jealousy and Romish interference.[1] But though we did not see our way to enter the "kingdom" of Congo—now a name rather than a

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Congo *before* they received baptism and the knowledge of the living God.

"Now the king, having collected together from the different houses in the city all these false gods, commanded that in the same place where a short time before he had fought and conquered his brother's people, every one should bring a piece of wood, till a great pile was raised. There he cast in the idols and all other things which they had treated before as sacred, so that all might be burnt. Then he assembled all these people together, and *in place of their idols gave them crosses and images of the saints*, which he had received from the Portuguese, and commanded each of his chiefs to build a church and erect crosses in the city of the province where they ruled, as he had given them example (!)

"After this he announced to them and to the people that he had sent ambassadors to Portugal to bring back priests, who would teach them religion, and administer the holy sacraments, and show the way of salvation, and also bring *images of God*, of the Virgin Mary, and of the saints, to distribute amongst them. The priests themselves were treated with as great reverence as if they were saints, being worshipped by the people on their knees, who kissed their hands and asked for benediction every time they met them."

That such Christianity as this should have exerted no power whatever

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[1] Our friends of the Baptist Missionary Society subsequently opened a station in connexion with their mission at San Salvador. In process of time they have had considerable blessing there, as well as some opposition from Portuguese Romanists.

reality, as to any extensive power possessed by the "king"—we were led soon afterwards, to enter the new world rendered accessible by the river Congo.

The Rev. A. Tilly, of Cardiff,—one of the directors of the Baptist Missionary Society, and one of those who felt intensely desirous of doing something on behalf of Central Africa, and regretted the exclusive expenditure of men and money on the coast regions —invited our co-operation in an earnest attempt to send a few evangelists right into the interior. He had enlisted the sympathy of the well-known Messrs. Cory, of Cardiff, who were willing to help financially in such work. In the spring of 1877, these three friends, with Mr. James Irvine, of Liverpool—a gentleman well acquainted with West Africa—and ourselves, resolved, in prayerful dependence on Divine assistance, to lose no time in sending forth some

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in elevating the people of the land is small wonder. The excesses, crimes, iniquities of the priests, and their preposterous assumptions, soon roused the people against them; and they and their creed, after many a struggle, were *completely driven out of the country*, leaving behind them some ruined churches and the art of reading, but apparently not a single native Christian or Bible, for *no vestige of Christianity remained* when the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society first entered Congo.

Why the Christianity then introduced into Africa died out so quickly and so *completely* is a curious problem, connected with the nature and effects of Popery as a corrupt and corrupting religion. Portugal, under its influence, has sunk from being a noble, enterprising, leading nation in Europe, foremost in exploration, conquest, and colonization, to being the third-rate, unprogressive power that it now is; and the religion which the Portuguese gave to Congoland, *not having been Christianity at all, but only a baptized paganism*,—as is clearly shown by this curious old narrative,—it is little wonder that it did more harm than good in the country, and soon died a natural and deserved death.

volunteers for an inland mission. On the publication of Mr. Stanley's letters in the autumn of 1877, we at once resolved to attempt an entrance into Africa by the new route, and formed ourselves into a committee for the conduct of a mission, for which we adopted the name of "THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION," Mr. Stanley, with a true recognition of the great explorer's share in their joint discovery, having named the great river after him.[1]

The basis of our mission was evangelical, but inter-denominational, and we hoped to make it to some extent self-supporting. One of the principles of its constitution ran as follows :

> That as it is the aim of this mission to introduce into the vast Congo Valley as many Christian evangelists as possible, and as it is believed that land and native labour can be secured at small cost, the agents of the mission shall be men willing to avail themselves of these advantages, and resolved to be as little burdensome as possible to the funds of the mission. No salaries are guaranteed, but the committee, as far as the means of doing so are placed in their hands, will supply the missionaries with such needful things as cannot be produced in the country.

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[1] At present however the new designation does not seem likely to replace the old, at any rate in popular parlance. The briefer and more familiar "Congo" holds its ground, and will probably continue to do so. In different parts of its course of nearly 3,000 miles the river bears various names. At its rise in the mountains to the west of Lake Nyassa, where Livingstone first saw it, in January, 1867, it is called the CHAMBESI. After traversing Lake Bemba it emerges under the name of the LUAPULA ; while the western branch of its head waters is called the LUALABA. In the sixteen hundred miles of it which Stanley descended between Nyangwe and the ocean, the river changes its name almost every time it receives a fresh tributary. As a name designating its entire length, the name Congo will, for convenience sake, be employed.

Subsequent experience abundantly proved that the climate is such as to preclude the possibility of European self-support, at any rate in the Cataract region. The valley of the Congo is not, like South Africa or Natal, a sphere suited for *Christian colonists.* Agriculture is out of the question for Europeans, and the only means of possible self-support is *trade.* To carry on trade not only requires capital, as well as much time and attention that could ill be spared by missionaries, but it inevitably obscures the true character of a Christian mission, and gives it in the eyes of the natives a most undesirable aspect of self-interest. Missionaries should be able to say to the people, "We seek not yours, but you," and practically to convince them of the truth of the statement.

Not knowing fully the circumstances, we could not realize this at the outset. The country being entirely new, work in it was necessarily to some extent an experiment. We had had experience in other parts of the world, but none in such a dangerous climate as that of the Congo. Indeed, our principal qualification for the task we undertook was simply a very earnest desire to see it accomplished, a deep conviction that obedience to Christ required the attempt, and a confidence that He would bless the endeavour to send witnesses for Christ into this new world.

Our valued friends, W. T. Berger, Esq., of Cannes, Lord Polwarth, of Mertoun, N.B., and the late J. Houghton, Esq., of Liverpool, and Thomas Coates, Esq., of Paisley, subsequently joined the committee, though not as working members. Distance and other

claims prevented their active practical co-operation, but they gave good counsel and hearty sympathy, as well as important financial assistance.

Not lightly, but in prayerful dependence on God was this work undertaken. It was foreseen that the difficulties would be great, though how great none of us at the time realized. Had we done so we might never have attempted the mission; but we saw our way to the initial steps, and the future is graciously concealed. Our "East London Institute"[1] furnished the volunteers for this dangerous pioneer service; a few friends, mostly members of the committee, contributed the means required to start with, and the Rev. A. Tilly, though engaged in active pastoral duties, acted as secretary for the first three years. So in January, 1878, the frail craft of the new mission was launched on what proved to be a very troubled sea. That it weathered the storm and rode over the breakers was owing to the Divine hand that guided and the voice that said, "Peace, be still!" Christ was with His disciples in the ship. They went at His bidding. He remembered them in their hard struggle, and drew near in the darkest hour to help and preserve.

Mr. HENRY CRAVEN, of Liverpool, was the pioneer of the Livingstone Inland Mission, and was spared to labour most devotedly and bravely in it for seven years; and then, just as it was emerging from its greatest initiatory difficulties, he was very suddenly

[1] See Appendix.

and unexpectedly called up higher, to receive the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

He was an earnest, gifted, and godly young man, whose devotion to the service of Christ among the dark sons of Africa was conspicuous and beautiful throughout his all too brief career in that land. The accompanying likeness does but scant justice to his refined and thoughtful countenance, and his kindly beaming, intelligent expression. A simple dignity characterized him, and he won respect and confidence from the natives from the first. He had been for some years in our Institute, and though aware of the difficulties and dangers of the sphere, volunteered with cheerful enthusiasm for the Congo. He was, in the first place, accompanied by a Danish sailor,[1] and reached Banana in February, 1878.

At that time the Lower Congo was known by very few. Half-a-dozen trading firms carried on business with the natives at Banana and Boma, to which place, seventy miles up the river, English vessels plied. Beyond, the only conveyance was by native canoes, and at Yellala Falls, 100 miles up the river, all navigation ceased. Save for Mr. Stanley's letters, all above that, whether by land or water, was an absolute *terra incognita.* No European had ever penetrated beyond the spot marked on the map as "Tuckey's farthest." This was the point reached in 1816 by Captain Tuckey, who was sent out at the head of a most carefully selected and amply pro-

[1] This man proving unfit for such service was quickly recalled,

vided Government expedition, charged to explore the country. It failed, and its leader and most of its members perished in the attempt.

The physical obstacles to progress and the social difficulties to be overcome before a settlement could be made were great. There were no teachers to be had, to initiate new comers into the language of the people. Europeans were frequently laid low with fever from the first, and when ill there was neither nurse, doctor, proper food, nor shelter to be had. There were no roads and no beasts of burden, and yet as there was no money currency, it was needful to carry a quantity of burdensome barter goods. How were these to be transported? The natives were unwilling or afraid to act as porters; their gross superstition filled them with alarm at the advent of the white man, whom they did not want in their villages, and they had a great aversion to going far from their homes. There were no large cities, and no influential kings or rulers, whose favour once gained might secure to the missionary a passport through his dominions, as in some parts of Africa.



ONE OF "THE NATIVES."

In the Congo valley there are no large well organized states or kingdoms. Each town is independent of its neighbours, and has its own petty chief or king. To go only a short distance from home is to go among enemies. The approaches to a village

are purposely made tortuous and inconspicuous, as a precaution ; and mutual distrust, instead of mutual confidence, is the rule.[1]

In Congoland every few miles the traveller enters the territory of a fresh "king," whose favour must be propitiated, and whose avarice must be gratified with presents. Hence progress is slow and expensive, and the grace of patience is put severely to the test.

A merchant, resident at Banana, showed kindness and hospitality to the missionaries on first landing, and gave them a passage in a trading steamer up to Boma, where after a short delay they purchased a large canoe, and made their way over to some native settlements on the south side of the river, Masuka and Nokki. Here they threw themselves right in amongst the heathen.

Then began the usual experiences of all who try to live in Central Africa, the difficulties enhanced however in this case by the fact that our friends were few in number and possessed of only extremely limited resources.

One of them describes the first "king" with whom they came in contact. He kept them waiting some time for a "palaver" with him, and made his appearance at last arrayed in the finery which the natives on the coast love to buy with their palm oil from

[1] Nothing seemed to astonish some Congo lads whom we once took on a journey into Devonshire, stopping at several places on the way, to pay short visits, as the fact we could go so far and find "friends, all friends, only friends!" Such a state of things seemed to them most extraordinary.

the traders. He tried to interpose obstacles and delays, but was bought over without too much difficulty, and promised a free passage through his territory and *carriers*, that all-important necessity for African locomotion. But he must send a messenger to ascertain whether the next king wished to receive these white men, before he could allow them to start.

"How long will it take to do that? When can we get his reply?"

"Oh! about full moon."

That meant in three weeks' time, and the distance was only a few miles. So skilful diplomacy through an interpreter was brought to bear, and by degrees the king discovered that an answer might possibly be obtained the next day. The Yellala king pursued somewhat similar tactics, the great object of each petty potentate being to secure from the travellers as much tribute as possible. The degradation of the common people, many if not most of whom in each town are slaves to the king, struck the missionaries painfully, as also the fearful power of superstition in driving its votaries to deeds of cruelty and bloodshed.

They had not been many weeks in the country before they were attacked by that scourge of Africa—fever, and that too at a time when they could not get at their stores, and so were destitute of quinine, the only specific against it. They were consequently both very ill, and their ignorance of the language placed them in a trying position, unable to obtain either food or medicine. They were reduced very rapidly under such circumstances, and unable to help

each other. At the end of four days Mr. Craven found himself "unable to cross the room," and might have succumbed to this first attack but that a good Samaritan in the person of one of the traders, hearing of the trouble, came to the rescue with quinine, which soon restored both the invalids.

Subsequent experience taught us that for permanent work in such a country, a pioneer party should be larger, and much better provided with native servants, assistants, and interpreters if possible. The impression produced on our friends by the lower river was not at all a charming one. Mr. Craven wrote:

"Masuka is a deadly place, this time of change very sickly—heat and cold both bring on illness. The scorpion and serpent bring danger on land, the alligators swarm in the water, and there are other dangers too numerous to mention. This very week, within 300 yards from me, a boy standing in the water, helping a carpenter to make a stage, was taken away by an alligator, to be seen no more. Four days ago a small canoe, crossing the river, was attacked by alligators, the side of the canoe smashed in, and one man of three lifted right out by one of these brutes, to be food for the rest. Yesterday a native lay down to sleep, and rose no more—sunstroke! Buried to-day!"

The crocodiles troubled them seriously at their first station, near Yellala, devouring their goats, in spite of all the precautions they could take, till the attempt to keep any was given up.



"CARRIERS, THAT ALL IMPORTANT NECESSITY FOR AFRICAN LOCOMOTION." (*See p.* 186.)

This station at Matadi was built indeed more for its advantages as a landing stage, than for any suitability it possessed as a centre of mission work. It was needful to have a *pied à terre* at that point, the end of the lower river navigation. But the first permanent settlement was formed at PALABALA, a town some fifteen miles inland, built on a plateau 1,600 or 1,700 feet above the sea level, and in the midst of a considerable population. Of this place the king, Kangampaka, was friendly, and willing to give land for a house and garden and to countenance the settlement of the white men.

A home of a very simple sort soon sprang up here. Mr. Craven and his colleague worked hard with such helps as they could secure. They soon had a two-storeyed house, a school house, boys' house, fowl house, and garden well fenced and planted. Those first buildings were slight enough, constructed of wooden framework and native mats, and thatched with the long grass of the country. Stone abounded, for the place is built on a rocky tableland, but it was far too difficult to manipulate. Wattle and daub buildings, with good strong beams and posts, came afterwards, and can be made very comfortable for a time; but the white ants soon make havoc with the timbers, and then the walls collapse. Hence they need frequent renewing, and are never permanently satisfactory. Mr. Craven was anxious to do what could be done towards self-support, and soon wrote that his garden was already producing an abundant crop of maize, and added: "We have fifty banana trees, also

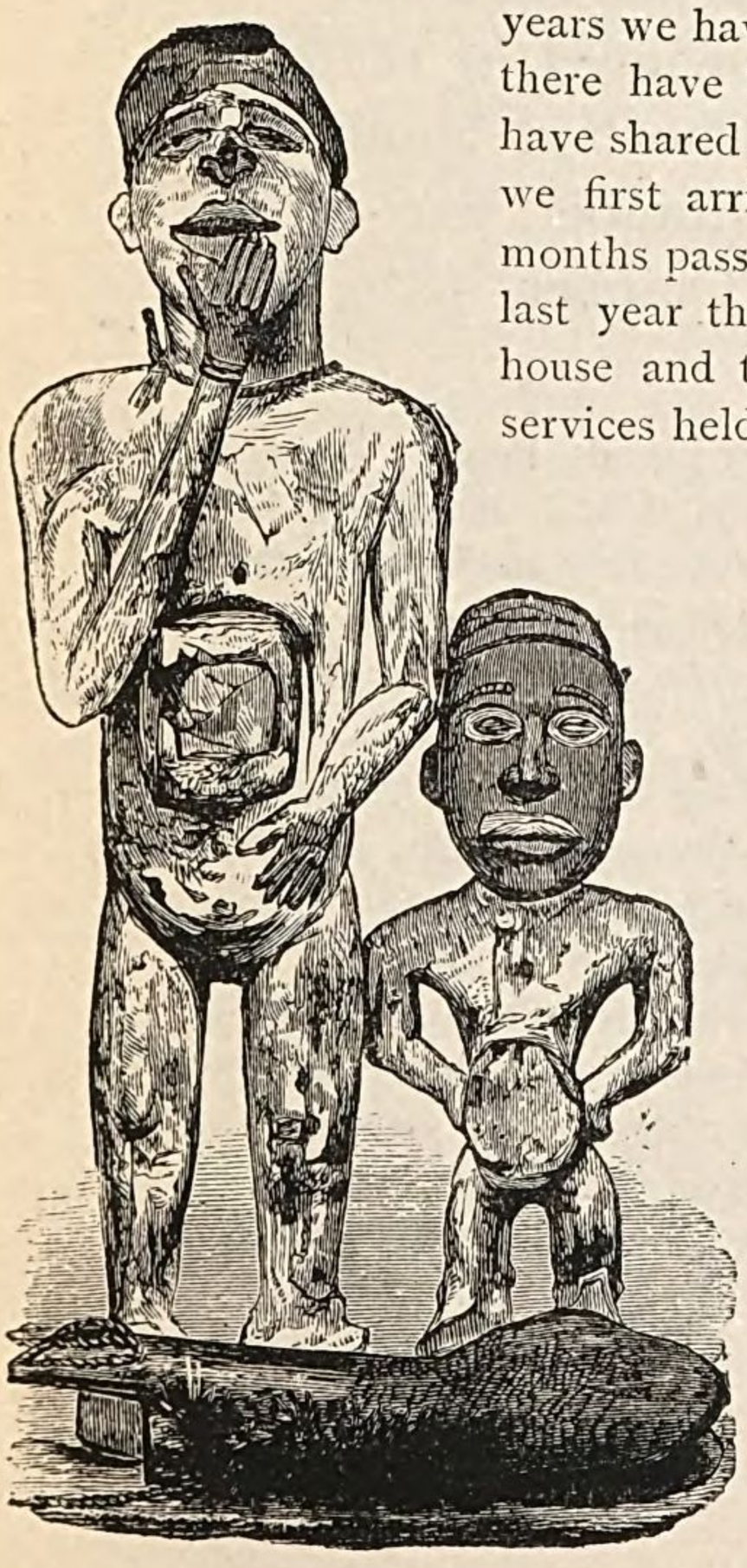
English peas, beans, tomatoes, radishes, onions, cabbages, scarlet runners, and celery; pineapples, oranges, and limes, besides several native and Portuguese fruits. Our stock includes goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, donkeys, and some very inferior dogs, also pigeons, and parrots."

The effect of the teaching of the missionaries was beginning to produce some outward results. Already early in 1879 Mr. Craven had acquired the language sufficiently to preach a little, and he wrote that the truth was evidently beginning to tell on the hearts and minds of the people. He had translated the commandments for them, rightly giving them thus the law before the gospel. It produced a marked effect. By the king's desire a man went round the town ringing a bell, and ordering the people to get their water and gather their sticks for two days, so that they might rest on the Sunday; and next day the whole town came to the service. They were advised to cast away their idols, and turn to the living and true God. Their great difficulty seemed to be the question of health. What should they do in sickness? for the chief use of the idols in their opinion was to heal their diseases! "Would the white man give them medicine if they burned their fetishes?" "Certainly." "Come then to some of my people who are ill." They went: the men were cured, and a medical practice soon sprang up; superstition received a shock, and a wide interest was awakened. From neighbouring places came requests for a teacher to visit them, and these

were as far as possible complied with. The nucleus of a school was gathered, some children were ransomed and adopted, others sent by their parents. The women seemed thankful to have the deceptions of the medicine men exposed, and the missionaries wrote, "The people thirst for knowledge." Well they might, for their ignorance was absolute, and superstition added its gloom to the mental and moral darkness. Mr. Craven after a time wrote:

". . . There are six towns governed by our old king Kangampaka. He is a most superstitious old man. I am told he has killed more than eighty persons, since he began to reign, for witchcraft alone. During the three years previous to our arrival more than ten suffered death for the same thing, which means for no crime at all; but during the two years we have been here only one has been killed, though there have been many occasions on which others would have shared the same fate had we *not* been here. When we first arrived the fetish drum was ever going, now months pass without its being heard at all. This time last year there was an idol house in the town, but the house and the idols are alike destroyed now, and our services held on the site. The palaver house used to be filled with charms, on the floor, on the walls, hanging from the roof, charms on every side; now all have vanished. Our presence here has not been without its effect.

"Oh this poor bleeding Africa! could we but lift the curtain and display its undressed and terrible moral sores, people at home would surely deny themselves more, in order to send hither the 'balm of Gilead'! It is no small thing to put a stop to the cruel and bloodthirsty practices of these people, but we cannot rest till we have taught them the gospel and led them to the Saviour.



CONGO IDOLS.

"In our spiritual work we receive very little encouragement from the older people; they give a passive assent to all that is said, but show little interest in eternal things; their creed is, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!' The children ask questions and evince much interest, and are most attentive when I am speaking to them. I feel persuaded that our success will be with the young people.

"We have two very good boys, who show a desire to love and serve the Lord; and I think if they were taken to England and trained, they would become useful labourers here. The sharper and brighter boy of the two is twelve years old; the other is a quiet lad, about fourteen. Could you possibly arrange to receive these two? They are most anxious to go to England and be trained as teachers for their people. One night, when I was speaking to them about our duty to tell others of Christ, one of them said earnestly, 'Teacher, do ask God to send other boys to do your work, and we will learn to read and write and teach our people.'"

These dear lads did come to England later on, and are now successful native helpers in the mission.

A sister mission had been commenced in 1878 by the Baptist Missionary Society, who had founded a station at San Salvador. Mr. Comber, one of its first agents, visited Palabala in October, 1879, and wrote thence:

"Yesterday and Sunday I spent with my friends here. We have had a very pleasant time together, and I was glad and thankful to find none of the party seriously sick, in fact, they were very much better than I expected. I was also very glad to find myself in a comfortable house. Our brethren have done well to accomplish what they have in so short a time—house of two storeys, school house, boys' houses, kitchen fences, fowl houses, all in going order. They have done *very* well! Boys learning to read and write too. Mr. Craven and Mr. Petersen are both getting on quickly with the language, in which the former preached last Sunday. I was specially glad too to hear of Mr. Richards being away at a new station, from two to three days distant, and close to the river. Were the rains not imminent, I should like to take a trip to it. This is good progress, and heartily and sincerely do I congratulate them, and wish them the Master's blessing. Palabala seems the most important place for a mission station in this district,

and is well chosen. It is situated by thermometer 1,622 feet high, and is likely to prove healthy ; and Kangampaka, although a vassal of the king of Congo, is the most powerful chief or king in the district."

The new station here alluded to was BANZA MANTEKA, a place which has since become dear to the hearts of many as the scene of the first widespread awakening on the Congo; but that did not come until after many a long year of hope deferred, nor until many a corn of precious wheat had fallen into the ground and died!

Two additional missionaries had joined Mr. Craven in the summer of 1878, Messrs. Telford and Johnson. The former was a remarkably vigorous, healthy looking young man, who had grown up on a north country farm, and seemed to have the physical strength as well as the devotion and self-denial needed for rough pioneering missionary labours. He was a man of singular earnestness and force of character, and had for many years resolved to give himself to Africa.

For the first six weeks he escaped the fever, and wrote to us in September, that while the other three had all suffered severely he had been spared, adding, "My turn will most likely come next; but sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." He was shortly afterwards brought so low by an attack, that all thought he was about to be summoned home. But he was restored, and not long afterwards went up to Palabala to help in erecting the station there. Here he was unfortunately left alone for a short time owing to circumstances, a thing which should never be done when it can possibly be helped n such a climate.

During this time he was taken very ill, and sent a native down to Yellala to beg Craven to go to him. He and Johnson did so as quickly as they could ; but, alas ! to their great distress, only to find him in a dying condition. Sadly and tenderly they ministered to their suffering, sinking brother, but very friendless and inexperienced did the young nurses feel, helpless among strange and half naked heathen, whose language they could barely speak.

Once, suddenly, in the middle of the night, a noisy crowd of natives gathered round the house, shouting, "Palaver ! palaver !" They retired after a time however, without doing any further harm than disturbing the dying man. His soul was filled with peace during the closing days, though his sufferings were severe. He did not feel that his young life was wasted, but laid it down gladly. On the last night he spoke joyfully of departing to be with Christ, and after the others had prayed by his couch, he too, with his last and fast-failing strength, engaged in prayer, but broke down in the midst, his heart too full for utterance. A few minutes after he passed away to be "for ever with the Lord." It was a sad and solemn night for the two survivors ! Left alone in the dark with their dead ; surrounded with treacherous and unsympathising heathen ; filled with the indescribable awe which a first near contact with death always produces ; conscious that with the morning light they must arise and bury the remains of their brother ; far, far removed from all human help and sympathy, it must have been a night never to be forgotten by

the young missionaries, an experience leading to a new and deeper acquaintance with God, as a "very present help in trouble."

At day-break they dug a grave in the ground beside longing to the mission, and with heavy hearts committed to the dust the body of dear James Telford; and fencing in the inclosure, they erected a cross on the spot to mark the *first Christian grave on the Congo.*

There was grief in many a heart when the news reached England—in the Cumberland farm-house where parents and brothers dwelt, and in the Institute, where dear Telford was loved and respected by all. We could not gather round his grave, but we gathered at an *in memoriam* service, at which the presence of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life was realized as we sang,—

> "Some from earth, from glory some;
> Severed only 'till He come.'"

We rejoiced even in our sorrow to believe that to dear Telford to live had been Christ, and to die gain. He was much addicted to the study of the word and to prayer, most consistent in his conduct as a Christian, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He first began to gather the heathen children of Palabala to the station for instruction, and he planted a garden, whose crops are now producing luxuriantly around his grave.

At a farewell meeting held before he left, he had used an expression which struck some at the time as almost extravagant, but which the event made us

thankfully recall. "*I go gladly*," he said, "*on this mission, and shall rejoice if only I may give my body as one of the stones to pave the road into interior Africa, and my blood to cement the stones together, so that others may pass over into Congoland.*" The words were spoken with no hasty excitement, but with the calm deliberation of settled purpose. All felt he *meant what he said;* but we little thought it was to be indeed his privilege to be the first pioneer to fall, within six months of leaving England!

Our hearts were sorely perplexed at this providence, strange as it seemed to us. A precious young life, three years of training and preparation, all the expenses of passage and outfit, and the months of travel by sea and land, all this goodwill and devotion of heart, like so much sweet incense—and the only result a few months' service and suffering in Africa! Even before the language was fully acquired the willing labourer was called home. Ah! we had to learn by many a sad repetition of such *painful* experiences, that God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts and plans like ours.

The *death* of Livingstone, his tragic, touching, lonely death on the shores of Bangweolo, did more to start the missions which are now planting Christian Churches all over Africa, than all his noble life-labours had done. The now prosperous and self-extending native Church of Sierra Leone cost the lives of thirty labourers in fifteen years, ere it took root and grew. Each of the great Central African missions of the last ten or twelve years has had a somewhat similar ex-

perience, and to the martyrs of the modern Church it may be said, as well as to those of apostolic days, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

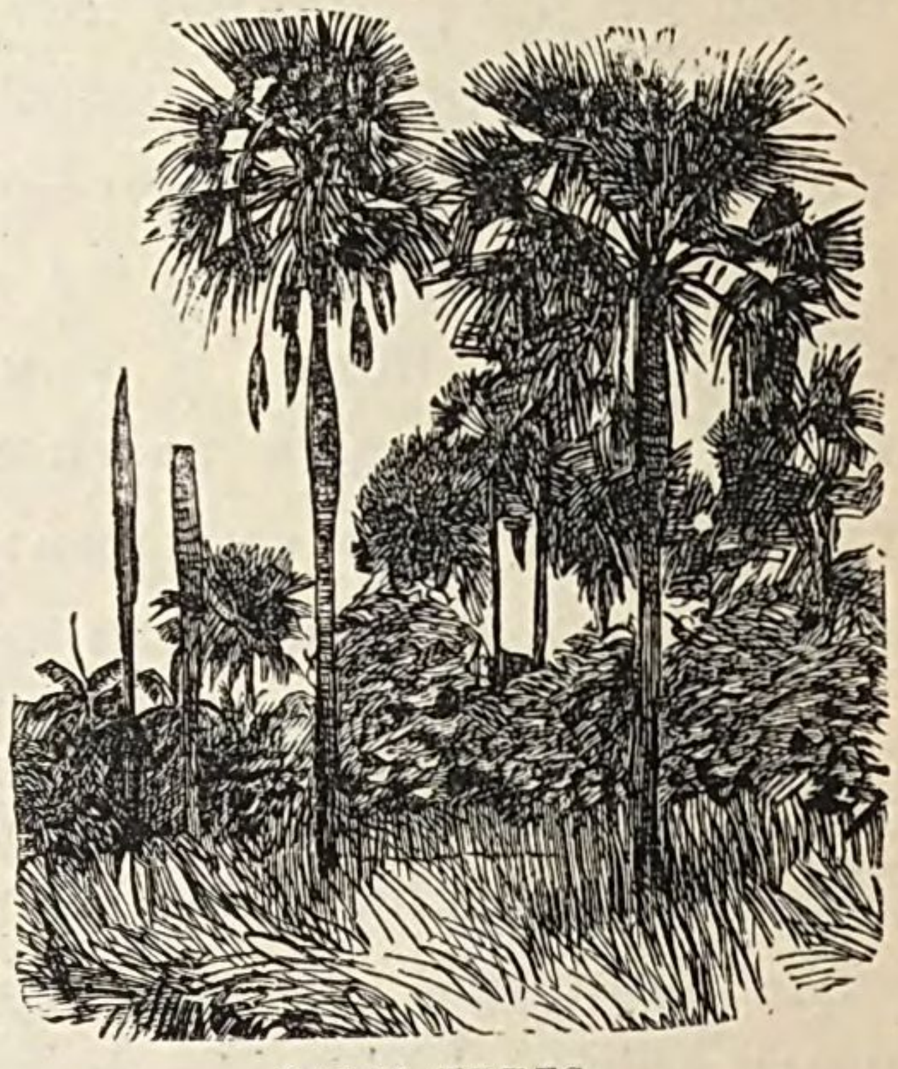
Mr. Craven had written that Palabala Station was so far finished that it required a mistress to preside over it, keep house, and commence work among the women. So Mr. Petersen, a Danish brother, who had been accepted as a member of the mission, and who was sailing in December, 1878, took out with him a Miss Bosson, to whom Mr. Craven had been for some time engaged, and who was the first white woman to enter the Congo valley. She had acquired considerable medical and nursing skill before starting, and was a real acquisition to the mission, the hardships and discomforts of which she bore with grace, good sense, and fortitude.

At the *in memoriam* service for Mr. Telford to which we have alluded there had been present with us a young brother, a student, who was looking forward to join the mission before long. "These heavy tidings come in time," we said to him, "for you to change your mind, if you wish, and refrain from taking a young wife to that deadly climate." "Say, rather, to confirm our purpose," he replied; "we are ready to go, and die there too, if it be the will of God."

In the following spring this brother and his wife sailed for Banana, accompanied by another student, Mr. Henry Richards, of Cardiff, one whom God has since honoured by making him an instrument of much spiritual blessing on the Congo.

The arrival of this party at Palabala early in 1879, with a small gang of Kroo-boys and some donkeys, rendered progress possible, and enabled some pioneers to go forward and erect the third station of the mission on the road to Stanley Pool, Banza Manteka, a town about fifty miles farther up the Cataract Gorge. No white man had ever been here before, but a good character of the missionaries had preceded them, for news spreads quickly among these people, and they were well received. Makokila, the king, was friendly, and wished them to tarry in his town; and seeing there were many villages and hamlets around, they resolved to pitch their tent in a fertile and sheltered valley close by. Mr. Richards, later on, thus described this place and people:

"There are three towns within a quarter of a mile of our station, very near each other. Each family has its own hut. They have no plan in building their towns. The houses stand neither in blocks nor ranks, but are placed about here and there just as the people like. They know that the hills are more healthy than the valleys, and never build in the latter, though the land is so much better and watered more plentifully; but where there is a clump of trees on the top of a hill (and there are plenty of such, mostly palms) one is sure to find a town. The women have to descend into the valley to fetch water, and this fact accounts in measure for the prevailing dirtiness. The natives build good, strong, weather-proof huts. They are small, oblong in shape, and range from twelve feet by eight to thirty by twelve. The side walls



PALM TREES.

are about five feet high, and the ridge-pole seven. They make one small door at the end, not more than three feet high and two feet wide, so that it is difficult for an Englishman to gain entrance, especially as the door sill rises a foot from the ground. They have no chimneys or windows, though they keep a fire after sundown, and very often during the day. How they manage to bear the smoke I cannot tell. The huts inside are black and shiny with smoke. It has one good effect, the white ants and other insects are prevented from destroying the walls. Palm leaves, prepared grass, and poles are the materials used in constructing these huts. The palm tree is a great friend to the natives; from it they get wine, nuts, and most of their materials for building.

"As to our own house at Banza Manteka, it can hardly be called a wooden one, as much clay has been used in the construction. Posts were put in the ground, palm branches tied on horizontally on each side of them, and the space between filled with wood and clay; this makes a good wall, though not so lasting as brick. . . .

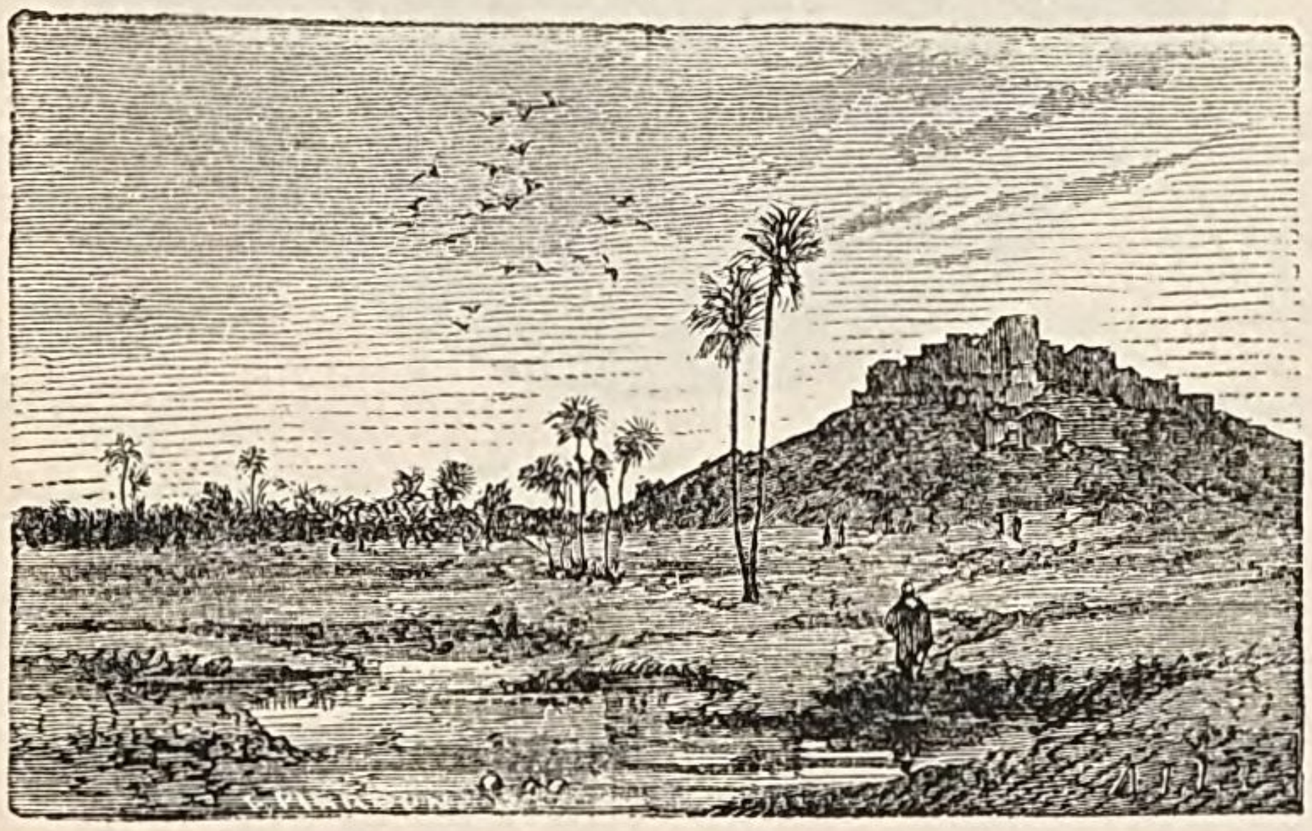
"You would be surprised at the amount of manual labour we have to do here, besides bartering, attending to the goats, fowls, pigs, etc. I am now fencing in four acres of land, and was puzzled at first how to make a good fence. I am putting poles, about seven feet high, into the ground close together, and eighteen inches deep. Most of these will grow, and my fence will therefore be a living one. But it is tedious and hard work, and the natives will not help me. They bring the poles, but I must put each one in with my own hands. I never worked harder in my life. The natives look on, and see me use the pick and shovel, and clapping their hands in wonder they say, 'How strong he is!' But they will not try it themselves! I often think they do not know how weak I feel. We have to be patterns in everything, and I only wish I had the strength I used to have in England. But you will be glad to know that my dear wife and I have had no fever worth speaking about for six weeks. I am not well to-day, or should not be able to sit down to write when there is so much to be done. It was needful to make the fence I have spoken of, as with our goats, fowls, and pigs it would be no use to make a garden unless it was protected. I tried once; but the animals destroyed everything. . . .

"But the work is too much for one man, and I should like a colleague who could help me. He should be strong in health, a thorough Christian, tried and proved; one that can work hard with his hands, and that has plenty of patience; otherwise he will never be happy here or do much good. He should also have a fair education, and I should prefer an Englishman. . . ."

In the December of 1879 Mrs. Johnson sailed for the Congo, escorted by an energetic young Scotchman named Hugh McKergow. He had not long entered our College for preparatory training, and with all a Scotchman's love of learning and zeal for self-improvement he appreciated to the full his advantages. He was a diligent, earnest, successful student, with a single eye to the glory of God, and thorough devotedness of heart. One could fancy that in early days Livingstone had been such a one. Understanding that a carpenter was wanted for the mission, he volunteered, with much real self-denial, to go out in this capacity. He had had seven years' experience at his trade, and was proficient in it. He valued exceedingly the opportunity for study afforded him by his reception into the Institute, and surrendered it, *pro tem.*, only with a great effort and for Christ's sake. He said: "I have only one object in view, and that is to help this mission on the Congo; if I can *best* do so by going out and building houses for the missionaries, well and good! I am heartily willing to use my trade for God and the mission. It is only attaining my object in another way." He went out on the understanding that as long as his services were needed for the erection of stations he would stay, and that when he could be spared he was to return and complete the course of study on which he had entered at Harley House.

He was greatly needed at the time to direct the construction of a house and depôt at Matadi, for the reception of a large party soon to follow. In the earliest stages of a mission in such a rough, uncivilized

sphere as was the Congo ten years ago, men of this sort are peculiarly wanted. Clever practical workers with all their wits about them, with cheerful spirits, robust health, and a thorough willingness to endure hardness, such men, provided they are true and consistent Christians, with hearts full of compassion for the perishing, make first-rate missionary pioneers. The natives can perceive their excellence, and soon learn to esteem and admire them, and listen to all they have to say. Such a one was dear Hugh McKergow. He never, alas! returned to Harley House, as he and we fully intended he should do when he left it. But we must not anticipate; only we like to recall the spirit in which he left us in December, 1879, and to remember in this connexion the Master's words, "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him shall My Father honour."





ADAM McCALL.

SAILED FOR THE CONGO, MARCH, 1880.
DIED AT MADEIRA, NOVEMBER, 1881.

"If it please Thee to take myself instead of the work that I would do for Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

CHAPTER II.

START OF THE McCALL EXPEDITION.

In the beginning of the third year of the mission, 1880, the friends who had inaugurated and were conducting it began to realize that to pass the Cataract Gorge, and reach the interior and the level of the Upper River at Stanley Pool, was a much more serious task than they had expected. They had learned by experience also that each stage of progress towards the goal increased the obstacles and made the question of transport more difficult. They perceived also that, so far from the mission having any tendency to become self-supporting, it had become evident that the early parties had been far too slenderly supplied with resources and helps; and that if the mission was ever to be planted on the upper river, stronger and better-equipped detachments must be sent out. It would not do to risk the lives of missionaries for lack of Kroo-boy help. This must be had, though very costly and involving far larger supplies of barter goods, and consequently also more transport, and hence more expense.

Much prayer was made that He in whose providence this new world had been opened up would provide both the men and the means to evangelize it. In answer to these intercessions, and as a result of much hard work, an expedition better organized and better supplied than any previous one left our shores in March, 1880.

Its leader was one who had had considerable experience in African travel, and who, though he had not previously been on the Congo, had spent many years in South and south Central Africa. This was dear ADAM MCCALL of Leicester, a bright, brave, dauntless-spirited man, full of energy and resource, strong in purpose, amiable in disposition, and devoted in heart, who had been converted to God during some special services held in his native town by Rev. W. Tinling.

An architect and surveyor by profession, he had, during the seven years from 1872 to 1878 inclusive, travelled over between *fifteen and twenty thousand miles* in Africa. He had traversed in various directions and repeatedly the Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Griqualand West, Natal, the Transvaal, Bechuanaland, the Matabele country, and the Zambesi valley;—visiting the celebrated Victoria Falls, and the upper waters of the Zambesi, two thousand miles inland from Cape Town. During two years of his tarriance in South Africa, Mr. McCall was professionally engaged in the civil service of the Government in the Public Works Department. The last two years of his stay he had spent in the far interior, traversing

regions almost untrodden by white men, quite cut off from all contact with civilization, hunting elephant, buffalo, and other "big game."

He had visited the remote stations of the London Missionary Society among the Matabele, and the stations of other societies in Bechuanaland and elsewhere; for, although unconverted himself at the time, he sympathised with such Christian efforts. He met also M. and Mdme. Coillard, the French Protestant missionaries, during their detention as prisoners by the chief Lobengula.

In 1878, after this considerable experience in African life and travel, Mr. McCall returned to England, intending to go back almost immediately to the Zambesi valley, with a view of exploring the Chôbe River (since descended by Major de Serpa Pinto), and of taking a series of photographic views of the country. He had already partly made his arrangements, when all his desires and feelings about life were suddenly changed by his conversion to God. Old things passed away; all things became new to him! He could no longer live for mere self-pleasing. His earnest inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The answer was quickly and strongly borne in upon his conscience. He must return to Central Africa, to the "Dark Continent" he knew so well: not now to amuse himself, but to serve Christ; not to be a hunter, but "a fisher of men"; not as a mere explorer and traveller, but as a missionary of the gospel. The Master had surely been training him all unconsciously to himself for work which He wanted to have done. He had

been preparing an instrument for a special service, and now by His Spirit He called him to it. Mr. McCall gladly and with his whole heart devoted his life to mission work in interior Africa; and when the peculiar claims of the Congo region were pressed on his attention, he decided, after much prayerful consideration, to offer his services to the Livingstone Inland Mission.

He rightly felt that after his long exile in Africa, and in view of his recent conversion, he needed some time for the study of the Scriptures and for the enjoyment of Christian fellowship; and though in certain respects he required no preliminary training, yet he wished to increase his knowledge of medicine by spending a certain time also at the London Hospital. For twelve months he had studied in our Institute and at the London Hospital, where he won a high place in the affectionate regard of all who knew him. His interest in the Congo Mission deepened continually, till it became an intense and consuming zeal.

Four other highly esteemed students in the Institute volunteered to go out under his lead: Messrs. McKergow, Harvey, Lanceley, and Clarke. The first of these, as we have mentioned, had already gone on beforehand, to put up a station on the river in time to receive the rest. Mr. Charles Harvey, who had been for three years training, was well fitted to make a good teacher and translator, as well as an earnest preacher of the gospel; and Mr. Clarke, of Aberdeen, who had had considerable experience as a custom-

house officer and in other ways before pursuing a course of study in the Institute, had subsequently acquired various handicrafts, fitting him to be useful in the mission either with head or hands as requisite.

Very much more complete and elaborate outfitting is required for a mission party going to Central Africa than for one bound for India or China. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of things have to be thought of and provided ; and on the care and judgment exercised in the selection, arranging, and packing of the provisions, camp requisites, stores, and barter goods of the expedition, its ultimate success to a very considerable extent depends. Care must be taken that no more is provided than there is carrying power to transport ; that all is packed in loads of fifty or sixty pounds' weight, so as to be portable for long distances by *men*, who are the only burden-bearers of Central Africa ; that a due proportion be observed between the time to be spent in the proposed expedition and the quantity of provisions carried ; that nothing of importance to life and health be omitted, lest either should be sacrificed in a difficult crisis, as is sometimes the case, for lack of a trifle. This not unfrequently has happened, recalling the old saying, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; for want of a horse the rider was lost ; for want of a rider the kingdom was lost : and all for want of a horse-shoe nail !"

Lieut. Young, who led the Free Church mission party up to Lake Nyassa, carrying the little steamer *Ilala* in sections, pointed out how very serious were

the consequences of what seemed a most trivial omission. The screws and bolts for screwing together the steamer were not well greased before starting, to preserve them from rust ; and no second set was sent in case of accident. They were consequently all rusty when wanted for use, and days of hard labour and most fatally dangerous exposure to the fever-breeding miasmas of the Lower Zambesi had to be endured by the whole expedition, while these rusty bolts were being polished !

Hence, on the principle that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, we spared no pains in endeavouring to secure that this expedition of 1880 should be properly fitted out. And so important did our friend Mr. McCall especially feel this to be, that not only did he make it a matter of daily and earnest prayer with his colleagues, but he worked so hard in seeing to every detail himself, that for many weeks he scarcely allowed himself time for needful sleep.

The departure of this party was owing to the occurrence of a favourable opportunity for the voyage, earlier than had been intended. Communication with the Congo was then not easy. The rates by the mail steamers from Liverpool were high ; and as they call at a large number of ports on the sickly West African coast, passengers to the Congo experience much delay, and are needlessly exposed to fevers. The West African Steamship Company run cargo boats to the Congo, but these have not, as a rule, any accommodation for passengers. But it happened that that year they were sending out from England

a small steamer, the *Vanguard*, for the coast trade, which afforded comfortable accommodation for a party of five or six. The firm offered us moderate terms, and several great advantages. They agreed to send the ship direct to Teneriffe, to take in twenty donkeys; thence to the best port for shipping Kroomen, and thence without further delay direct to Banana, thus shortening the voyage, and greatly diminishing the risk of fever. So favourable an opportunity we had not met before, and might not meet again for a long time. So we decided to avail ourselves of it, and the five passages were engaged *in faith*, for at that time the funds needed for the expedition, £1,200 or £1,500, were not in hand.

We believed they would come however. Need we ever fear that God will fail us, if we do our part in seeking to obey His holy will and to carry out His gracious purposes of mercy to a perishing world? If we hold back in such work, lest there should be a lack of funds, may He not well say to *us*, as to His fearing disciples of old, "O ye of little faith, *wherefore did ye doubt?*"

We endeavoured to present the needs of the Congo valley, and the nature of the Livingstone Inland Mission, to many Christian persons, by means of meetings held in various places, and by the publication of a little pamphlet. Considerable interest was created, and many hundreds of donations were sent in. Some of these were small, a few shillings, or even a few stamps—precious offerings in the sight of Christ! Some were large, though perhaps not in reality more

nobly generous. A nobleman sent £160 in one gift; several members of the committee gave each £100; many dear children sent their little all; and one donor was a poor washerwoman, who made a collection among her friends!

Leicester (the home of Mr. McCall, the leader of the expedition) came forward liberally and contributed over £100, with a promise of future aid and the heartiest expression of sympathy and fellowship in the work; £30 were contributed at a drawing-room meeting at Torquay. One gentleman, who had already given liberally to this expedition, subsequently sent a further contribution of £60, with the following words, which we earnestly commend to the consideration of capitalists: "With our simple mode of life we do not quite live up to our income, and so there is a constantly augmenting balance at our banker's. A few days ago some shares in a concern in which we are already interested were offered to members; and as it is a very eligible investment we at first thought of using some of our idle balance for buying in. But a few hours' reflection showed us *a still better investment*, and so I herewith inclose you £60 towards the expenses of this dear band of brave warriors of the Cross."

Ah! how many a capitalist, who has thousands lying idle, would do well to follow this example, and to invest in the eternally remunerative enterprise of sending the news of redeeming love to the perishing millions of Central Africa! This donor is now "absent from the body, present with the Lord" who said that

the cup of cold water should not lose its reward. In His presence he does not regret this investment!

Farewell meetings were held at Leicester and at Plymouth, as well as in different parts of London, to commend to God in earnest prayer the outgoing missionaries, and the work to which they had consecrated their lives. At one of these, that held at Harley House, we had the joy of greeting, on their arrival in Europe, M. and Mdme. Coillard, the heroic veteran missionaries of the French Protestant Church, from Basutoland, South Africa. These dear friends left their happy home and work among the Basuto Christians some two years ago, to lead a band of *native* evangelists up to a remote heathen tribe or nation called the Barotse, two thousand miles away in the interior, north of the Zambesi River. They met countless difficulties and dangers, and were detained as prisoners by Lobengula. Mr. McCall had often spoken to us with the warmest interest and affection of M. and Mdme. Coillard, and was rejoiced to meet them again on the eve of his own departure as a missionary to Central Africa. The words of cheer and counsel addressed by them and by the late Major Malan to the outgoing band were wise and weighty, and not soon to be forgotten.

Several valuable gifts, not of money, but of money's worth, were received. His Majesty the King of the Belgians and the Royal Geographical Society each made a grant of scientific instruments and apparatus; and one or two manufacturers sent supplies of their goods. The saddles for twenty donkeys to be bought

at Teneriffe were sent, half a dozen good dogs, and a supply of barter goods, to last for some time. In short, everything needful was provided by the kind co-operation of many, under the bountiful providence of God.

It was hoped that this party would be able to do what none of the previous ones had been able to accomplish, *go right on to Stanley Pool on the Upper Congo in one dry season.* They expected to reach Banana, at the mouth of the river, about the end of April, and to start from the last navigable point of the lower river on their march overland, through the two hundred and thirty miles of the cataract region, by the beginning of June. Africa is a land however that disappoints more hopes than it realizes, and it utterly disappointed this hope among others!

For a time all seemed to go brightly and well. Mr. McCall wrote from Madeira: "So far everything has gone as smoothly as possible, and we are all in good spirits, and hope to reach Teneriffe on Monday. I feel that I have undertaken a heavy responsibility, and that I shall require all the strength of mind and body I can bring to bear upon my work; but I *trust* fully, entirely, from day to day, in Him who has called me and said to me, 'Go; I bid you go; and I, even I, will be with you.' I am putting Christ's promise to the practical test every day, and I intend to do so still, and 'hitherto the Lord has helped me.' Much love to all the brethren at Harley House; let them pray for the Congo Mission and prepare to follow on; we shall soon require more volunteers, please God."

The donkeys were shipped at Teneriffe as arranged, and from Sierra Leone Mr. McCall wrote that he had succeeded in engaging five and twenty Kroo-men on the usual terms ; that is, for a year's service, the hirer to pay travelling expenses both ways. These men are so much in demand as labourers that they get pretty good pay, and always expect a month's wages in advance. The headmen have two shillings a day each, and the others one shilling. They have to be fed and lodged, and sent home if ill, so that they are pretty expensive helpers. At the time of which we write however no assistance could be procured from the natives, so that these costly imported servants were essential to progress.

At first they all refused to go to the Congo, saying it was "a bad country and plenty jigger." But when they understood that the party was a missionary one, they changed their minds. "Oh! then you be good men ; you do us right, we go!" Kroo-boy English is a curious jargon, just sufficiently comprehensive for needful uses. One young fellow asked whether there was a Church on the Congo. "No, my boy ; that's just what we are going to try to raise up." "Oh! I'm so glad! for I'm a Church member." And he produced his hymn-book and his communion ticket.

At Mallacoree, the *Vanguard* stopped over a Sunday to discharge, alas! 1,500 packages of rum and gin, to poison the poor natives, a sight which always sends a pang to the heart, and brings a blush to the cheek of the European or American missionary to



A KROO-BOY HEADMAN (DRESSED).

Africa. *He* is going with a message of life and regeneration, but the ship that carries him is laden with death and demoralization! These detentions are dangerous too on this fever-stricken coast. But administering quinine all round as a preventive, the party landed, and finding English-speaking natives anxious to "have a Church," a hearty service was held. A reconciliation was subsequently effected between two of the black brethren who had quarrelled. Some of the native Christians expressed an earnest desire to go with the mission party, and help them for love's sake; and one actually did so. Cheered by the evidence thus afforded of the success of African missions, the party pursued their journey, landing here and there where the vessel called. At one port, walking a little outside the town, they were shocked at the broken gin-bottles lying about, "sad evidences of our commercial Christianity. Alas! some people will have a fearful account to render of the trade carried on with these places."

Towards the end of April the *Vanguard* reached Banana, at the mouth of the Congo. Mr. McCall wrote:

> The whole sea, long before we got near the entrance, was of a deep brown colour and quite fresh water, with a strong current running out towards the ocean. It is a pretty little place this Banana, consisting of several large stores with numerous outbuildings, all snow white, and showing out boldly amidst the bright green foliage. We steamed up the creek and anchored opposite the French house. After the captain and I had been ashore and duly arranged for the storing of our goods and numerous packages, we went on board again, and set our boys to work to take them ashore. I had a very busy day going backwards and forwards, superintending and directing. We were hard at it until

dark, commencing again very early next morning. One unfortunate donkey fell into the water from the ship, and obstinately refused to be hauled into the boat, so we had to tow him behind; he however arrived safely. The poor beasts were so glad to get once more on dry land, and evinced their delight by taking a good roll on the soft sand which everywhere abounds.

Then I had to make arrangements for our boys' cooking and rations, and to see the donkeys properly looked after. All day on Saturday we were busy: on Sunday we held our two services; a goodly gathering morning and evening; our boys sing beautifully.

All the following week we were busy every day, going through our cases and bales (over 300), arranging, opening, rearranging, etc., etc. Then there was our boat to look after, and send to the river for water (fresh), medicines to get out, make up, and administer, instruments to get in order, guns to clean, cartridges to load, rules and regulations to frame and establish, and an endless variety of odds and ends to be done. On Friday we commenced to load a schooner, the *Minerva*, with the bulk of our goods and provisions, and part of our troop of donkeys, and on Saturday it was despatched to Boma with Brother Clarke in charge.

I preached yesterday to a good congregation in the afternoon, from the text Ezra viii. 21–23. Our boys are conducting themselves very well, and have caused us no trouble as yet, which is a matter for great thankfulness. We are exceedingly well in general health, none of us having had the least symptom of fever as yet. I have adopted prophylactic measures, and by God's good blessing with perfect success. Our heavenly Father has been with us, and mercifully guided and protected us hitherto, and we have the most perfect trust and confidence in Him for the future. We intend (D.V.) to proceed up the river to Boma in a few days, with our remaining goods, boys, and donkeys.

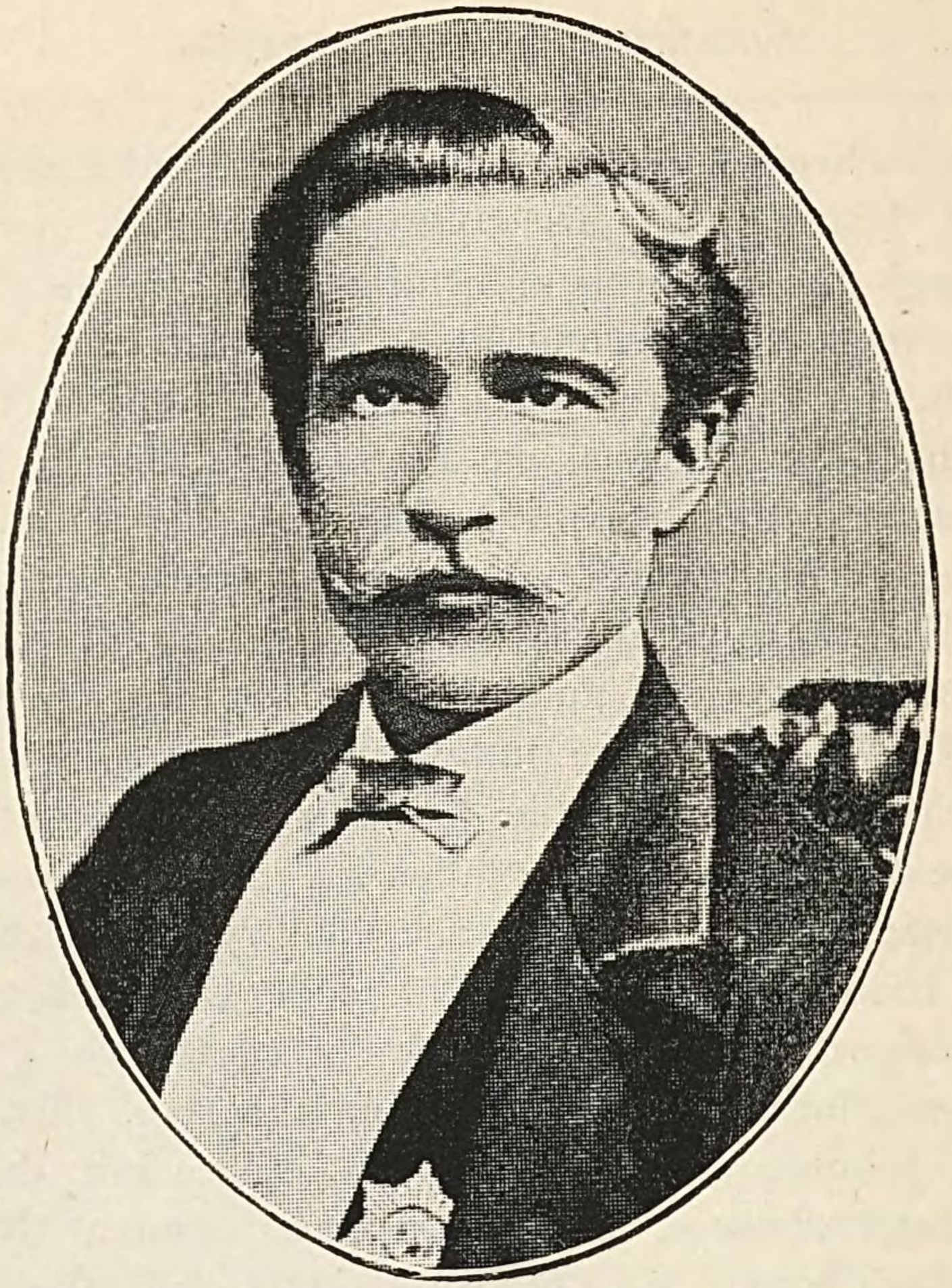
It was not long however before there began the usual African experiences of delays, disappointments, and fevers. The timber, which had been sent by a sailing vessel from Cardiff, for the new store on the lower river had not arrived; Mr. Richards, who was to have met his wife, was laid up with fever at Boma; McKergow was also ill at Matadi: but throwing

all his cheerful energy into his task, and seconded most heartily by his colleagues, McCall pressed through the initiatory difficulties, and got his party, Kroo-men, donkeys, and all, up as far as Boma.

There they were met by the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Petersen, at Banza Manteka, in May, the second member of the mission called thus early to receive his reward. As in the previous case, this death arose, to all appearance, accidentally, from lack of needful care and nursing when the fever came on. It was one of those unfortunate contingencies to which pioneers are liable, that this good brother was alone at the time he was taken ill. In going to meet his wife and escort her up the country, Mr. Richards had been obliged to leave his colleague by himself, but expected it would be only for a few days, so felt no uneasiness or hesitation about the step. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were moreover to replace him during his brief absence, and would have been at Banza Manteka before Mr. Petersen's attack, only that they were themselves detained on the way up by illness.

But in that brief interval Mr. Petersen was taken ill with severe fever; and again was the sad tragedy enacted of a sick and suffering white man sinking into delirium and unconsciousness, all alone among the heathen. None to nurse, none to prescribe, none to soothe or cheer the sufferer. When at last help arrived it was, as in Telford's case, too late. Mr. Johnson wrote:

"It was on the afternoon of the fourth day that we sighted the station at some little distance. We ex-



MR. CHARLES PETERSEN.

pected to see Mr. Petersen coming to meet us, for the Kroo-boys had fired to give notice of our approach. But all was still as the grave! Not a sound was to be heard.

"We made our way as quickly as possible into the house. It was not difficult, for the door is only a mat. We asked the Kroo-boy, 'Where is Mr. Petersen?' He pointed to an inner room; it had mats before the windows, and was dark. We entered. Our poor friend was sitting up in a chair, but looking

more like a corpse than a living man. He could scarcely speak to us, but pressed our hands. He had eaten nothing for a week; we got him some chicken broth as quickly as possible, and he was able to take it. That night he slept, but he could not keep down the quinine, and the fever got more and more power over him. We tried everything we could think of, and were by his side all day; but not a word could he speak. About midnight he groaned several times, then was quite quiet till about half-past three or four o'clock next morning, when, with his hand in mine, he fell asleep in Jesus! It was a solemn night to us —left behind! . . . As soon as we could manage to see, I had, with the help of the Kroo-boy, to begin to dig his grave. Oh the sorrow that filled my dear wife's heart and my own, as we laid him in his last resting place, to await the resurrection morning!"

Mr. Petersen was a Dane, a valuable and faithful man. He had been little more than a year on the Congo. How our hearts sank on receipt of the news! This enterprise was going to be as costly in lives as in money. We *began* to feel it then, though not as we felt it a year later. Yet we could scarcely grieve for the one who had been permitted to die thus for Christ, and for Africa. For had not Christ died for him? and did not poor, bleeding Africa need to be rescued from death and misery, even at the cost of self-sacrifice?

Only a few weeks before, this same dear Petersen had written an account of a rescue he had just effected. A miserable man and woman were accused

of being possessed with an evil spirit because some chief man's wife had died. The "king" told our friend he was going to kill them, and the *capito* seemed possessed with a thirst for blood. Both were in a fearful temper, and would listen to no pleading. Mr. Petersen resolved to see what could be done for the poor fellow.

"I found him surrounded," he writes, "by ten or twelve murderous-looking fellows, with guns and matchets. He wept when he saw me, and said, 'I have done nothing, yet I must die!' 'Pray to God to save you,' I said; and seeing no time was to be lost, I went to the king's house. He sent me away, would not speak to me, but thundered at the people to take the man out of the town and burn him alive. I insisted on going in, and told him I had a message from God to him; God says, 'blood for blood,' but this man had done nothing. I bad him fear God, who could kill and cast into hell. This moved him. I seized the chance, and said, 'Sell the man to me! I will take him away and keep him.' After long arguing and bargaining he consented, on condition I should send him out of the country at once. I could not do this, as Craven is away; so I have had to chain him up under our dining-room table, or there would be a disturbance in the town: they are afraid of him. Poor fellow! how he weeps!"

The man was saved, but the woman, who tried to escape, was caught, and thrown into the M'poso River with a stone tied round her neck. As if death did not bring sorrow and misery enough, it is almost always followed by murder in these dark and cruel lands, and sometimes by murder on a gigantic scale; the notion being that every death is the *fault* of some one or other, who deserves to suffer for having killed the deceased. The horrid cruelties to which men are driven by superstitions prove that Satan is a hard taskmaster,—"a murderer from the beginning."

It was the 25th of May before the party we left at Boma were ready to proceed up the river to its farthest navigable point, just below the falls of Yellala. This they had to do in a sailing boat, which they had taken out with them, one not too large to be rowed when the wind dropped, as it constantly does in the tropics in the middle of the day. It was a difficult trip, the current being tremendous at points, requiring ropes to be passed ashore for hauling. Our friends were convinced of the necessity for steam power if this same voyage was to be made often! It took them two days, though only thirty or forty miles, and at night they slept in the boat. Steamers are now plying constantly on this part of the Lower Congo, but in 1880 there were none beyond Boma, and even to that point travellers had to be indebted to the courtesy of traders for a passage. With a view to the convenience of landing goods and passengers at the last navigable point on the lower river, a station was erected at

MATADI MINKANDA.

This is a rocky point above the M'poso River, and just opposite Vivi. From this place McCall wrote:

> Here now we shall have a roomy, comfortable, cheerful home, a capacious store, and suitable out-buildings. Here all our things coming up the river can be received and housed. Here all the dear brethren will find a comfortable home on arrival. Here will be found our base of supplies when we are far up the country exploring; the base, in fact, of our beloved mission, which strives to open up to the light of gospel truth and the blessings of civilization this dark but beautiful land.
>
> We do not know exactly how or to what extent we shall be sup-

ported, but we have no fear, not a bit ; we trust fully and simply in our risen Lord. As we were saying at our prayer-meeting last night, we will all stick together, and come what may, we feel sure that if it is the Lord's will that we shall succeed in establishing ourselves in this land, He will send us all needed support ; and, with you and many kind friends and dear people of God in England to pray for us and help us, we go joyfully and hopefully on.

I send you tracings of the new station, which will show you exactly what we are doing. We call it by its *native* name, the name by which the place is known to all natives, Matadi Minkanda ; the first meaning *stones*, the second *palm trees :* we have plenty of both. We think this preferable to giving English names to our stations.

Our donkeys are all in splendid condition. When at Boma they were dreadfully poor and thin, now they are looking capital. We have two pigs, sixty fowls, several dogs, and quite a little town. Send us out a brother to help here. He must be strong and used to hard manual labour, for we have abundance of that and enjoy it.

Clarke, Lanceley, and I start for the interior in three or four days, leaving McKergow and Harvey here for the present ; McKergow to finish the house, Harvey (who is still very far from well, and unable to walk half a mile) to look after the camp and teach our boys.

Since I last wrote, Richards has been *very ill, at death's door.* I was sent for, post haste, to attend him (at Palabala). I found him *very far gone ;* he had been delirious and vomiting constantly for four days. I was able fortunately by the use of appropriate remedies to arrest the vomiting at once, and in two days to reduce all the symptoms and bring him round on a fair way to complete recovery. All our party have been down again with short attacks of fever, excepting myself ; and with them and the boys I have any amount of medical practice; in fact, what with one thing and another, from 6 a.m. to 10 or 11 p.m., I have scarcely breathing time.

The work at Matadi occupied the party until September. No advance up country was attempted until the brethren to be left behind to complete the station and carry on the work, were safely housed and in a position to make progress.

The delay in sending on the expected goods and timber was great and unaccountable, and obliged



"STONES AND PALM TREES."

Mr. McCall to go down again to Banana. There he found difficulties thickening around him; expenses were unaccountably heavy, disappointments and delays were vexatious, so that he felt much tried and cast upon God for help. His hope had been to march right through at once to Stanley Pool, and to establish a station there before the rainy season. Theoretically it seemed possible, and all his plans had been carefully laid, but on the basis of the donkeys being able to travel. This, alas! proved a delusive hope, and its failure shipwrecked the whole

scheme! The experiment was as complete a failure as the attempt to introduce oxen for the journey from the east coast to Tanganyika, and after much loss of time and money it had to be abandoned.

Why not Use Donkeys as Beasts of Burden in Central Africa?

The following extract from Mr. McCall's journal of the first journey in which the donkeys were employed will answer this question, and convey an idea of the difficulties encountered in the attempt to find *some* substitute for human burden-bearers. It will give also a good notion of the kind of country through which the missionaries had to penetrate.

"*Friday, Sept.* 13*th*, 1880.—Had all the donkeys ranged, saddled, and loaded up, the weights having to be equally balanced on either side. In addition to the full saddle bags, small bales, axes, spades, pick, saw, buckets, etc., and a heap of other things had to be slung and arranged; it was dark when we had finished.

"*Saturday*, 14*th*.—Before sunrise there was bustle and activity all over the camp. Tents were struck and put away, and a tremendous heap of general impedimenta cleared up; donkeys loaded; loud calls for string and rope on all sides. After a hasty cup of coffee I sounded my whistle, and every man stood by his donkey, and all at last being quite ready, I stood at the exit from our camp, and called out the numbers from No. 1 to 20 consecutively, each man answering to his number and filing out past me in good order. Every donkey has his number corresponding to the number of his saddle, and each pair of saddle bags is numbered and labelled A and B. Every man carried a load on his head also; medicine chest, office box (filled with writing materials, maps, a few books, surgical case, spare drug box; our travelling pantry, containing little bags of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, etc., plates, knives and forks, cups and spoons), a demijohn of oil for our lamps (we carried no candles), etc. All passed muster in

capital order, up the rise, and past our new building, and on to the plateau beyond, where we formed our permanent 'order of march.'

* * * * *

"The path now abruptly descended to the watercourse (whence we obtained our supply at Matadi), and was exceedingly rough, rocky, and slippery. McKergow and I walked ahead, selecting the easiest places and directing the boys where to walk with their donkeys. We got down to the bed of the stream without mishap, but came to woeful grief in getting across; the passage consists of a confused heap of huge boulders, very unsuitable for loaded donkeys to scramble through.

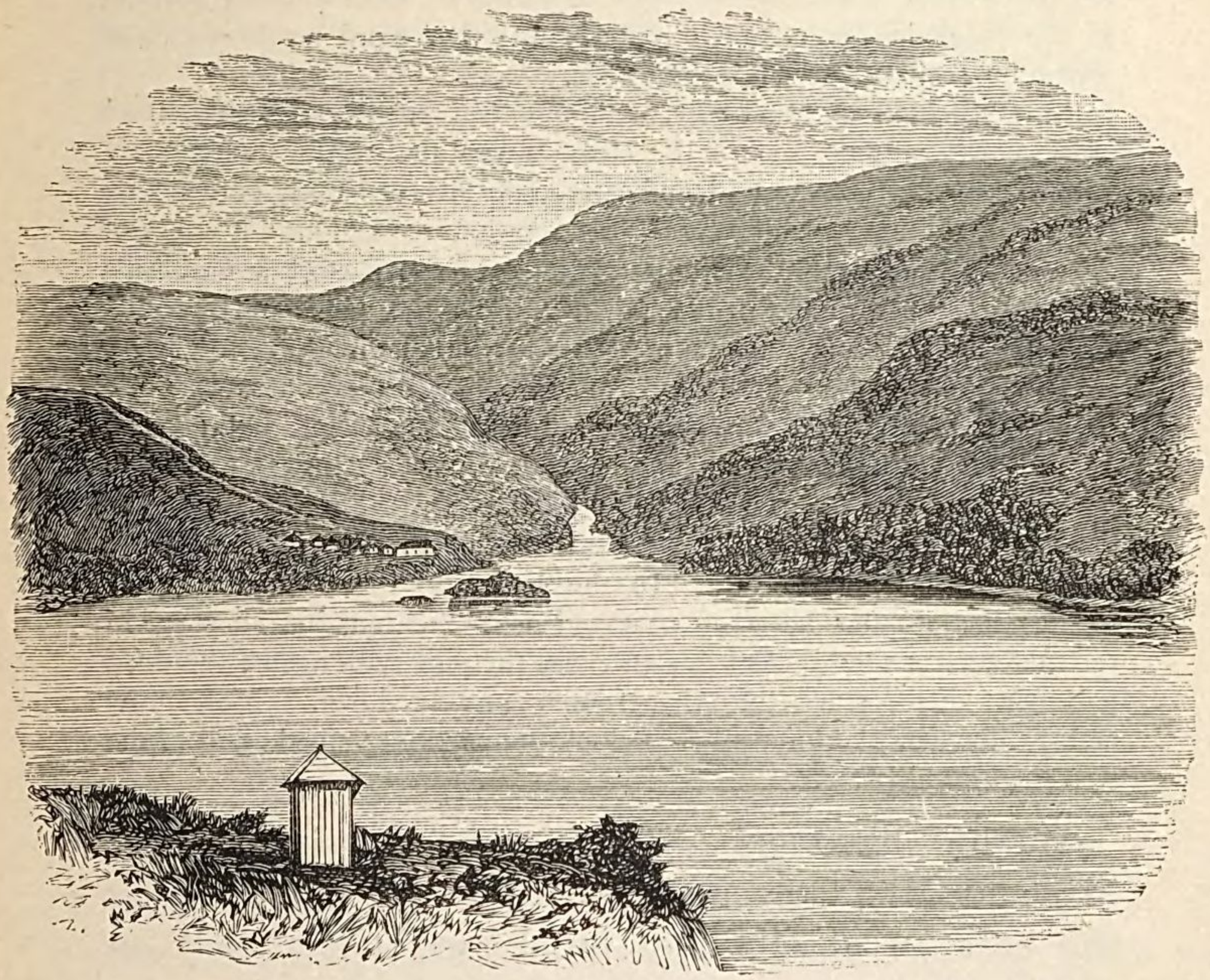
"One donkey went down, and got its legs jammed between the stones, and defied the united strenuous efforts of McKergow, Charlie, and myself to extricate it. So we took off the load and saddle, and then lifted her bodily up, after which she managed to clamber up the bare rock path and arrived safely. All the donkeys were hauled through with a great struggle, even with every load taken off and carried up to level ground by the boys. This of course entailed an immense amount of heavy work for all hands, and by the time it was finished and everything placed on the level above, it was necessary to have breakfast cooked. So much for our first march. After breakfast donkeys were loaded again, and we made a fresh start, as it was necessary to reach the M'poso River by the evening.

"The path now ascended very steeply indeed, and consisted of slippery rocks; several donkeys got up the rise with a struggle, then down went No. 4, then No. 5, and so on. Loads had again to be taken off and carried up to the top of the hill, and put on again there. This hindered us of course, but was unavoidable; all being up, and 'things' put straight, we went ahead again through a small village called Mabiālla's, arriving soon after in a very difficult place, an almost perpendicular wall of rock ascended by a rough rocky stair with turns and twists and jumps of from two to four feet at a time. We made a most determined attempt to get No. 1 donkey up without unloading her, Mac and I tumbling up alongside and fairly carrying the saddle-bags between us; but when two-thirds the way up down she fell heavily, and could not rise. So we had *again* to unload every donkey and have the loads carried up, being the *third* time this operation had to be performed in as many miles. The heat also was excessive and tried us all sorely. Once more we got in order and proceeded now on a much better path, but always steadily ascending and passing

through rank grass eight or ten feet high, nearly obliterating the narrow path.

"We pushed on at a fair pace, and gained the top of the dividing ridge of hills, and when well on the level rested men and donkeys for ten minutes. Proceeding now along the shoulder of a considerable hill we commenced the descent to the M'poso valley, a very steep one, the path being thickly strewn with loose quartz blocks, and requiring great care in guiding the donkeys down. I pushed on ahead to select a camping place, and soon found a tolerably good one close to the river. As the donkeys came in one by one, their loads were immediately taken off and arranged in order. As soon as the tent awning (a contrivance of my own, far more roomy than a tent, and less weight and trouble) arrived, it was unfastened, and throwing the suspending ropes over the branches of a couple of trees about thirty feet apart, it was stretched in a few minutes, the side ropes holding out the awning being tied to the long grass, a very simple and speedy arrangement. Then the hammocks (our own make) were pitched, the ground cleared a bit, firewood fetched, supper cooked, and all put in order for the night. The donkeys, after having been taken to water, were all tied up as usual. Clarke was very poorly, and 'turned in' at once. We divided the night into three watches of three hours each, beginning at nine p.m. until six a.m., I taking the first."

"*Monday*, 16*th*.—Coffee at six a.m., then all hands down to the river to commence the important business of getting our donkeys and goods across. The river here is about fifty yards wide, flowing between high and densely wooded banks, about fifteen feet above the water level. We first stretched our strong rope (carried for such purposes) across the stream, securing the ends to some large trees conveniently growing just where we required them, and found that one boy, by passing his hands along this rope, could pull a small canoe easily from side to side. No. 1 donkey was now brought down and pushed into the water, one boy sitting at the stern and holding the donkey by the head, and two others rapidly pulling the canoe across to the opposite bank, where we had other boys to receive them and take the donkey up the bank to grass. We found our plan work admirably, and in a remarkably short time the whole twenty donkeys were safely conveyed over or rather through the M'poso River, the saddles, saddlebags, bales, etc., following in rapid succession. Meanwhile I was superintending 'breaking camp,' and by eight a.m. everything was finished and over the river, which was very good work, and a much shorter time than we had anticipated. We took breakfast, and then proceeded to load



MOUTH OF THE M'POSO RIVER.

up donkeys and men, the loads having to be carried about a quarter of a mile to the donkeys. This of course occupied some time, the boys working hard and willingly. All being ready, my whistle rung out, and away we went. The path was rough but tolerably even, and gradually ascended a very long hill side. After about fifteen minutes' march we had to cut down a couple of small trees which rather obstructed our passage. This was done in two minutes with one of our American axes, kept handy on No. 2 donkey for such cases. I called a halt for six minutes' rest when about half way up the long hill, and another when we gained the top. The path now became very good, nearly level, and quite smooth; sun-baked clay, hedged in by tall rank grasses and dense undergrowth, interspersed with tall cotton-wood trees, acacias, and graceful palms. We were now travers-

ing the summit of the narrow ridge or range of hills running parallel to the Palabala range, and obtained on either hand lovely views of mountain scenery every few minutes.

"Away behind us the rocky, palm-crowned heights of Nokki stood boldly and grandly out in the clear warm air. More immediately behind us the M'poso wound and curved its silvery length between its verdant and picturesque banks. To our left we caught a glimpse of the great Congo itself through an opening in the perfect sea of hills and valleys intervening; and on our right the long and wooded eminence of Palabala and one or two other small villages. We were making good progress, both donkeys and men stepping out well. We passed through a small town quite hidden by luxuriant palm trees, and halted a few hundred yards beyond. . . . Just at the angle where two paths diverged we beheld a strange, sad sight. A native man had been burnt to death for attempting to shoot a young king and seriously wounding him. In the centre of the triangular space was a large circular heap of whitened ashes, with a charred stake in the middle. A few yards from this was the gun with which the deed had been done, stuck into the ground, muzzle down. McKergow and I, advancing to have a nearer look, found the calcined skull of the wretched criminal. . . ."

Passing by Palabala with only a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Craven and the "king," not delaying the caravan at all, they progressed fairly well on Friday, the 20th, as the path wound about, up and down over gentle rises, and through wooded valleys. Still one or two of the donkeys became intractable, and would not go on—arriving an hour after the caravan at the camping place. On Saturday two of the donkeys were already dead. Each death made a loss of carrying power to the extent of eighty pounds, and the loads of the dead beasts had to be otherwise disposed of.

"*Thursday*, 26*th*.—Started at 6.30 a.m. Very heavy day indeed, steep hills, deep valleys, almost impenetrable woods, and so on, to traverse. No. 18 donkey gave in at once; its load and saddle were

taken off and carried, but then it would not move. I was bound to push on with the main body, although I made several long halts to give time for No. 18 to be brought on if possible. We did not halt for breakfast until noon, and there was not a drop of water to be had; we of course carried enough for our own use in our indiarubber water bags (which have proved very valuable acquisitions, and I can recommend their use to other travellers in dry countries).

"About an hour and a half after we had halted second headman and others came in, reporting No. 18 donkey a fixture, and attacked by hundreds of wasps; and No. 16 having also come to grief, his loads were brought in; this was very annoying indeed. I was determined not to leave the donkeys without a struggle, so I sent the second headman back and two other men to bring up both, or at any rate one of them, ordering him to stay all night if necessary. Then we went on again, and emerging from the wood, passed down in an hour and a half to the river Silenne; camped here all next day, and proceeded on Saturday morning; halted again on Sunday and Monday, the donkeys being so weak."

So things went on! One donkey after another died, till the twenty-five were reduced to half a dozen, and Mr. McCall determined to abandon the attempt to use them, and to get on without their help, which has indeed proved to be only hindrance.

It was a sore disappointment, and it was not clear why the poor beasts failed. Whether the fatigue was excessive, or the food did not suit them, or whether they ate something poisonous, their owners were never satisfied. But it was evident they were no use on journeys, and the hope of help from a beast of burden had to be abandoned.

With it went also all hope of keeping the party together and carrying at one time sufficient stores to advance boldly to the Pool. Henceforth there

would have to be short journeys, halts, returns of some of the white men in charge of Kroo-boys to bring up more goods and so forth ; and all this meant constant exposure, severe labour, and ever-recurring risks.

But there was no help. The *natives* would not at that time carry ; they were too timid to go up the river into the unknown regions beyond. *Now* native caravans go freely, and without a white man. Progress has already been very rapid on the Congo. The last ten years have made wonderful differences. Many barriers have been broken down, and the confidence of the natives has been gained.

But in 1880 gangs of native porters to go to the Pool were not to be had for love or money. With only such stores therefore as could be carried by their own Kroo-boys, the party moved on from Banza Manteka While there McCall had a very severe illness, an attack of inflammation of the liver. Years previously in the Zambesi country he had had a similar one. This recurrence indicated that he was really unfit for tropical life ; but he was loth to think so, and treating himself vigorously for the malady, he resolved to push on as soon as at all well enough, in spite of much weakness and pain.

Starting on the 5th of October, and aware that by the end of the month the first part of the rainy season would be coming on, they were intensely anxious to lose no time. But, alas ! this most precious treasure is precisely the thing which travellers in Africa *must* lose, whether they will or no ! The natives have no

idea of the value of time, nor can they conceive why it should make the slightest difference whether a party moves on this week or the next.[1] They will cheerfully waste a whole day, or two if it be needful, to secure a better price for their goods, when there is the least chance of doing so at last. With all their ignorance they have learnt the secret of a "masterly inactivity"; and when they do not wish a white man to proceed with his caravan, they perfectly understand how to oppose without opposing, by simply creating obstacles, promising help which they have no intention of rendering, and insisting on imaginary difficulties ahead. The slightest use or even threat of force would at once clear the way in most cases, for the native African is generally a timid being, and inclined to fear, look up to, and reverence the white man. But missionaries cannot *force* their way, they have to *win* it; and if they cannot do this, to wait, or turn aside and try some other route. So it was on this occasion. The "kings" of the first district

[1] Professor Drummond, in his "Tropical Africa," says: "Among the presents which I took for chiefs, I was innocent enough to include a watch. I might as well have taken a grand piano. For months I never looked at my own watch in that land of sunshine. Besides, the mere idea of time has scarcely yet penetrated the African mind, and forms no element whatever in his calculations. I wanted on one occasion to catch the little steamer on the Shiré, and pleaded this as an excuse to a rather powerful chief, whom it would have been dangerous to quarrel with, and who would not let me leave his village. The man merely stared. The idea of any one being in a hurry was not only preposterous, but inconceivable; and I might as well have urged as my reason for wishing away that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles."

they passed, assured Mr. McCall that there would be fighting if he went any farther, and alluded to the fact that a missionary *had* been shot at Makuta not long before. This was true, as our friends were aware, Mr. Comber, of the B.M.S., having been shot in trying to escape from a most unexpected and unprovoked attack by the people of that place. Wishing therefore to avoid any conflict with the natives, our party turned towards the great river, and making a camp at a place they named Riverleigh pondered prayerfully how best to proceed.

From this point the river was evidently navigable, and Mr. Stanley considered it so far as Manyanga, near which place they wished to establish the next station. That the navigation would be sadly risky in native canoes was very evident. But no *artificial* impediment could be opposed to the progress of the party by water, and as there would be less difficulty about carriage of goods, time would probably be saved. So it was decided that, if canoes and paddles and a guide used to the river could be procured, the next stage should be attempted by water.

Hiring a couple of large canoes for a month, they were again detained for many days by the duplicity and prevarication of local chiefs, who promised guides and paddles, and then broke their word. They had to start without guides at last on the turbulent and treacherous Congo, and with varying fortunes and not a few perils, made their way up it to a place in the territory of Manyanga called Bemba. Here they had to put up a temporary shelter, for the rainy

season was, alas! already upon them, the river tremendously swollen, and tornadoes and storms frequent.

It was evident little more could be done that year in the way of advance. So the only thing was to gain what knowledge they could of the language, make friends with the people, collect their goods at this point, and prepare for a fresh start as soon as the weather permitted. McCall was greatly disappointed! But he wrote submissively:

"We know everything is in the Lord's almighty and loving hands; He can and will help us; He knows best, and we are willing to await His own time and way. Our constant trust is in Him, and we rest assured in all our trials that if it is His holy will that this mission shall prosper and advance, He will enable us to do our part towards making it do so. My whole soul and spirit is bent on the success of this work, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, and for His sake only. It is His work, and He alone can make it a success; in Him alone do I trust."

He had no thought of lingering longer than was needful at Bemba. His determination to reach the interior was firm, and his desire to do so strong. He knew that though all this expense of labour and money and time, and even health, did not seem to be on direct mission work, yet that in reality it was so. He had studied with deep interest Blaikie's "Personal Life of Livingstone," with its revelation of the utter falsity of many a critique on the life of that noble missionary hero.

The most important missionary work has not

always the appearance of missionary work at all. In this, as in all else, we must judge not according to outward appearance, but "judge righteous judgment." Many were found a few years back harshly criticising the course and career of David Livingstone, and rashly accusing him of having abandoned the work of the missionary for that of the geographer and explorer, or at best of the philanthropist. No one would now venture to hazard such an opinion. It was the high and holy purpose of *opening up a new world to the gospel* that impelled and sustained this prince of missionaries throughout his thirty years of weary pilgrimage and terrible sufferings. He was not *less* of a missionary than Moffat or others, but *more*, though he laid aside the ordinary routine work of a single station, and betook himself instead to the task of introducing to the knowledge and sympathies of the Christian Church *an entire continent*, cursed under the withering blight of heathenism, and crushed under the cruel yoke of slavery.

He once wrote: "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those of persons whose ideal of a missionary is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at a forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and in medical practice. I feel that I am not my own, and that I am equally serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation." True! and it was the material rather than the spiritual side of the work on the Congo which was prominent in 1880. To dear

Adam McCall and his colleagues at that time was committed the hard preparatory task of exploration and station-building, rather than the happier one of direct evangelization.

Afterwards came tidings of schools and converts and Churches, but the time of which we now write was one of struggle with overwhelming physical and moral difficulties in the endeavour to obtain a footing in the country. Week after week McCall's diaries conveyed some idea of what it was to try and penetrate to the Upper Congo, and the question would sometimes arise, Was it worth while to make such efforts in order to reach a certain point? The name of our mission gave the answer. We had christened it the Livingstone Inland Mission. The first word recalled *an example*, the second defined *an aim*. Our sphere was the interior, not the cataract region. Was it not worth while, ay, and well worth while, to make a great effort to win the *key* of a gloomy prison house, if by so doing one might throw open its doors and liberate countless captives from long, hopeless, and cruel bondage?

Stanley Pool was the gateway to a vast and unexplored world, teeming with millions of our fellow creatures, to whom Christ had bid us carry the glad tidings of forgiveness and eternal life. It was a *lost world*, emphatically such! The law of God had never reached it, much less the gospel! It was a world showing the depth of degradation into which the human race can sink, when left without any other

Divine revelation than the lights of nature and of conscience.

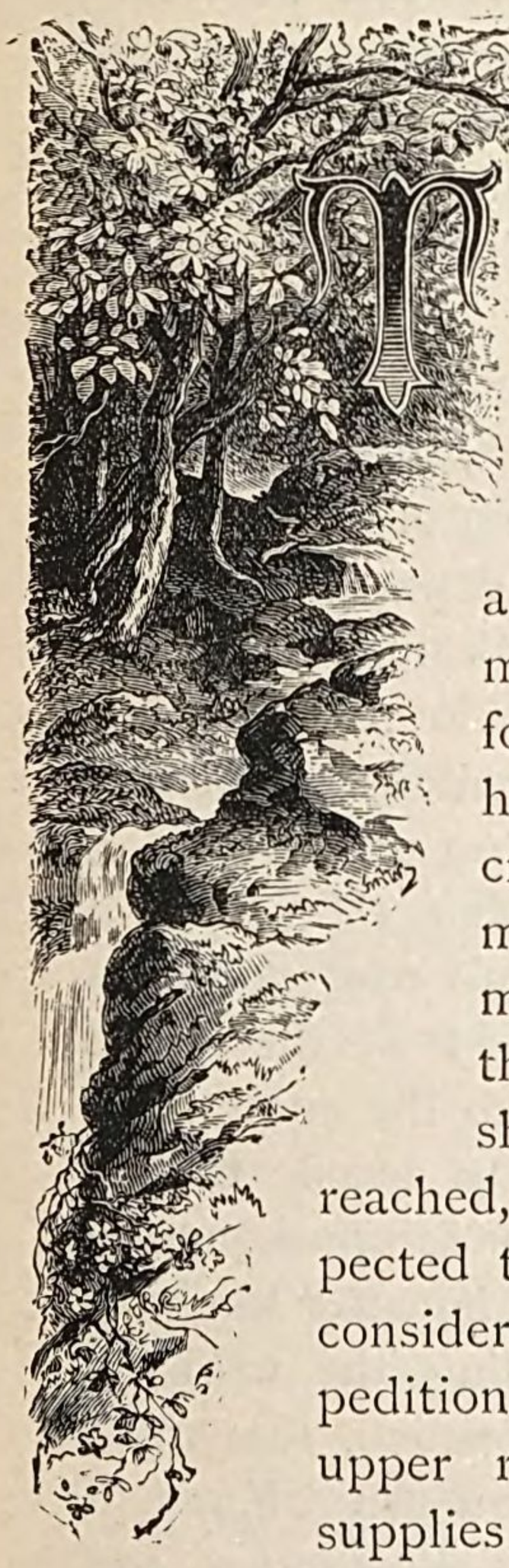
But it was a world out of which Christ must have some trophies, a world which God loved, a world in which the gospel must be preached before the end come. Did we not well then to strive to enter its gate with the prayer, "Thy kingdom come"? And though dear Adam McCall was destined never to set eyes on the Upper Congo, did *he* not well to risk his life in the endeavour to take into that dark world the light of life?

But we must not anticipate. We are as yet only in the autumn of 1880. Of the fifteen missionaries sent out so far, two had, as we have seen, died, and two had been recalled as not suited for the work. We must leave the remaining eleven at their four stations on the banks of the Congo, to return for a moment to the banks of the Thames, and mention what was meantime going on in England in connexion with the mission.



CHAPTER III.

CHANGE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MISSION.



THE same blessed Spirit which was working in the hearts of the devoted labourers in Africa was working also in many hearts at home, on Africa's behalf. Every foreign mission must needs have a home department, and this latter must bear a due proportion to the former. Now the Congo Mission had been rapidly growing and increasing its demands since its very modest and inexpensive commencement in 1878, and especially during the year 1880. Experience had shown that if the interior was to be reached, these demands could not be expected to decrease, but the reverse. The considerable sum expended on the last expedition had only carried it half way to the upper river. Reinforcements and large supplies would again be needed in the spring. The committee began to feel that the small constituency of friends interested in the Mission would

not be able to bear the strain which its proper prosecution would entail.

The Rev. A. Tilly was unable to devote more time or energy to its interests. He was disappointed that there seemed no prospect of the self-support of which he had been sanguine, as indeed were other members of the council. He resigned his position as secretary, and as no member of the council was prepared to undertake the post it seemed difficult to see how the rapidly increasing necessities of the mission were to be provided for.

A considerable share of the home work—the preparation and outfitting of the men, and especially of the McCall expedition—the raising of funds for it; —the public meeting and literary departments, had already been done in connexion with our Missionary Institute at Harley House. But no *responsibility*, save that which we shared with the other members of the committee, had hitherto rested on us. But at a meeting of the committee in October, 1880, after a discussion arising out of Mr. Tilly's resignation of the secretaryship, the writer was asked to fill the vacant post, and become official Secretary to the committee. For many reasons we felt unable to accede to this proposal, and various other plans were consequently considered. None of them seemed however likely to succeed in sustaining and extending the work in Africa. Feeling that whatever happened, *that* must not be allowed to suffer, we subsequently offered, if the committee wished, *to take over the mission, and carry it on as a branch of our East London Institute,*

undertaking the sole responsibility of its support and management. We were conscious that in doing this we were assuming very grave additional burdens, both practical and financial. But Providence had made the Divine will that Central Africa should be evangelized *so* plain, that we dared not doubt that the Lord would provide for His own service in that new and dark world, and supply the strength and wisdom as well as the money needed. We expressed the hope that, should this plan be adopted, the existing committee would continue their connexion with the Mission, in the modified relation of an advisory Council.

After full discussion and careful consideration of the question in all its bearings, the committee expressed a decided and unanimous wish that this course should be adopted, and the following entry was accordingly made by the secretary in the minute book:

> The secretary having expressed his decision that his resignation must take effect from that meeting, the question of a successor was carefully considered. Much conversation ensued as to the advisability of engaging a paid secretary; but it was felt that if such an officer were engaged, it was by no means certain that he would be able materially to advance the cause of the mission, inasmuch as such a secretary could only reach the constituency of his committee, and the L.I.M., having a very small circle of friends, could not give him such introductions as would make it worth while for him to devote all his time to travelling on behalf of the mission.
>
> Under the circumstances, it was the unanimous wish of the committee that Mrs. Guinness should undertake the office. This she entirely declined doing, on the grounds, first, that her hands were already sufficiently full; secondly, that she never had acted, and never wished to act as secretary *to a committee;* and, thirdly, that she could not see her way, while acting for the committee, to raise the funds

necessary for the carrying on of the mission. The matter however was pressed, and Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, seeing the difficulty in which the committee were, stated that the only ground on which they could take the secretaryship of the mission, involving practically *the raising of the funds for its support*, would be that it should henceforth be regarded as a branch of their own work, and identified with their "East London Mission Institute."

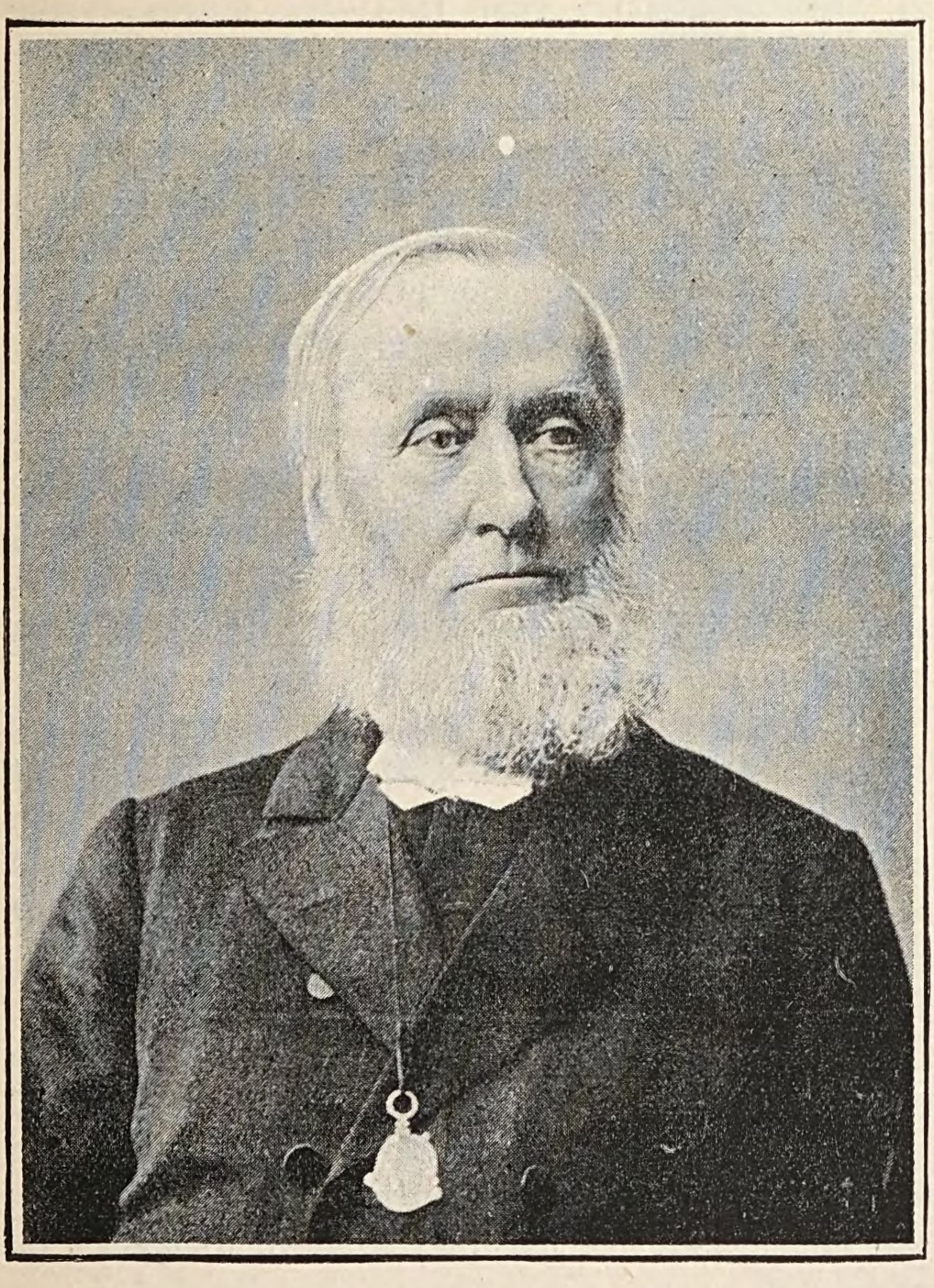
They stated that if it were *the wish of the committee*, they were willing to *consent* to such an arrangement, though they did not in the least desire it, nor would they for a moment press it. They added, that should such an arrangement be carried out, they should still hope to benefit by the wisdom and experience of the existing committee, *as a council of reference;* that is, that while the management and support of the mission would be entirely in their own hands, and while they should henceforth speak of it as a part of their work, they would summon the members of the late committee every three months, and take counsel with them on all steps of importance.

This was unanimously agreed to by the committee, and it was arranged that the books and papers of the mission should be handed over to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, who would henceforth be solely responsible for the conduct and support of the mission.

A very cordial vote of thanks to the Rev. A. Tilly for his three years' service as Secretary was also entered. The Mission owed to him its inception and birth, and such was his interest in it, that had he been able to continue his management of it he would never have resigned his post. But its increasing demands made the resignation of his pastorate the only alternative course, and this he could not see to be a justifiable step.

The Livingstone Inland Mission thus, in the third year of its existence, became identified with our East London Mission Institute,[1] and the writer thenceforward acted as its Secretary.

[1] See Appendix.



THE REV. ALFRED TILLY, OF CARDIFF,

SECRETARY OF THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION

FROM 1878–1880.



THE year 1881—the fourth of the mission, and the first of our sole management of it—was a very eventful one in its history. Great encouragements were received, on the one hand, and profound discouragements, on the other. Our faith was strengthened and our hearts cheered by the evidence that God was graciously working with us, or, rather, permitting us to work with Him, in carrying out His purposes of mercy to Africa; yet was it also severely tested by difficulty, disappointment, disaster, and death. We will take a glance, first at the home side of the work, and then at its African aspect.

Many of the missionaries had urged the importance of establishing a base station for the mission at Banana, the port of debarkation for the Congo from the ocean steamers. They had also urged the need of a boat of our own on the lower river. Without this our chain of inland stations, already numbering four, seemed to lack the link of connexion with the outer world. There is *now* an hotel at Banana, but in those days there was no such accommodation; and though the traders settled there might be kind and hospitable, it did not of course do to trouble them too much, and was not well to have to *depend* on them.

To take over from a steamer and land in small boats a consignment of goods is no easy work under a tropical sun. It seemed desirable to have a store

ready to receive such consignments, and an agent to see them despatched up the river. Moreover it was constantly needful to have a house at which a fresh party of missionaries could tarry while awaiting transit to Matadi, and where invalid missionaries on the way home could be nursed and cared for until the arrival of the homeward-bound steamer. And besides all this Banana itself needed missionaries. Not only were the natives there as well as elsewhere heathen, but the few Europeans resident in the neighbourhood were totally destitute of religious help. We had given due weight to all these considerations, and our council had agreed with us that it would be well to establish a station at Banana. Being by the sea we hoped the place would prove healthy, and a medical man was resident there in case of need. Representatives of many tribes from both north and south visited Banana for purposes of trade, and it was hoped that by gaining an influence over these men the way for mission work in many directions might be made open.

We wrote to Africa consequently, saying that though at the time we had no means in hand for the purpose, we hoped early in the spring to send out four new *missionaries*, with an iron *house* to construct at Banana, a *boat* of some sort for the lower river, and *supplies* for another twelve months. Mr. McCall had mentioned that he would have to be at Banana in April to send home his gang of Kroo-boys (for they never engage for more than a year at a time), and that if the fresh party were there about that time, he

would see to the construction of the house, and to the safety of the boat, which would require a landing stage and anchorage in the Creek.

Much prayer was made to God that these various needs might be supplied if it were His will, and we sought to make them known among His people. The sympathy evinced was great. From all parts of this and other lands came donations, varying from a widow's mite and a little Sunday-school or Bible-class collection to gifts of hundreds of pounds. One lady undertook to pay the passage and outfit of two of the missionaries; another sent £500 in a single gift. A dear little schoolgirl wrote that she had saved a pound out of her pocket-money, and added, "Is it too little to go to the Congo? I should like it to go to that!"

The Lord moved many hearts. Four hundred donations were sent for the mission in the first three months of the year, making together a sum of over £3,000. Our hearts were filled with thankfulness, and we realized that all who thus cheerfully aided with their substance were as much workers for Congo-land as the dear brethren and sisters residing among its dark and degraded inhabitants. The bold pioneer, the patient teacher, the clever mechanic, the unwearied traveller, were not more needed in the enterprise than the liberal-hearted merchant in his office and the gentle lady in her drawing-room, who, moved by compassion for the poor Africans, willingly offered to the Lord for their benefit silver and gold. And we remembered with joy that He who *loves* a cheerful giver would equally reward the widow who sent her

mite, the little ones who gave their pence, and the hardworking men and women who contributed the fruit of their business and toil. Not one grudging or reluctantly given pound was spent on the mission! Very rarely did we seek help from individuals at all, and then only from the wealthier members of the council for the larger needs of the mission.

The house for Banana was given by two generous brothers in London, well known for noble deeds, and who had the honour of erecting the first substantial dwelling for Christian work on the Congo. It contained two sitting-rooms and a large store for goods on the ground floor, with two double and two single bedrooms upstairs. It was provided with a good verandah all round for coolness. The kitchen offices and schoolroom—which in that hot climate it is desirable to keep separate, for coolness, cleanliness, and quiet—were detached from the main building.

It was ultimately decided that the boat, instead of being a sailing one merely, as originally intended, should be provided with engines and steam power in case of need. We had hesitated about this at first on the grounds of the additional expense and the need of skilled management. But one of the outgoing missionaries had been a sailor, and was able and willing to be responsible for the working of a steamer. The current of the Lower Congo, even in its comparatively calm lower waters, is so rapid that *rowing* against it must always be tedious and laborious work. The breeze from the sea which would carry up a boat under sail is never to be

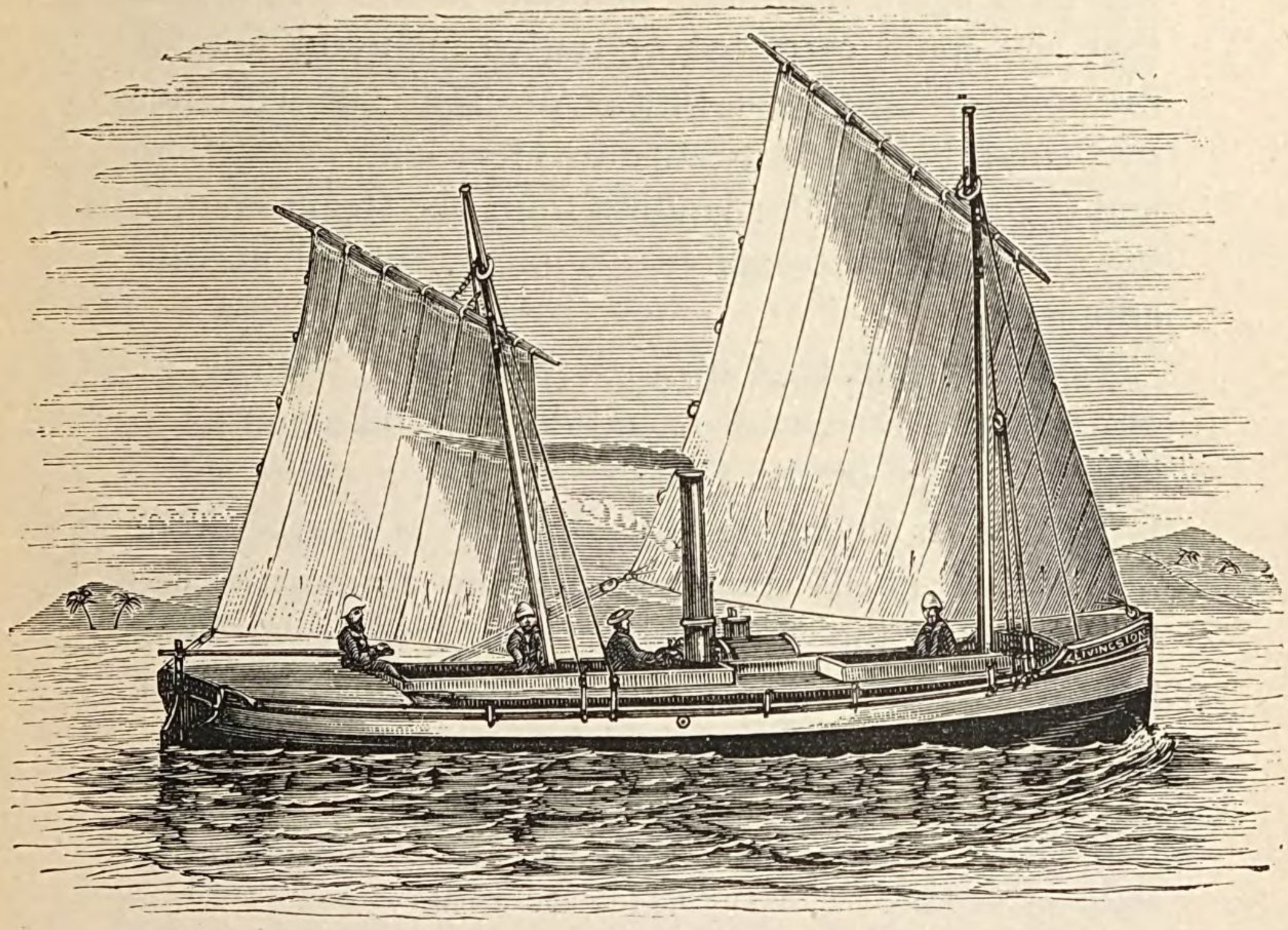
depended on, and seldom blows in the earlier part of the day. The dangerous character of the navigation prevents sailing after sunset, for the collision between the inflowing tide and the outrushing river causes such a disturbance of the waters that skill and care are requisite to avoid eddies and whirlpools.

Hence, though the distance between Banana and Matadi was only a hundred miles, our friends had often had to spend five or six days in getting from the one point to the other. They had frequently been detained at Boma on the way, and sometimes laid up there with fever. Under steam they would be able to accomplish this voyage with ease in one to two days, and be quite independent of wind and tide. The saving of time thus effected on every voyage was itself important, but the avoidance of prolonged exposure in so dangerous a climate even more so.

The launch would be able to go down month by month, to meet the mails and take up cargo. She would be available to take sick men down to the sea at any time, and might thus save life. So a suitable boat was secured,

THE STEAM-LAUNCH "LIVINGSTONE."

This little vessel was beautifully built of mahogany, so that it might not warp on exposure to the sun, copper bottomed to preserve the wood, forty feet long by seven broad, with high-pressure cylinder engines, and small multitubular boiler. She was adapted to



sail well with the lightest breeze, and could also be propelled by oars in case no fuel was forthcoming. She was launched from Forrests' yard, Limehouse, on the 9th of March, and prayer was offered from her deck by four of the outgoing missionaries in succession, to which many spectators present, including all the students of the Institute, added heartfelt amens.

A glad hymn of praise arose from a hundred thankful hearts as the little launch glided down into the waters of the Thames. It was a joy to think what a comfort she would be to the dear missionaries in Africa. She was well fitted with awnings to protect

her passengers from the sun, and it was calculated that she could carry ten or twelve men and four or five tons of cargo at a time. We sent out with her two small boats, one twenty-two feet long for rowing, and a smaller one for landing from the steam launch, together with a complete equipment of all needful adjuncts.

Several prophets of ill omen foretold on the voyage out that this little craft would do no good against the strong current of the Congo. It was a great satisfaction to us therefore subsequently to receive from Mr. McCall at Banana the following account of the trial trip of the *Livingstone*, which we give here, though a little out of place chronologically, in order to complete the story of the boat.

Everybody here, including myself, *thought the engines of the "Livingstone" far too small to drive the launch up the river.* On Thursday afternoon we loaded her up with a ton and a half of cargo, boxes of rice, bales, and packages, together with about three-quarters of a ton of coal. We loaded her carefully, so as to balance her well fore and aft, and put the propellers well down in the water. Everything was prepared for a fair start next morning.

May 6th, 1881.—We steamed out of Banana at 6.15 a.m., with a pilot at the helm (lent by the French house), Angus and I in the stern, Joe at his post managing the engines, Joe (No. 2) the black stoker also at his work, and the three hands "forr'ad." We started out in good form under seventy pounds steam pressure. I had not seen the pretty little engines working, and was half afraid of their power; but I soon discovered that they could drive us through the current splendidly. It was a lovely morning, the water calm as a lake, the rising sun gleaming brightly over the placid river. Our little *Livingstone* flew along steady as a rock, graceful as a swan, comfortable as an armchair!

Soon we rounded Boolambemba Point (the commencement of the Congo River proper), and entered upon our task of steaming up

against the current; but *to my joy and satisfaction we went ahead almost as if there were no current against us!* We "pounded" away (pardon the word) mile after mile, the strength of the current always increasing, the little engine humming with the rapidity of its revolutions, and the propeller raising a perfect whirlpool astern, making the seething water hiss and curl up under our counter until it nearly reached the gunwales. We soon sighted Bull Island, and, reaching it, crossed the river (to avoid banks, etc.) to the south side, passed close by Kissanga (Dutch and Portuguese trading station), soon after recrossing the river in a long diagonal, past numerous low sandy islands, steering right for Ponta da Lenha. . . . We ranged up alongside the landing stage of the French house just at 11 a.m., only four hours and three-quarters from Banana, a distance of over thirty miles, about thirty-six I believe.

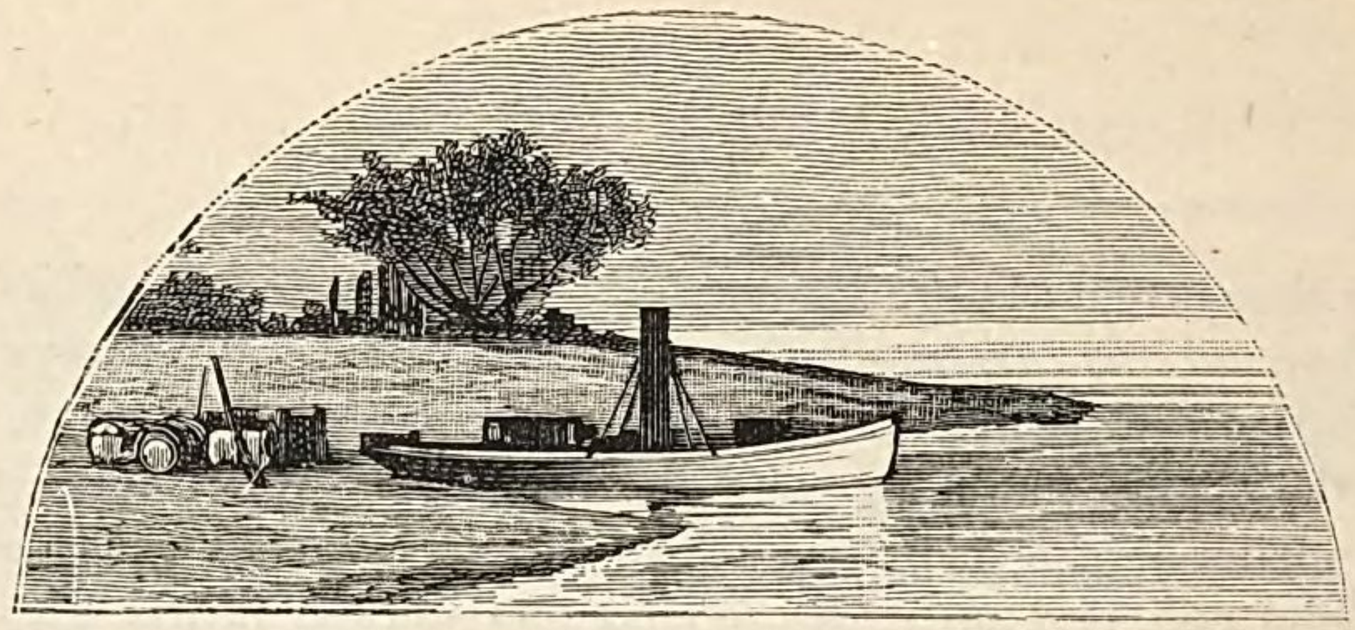
At 12.30 we were again under steam and away for Boma, where we arrived about 5 p.m. and made fast at the pier of the French house, everybody remarking what a capital run we had made. After dinner I called on Mr. Greshoff to request him to let me have a little coal. We arranged for our boys to come for it in the morning early.

Saturday, 7th.—Steam up at 6 a.m. Some delay getting the coal; finally started for Massuca and Nokki at 7 a.m., and arrived at Massuca, after a capital run of exactly four hours, a distance of thirty miles, and strong current. I met Mr. Grenfell here for the first time, and had a chat with him. Left again for Nokki soon after 1 p.m., running direct in about one hour, thus making the entire "run," a distance of 105 to 110 miles, in a *day and a half*, including stoppages, fourteen hours of actual steaming. No steamer on the river, Stanley's or otherwise, has ever done it in a shorter time.

I need hardly say I was *delighted* and proud of our bonnie wee boatie! We had been taken at first sight, by the white people all the way up, for a man-o'-war's launch, principally on account of our flag, "the red ensign" of dear old England, which waved cheerily from our flagstaff at the stern.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Craven (to whom I had sent up a message) arrived at noon *en route* to Massuca, to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell. Having discharged cargo, we took on board some things Craven had brought down for me, and thirty sacks of peanuts (for the French house) for ballast, as the propeller must be under water to travel properly.

On Tuesday morning at 6.30 we steamed out of Nokki, Mr. and Mrs. Craven and Signor Martini as passengers; in *twenty-eight minutes*



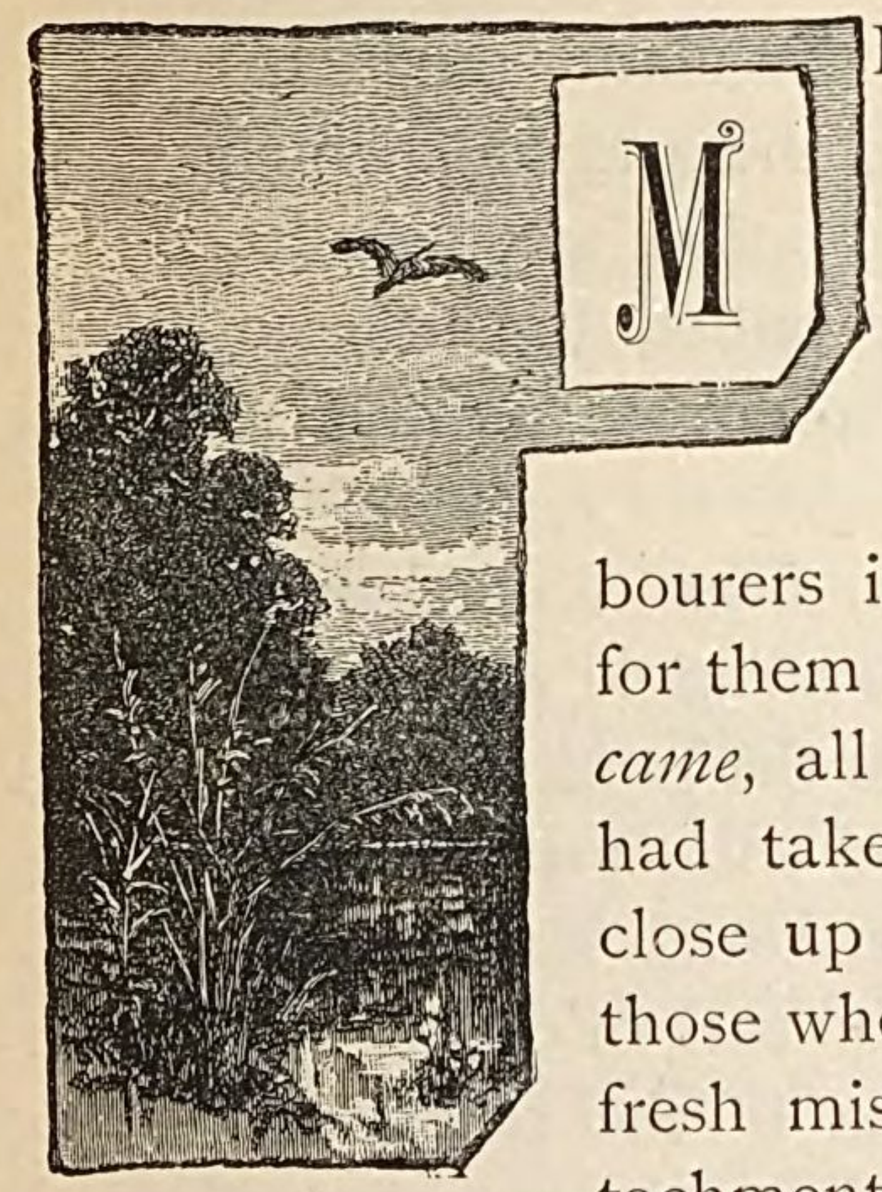
we were at Massuca. Mr. Grenfell came alongside with his boat, into which Mr. and Mrs. Craven stepped at once, and in two minutes we were off "full steam ahead" for Boma. We regularly flew down *with* the current, and actually arrived at Boma in two hours from Massuca, *i.e.* fifteen miles an hour. Magnificent!

Here I had a call or two to make, and to get some more coal, so that we did not start again until 10.10 a.m., when we ran for Banana direct without going to Ponta da Lenha. We had a fine run down; and although the last fifteen or twenty miles were *against wind and tide* and a head sea, we cut through splendidly, tossing the spray far and wide, and, with only half pressure, arrived at Banana at 3 p.m.; i.e. *ten minutes under five hours*, a distance of seventy miles! With a full head of steam we could have done it easily in four hours and a half.

So ended the trial trip of our pretty little *Livingstone*, to the complete satisfaction of all parties, and with hearty thanksgivings to our loving Father, the Giver of all good gifts, and the One in whom is our trust, our joy, and our hope now and for ever.

In reply to some advice about being very careful in the navigation and working of the little steam launch, he wrote subsequently:

"You may rest assured that every care is taken of our dear little *Livingstone*. We are all too fond of her, and too proud of her, to neglect her, and moreover we look upon her as specially under God's protecting care, because consecrated as we ourselves are to His service. She never leaves for a trip up river without being specially commended to God. Everything down to the minutest detail is daily put by us into God's hands, to guide and do with us as He thinks best."



MEANS and material help were not however all that were needed in order effectually to reinforce the mission. The great essential was *men*. The Lord alone can send forth labourers into His harvest; but we prayed for them and watched for them, *and they came*, all undaunted by the deaths that had taken place, anxious and eager to close up the ranks and fill the posts of those who had fallen. No less than nine fresh missionaries went out in three detachments this year 1881.

The first party, which sailed in March, consisted of Mr. Ingham, once a soldier, who had acquired experience in leading and commanding men as a corporal in the army before he became a student in the Institute, and who had also been accustomed, in philanthropic work, to the management of the young, as well as to active gospel efforts among the poor. Mr. George Angus had also been a soldier, but had, in addition, received a nautical training. He had already been in Australia and in Zululand, where he took part in the relief of Ekowe, and formed one of the flying column sent in pursuit of Cetewayo. He was at the burned and desolated kraal of the Zulu king, when he was brought in a captive at last—a giant man, clad in tiger skin, and of a kingly bearing even in his captivity. Mr. Angus had been converted to God when staying in Dublin some time previously. What he

observed during this sojourn in Zululand made his heart yearn over the heathen, and the gratitude which he felt to God for his own preservation, when multitudes fell around him from the bullet, the assegai, and the fever, constrained him to devote himself to the spread of the gospel.

Mr. Smith was a Scotchman, from Lanarkshire, and had had, like Livingstone, to struggle with many difficulties in his early life, and in the process of self-education. He was fully qualified as a carpenter and joiner before he became a student, and knew something besides of farming and of the care of cattle.

Mr. Waters, the fourth member of the party, had had no experience of this kind, but was acquainted with trade, and was a thoroughly practical man, as well as an earnest preacher and successful home mission worker.

All four were consequently men able, not only to evangelize, but to assist in civilizing the tribes on the banks of the Congo.

Sir Arthur Blackwood presided at a crowded farewell meeting held at the West End of London, to commend this party to the care and blessing of God. Contrasting this departure with one of troops for South Africa which had just taken place, he said:

"*Our* meeting may evoke no enthusiasm throughout the United Kingdom, but high heaven watches our proceedings with intense interest. In sympathising with and helping this band of ambassadors for Christ, about to start for Central Africa, we are taking part in an enterprise that commands the sympathies of the Lord Jehovah Himself. England can send her noblest and best sons to fight in Southern Africa.

The War Office is besieged by officers volunteering their services, and anxious to fill the gaps where their comrades have fallen, to win a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; what then ought we, who are sworn soldiers of the Cross of Christ, to do in view of the unevangelized millions of Central Africa? Should there not be such a pressing to the front that, instead of four, there should be four thousand young and devoted missionaries starting for the vast regions of Congo-land?"

Lord Polwarth (a member of the council) gave a tonic to the faith of those who were staying behind, as well as of those who were going, by dwelling on the fact that we were together striving not to do our own wills, but simply *to carry out the purposes of God.* HE had purposed that Africa should at last be evangelized, and He has pledged the help of *His* power to those who carry out His purposes. "All power is given unto Me," said Christ; "go ye *therefore*, evangelize all nations." To each of the departing missionaries he gave, as a last message, the grand old promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The Rev. C. Wilson, who had then recently returned from Uganda, was prevented from attending this meeting as he had intended; but Mr. Felkin, who had just come back from escorting the Waganda chiefs sent by King Mtesa as a deputation to the queen, on their return to Zanzibar, gave an address, as also our friend and former student, Captain Hore, just returned from Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika.

The veterans from the field encouraged the recruits for the field with no faltering tone, and the sympathy of the large gathering was a tonic.



A GROUP OF CENTRAL AFRICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Thursday, the 17th of March, was the day on which the missionaries were to start on their long journey. We had arranged to go with them to Liverpool, but one final preparation had to be accomplished before they left London, and that was—a wedding! Mr. Smith was to be married, parting immediately afterwards from his newly wedded wife!

The reason for this strange and somewhat sad course was, that it would have been impossible for Mrs. Smith to accompany her husband at that time, though it was hoped she would be able to join him in a year or so. But they could not postpone the marriage for that hoped for re-union.

There was no opportunity of contracting a marriage on the Congo in 1881, as no consul was resident there, and for a missionary to return in order to be married involved loss of time and money. Both parties and their friends wished to adopt this plan. So Mr. Guinness married them early one morning, and after a season of social fellowship at breakfast, and of prayer and praise afterwards, bride and bridegroom bade each other farewell till they should meet a year later on the banks of the Congo. We had reminded the bride of the possibility that she might be left a widow. "I shall *feel* like one in any case, if he be taken," she replied; "and I would rather bear his name and *be* one than not." She employed the interval in acquiring some medical and nursing skill.

Large and sympathetic meetings were held at Leicester—where the mother of our friend Mr. McCall received with the utmost hospitality the

whole party—and at Liverpool, where on the 18th of March a group of Christian friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Menzies, Mr. Irvine, and many others were gathered to bid the missionaries God speed! Not a few accompanied them even to the ship, which was lying up the river, remaining on board with them for more than an hour. After seeing to the disposal of the luggage, and inspecting the *Livingstone* steam launch (which had been safely conveyed on board the day before), we gathered together for one last prayer-meeting in the cheerful little cabin on deck, which had been allotted to our four brethren, and had a blessed season of united and earnest supplication. There was so much to be gratefully acknowledged "with thanksgiving," so much to be asked of God. From how many dangers they needed to be shielded by His almighty hand! How they would need His all-wise guidance! How feeble the workers, how great the task, but how certain the promise! We were comforted and encouraged by mutual faith, and could even praise God, in anticipation of success, in spite of every difficulty. As the tender left the ship some friends started the cheery strains of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," and the group of missionaries on the deck of the *Corisco* took up the animating song, confessing Christ thus before their fellow passengers from the outset.

By the following steamer, a month later, two more members of the mission, Messrs. Stephen White and Jesse Blunt, sailed. The former—from the land

of Livingstone, like so many of our best missionaries —had acquired some experience and practice in medical work, and the latter was a builder as well as a preacher.

They were ready, and intending to start next day, when on April the 14th letters reached us bringing the tidings of a death to which we will allude more fully presently—that of Mr. Hugh McKergow, one of Mr. McCall's party. Being greatly shocked by the intelligence ourselves, and by the fresh illustration it afforded of the fatal nature of the climate, we felt for a time as if we *could* not let these dear brethren go forward on their journey to this fever-stricken land! We could not have blamed them had they wished to delay their departure till the more healthful interior country was reached. But no such thought seemed to cross their minds. Like ourselves and all the students in the Institute, they were much affected and deeply solemnized by this fresh bereavement; their courage however did not fail, but seemed on the contrary to rise with danger. They realized that they were needed even more than previously, and were only the more anxious to press forward.

We could not but thank God to see that it *is still* as it *was* in the early days of West African missions, when as fast as the labourers fell in "the white man's grave," Sierra Leone, volunteers rushed to the front to fill up the vacant places. The truth that *Christ laid down His life for us*, deeply engraven on the soul, has a power of conforming that soul to the image of Christ. The willingness of His disciples to

lay down their lives in His service, and for His sake, is an unanswerable proof that *His Spirit dwells in His members.*

Learning by later mails that it had become needful to send home some of the staff to recruit health, and that without still further additions the stations would be undermanned, three more brethren sailed by the July steamer, Messrs. Frederickson, Billington, and Engvall. The first was a Dane by birth, a godly and experienced man; the second an engineer, who had consecrated his life to gospel work, and had been trained for the ministry in Mr. Spurgeon's college; and the third was a young Swede, who had been some years with us in the Institute. Thus nine new men were sent out in the course of the year, beside a young Christian sailor of Southampton named Joe Habens, to work the *Livingstone.* Yet such were at this period the difficult conditions of this mission, that these large reinforcements only left the staff in Africa at the end of the year just where it was at the beginning, nine having from one cause or other been lost to it during the twelve months! But we will not anticipate the story of what was going on in Africa, but turn rather to another phase of the home work of this period.



THE CONGO LANGUAGES.

In the summer of this year 1881 Mr. Henry Craven, the first missionary on the Congo, came home on furlough, after three and a half years spent in Africa. He was accompanied by his wife and by three native children, two lads and a little girl. He had passed through many dangerous illnesses, as had also Mrs. Craven, and they both greatly needed the rest and change. Years of very hard work and poor living, of serious anxieties and responsibilities as well as of a tropical climate had considerably altered them both, and at first they were liable to attacks of fever and ague, especially on a chilly day or after overfatigue. But the voyage had done them both good, and after a brief sojourn at home they recovered former vigour.

Mr. Craven's furlough was even more useful to the mission than his continued tarriance in Africa would have been at the time. His knowledge of the language was considerable, but he had had no time to attempt to reduce it to writing, or to prepare any translations or any reading books for the children in the schools.

It is no easy matter for missionaries in such a country as Congo, with no teachers, no books, no interpreter, no educated natives to help them, to pick up a language at all. It is a work needing much patience, to accumulate gradually the words to form a vocabulary or dictionary, and then so to study and ponder over those words, and the mode in which they are used, as to perceive the grammatical construction of

the strange tongue, grasp its rules, and throw it into systematic order and permanent form. Even in a temperate climate, in ordinary health, and with abundant leisure, it would be no easy work. What must it be in a malarious region, under a tropical sun, with perpetually recurring fevers, with incessant interruptions to palaver with extortionate natives for the purchase of daily bread, or to look after native children or to attend to the details of daily duty! Difficult literary work can hardly be expected under such circumstances. This visit was the first opportunity which had arisen of giving close and undisturbed attention to the linguistic requirements of the mission. Mr. Craven, as soon as he was well enough, set to work to prepare a small dictionary; and when the lads could speak English fairly well, Mr. Guinness made use of them to assist him in studying out the grammar of the Fiote language. It turned out to be no poor, half-barbarous dialect, as might have been expected, but one rich in words, and richer still in verbal inflexions, a branch of one of the most extensive and interesting group of languages known, the widespread Bantu family.

The BANTU LANGUAGES extend over the whole of south Central Africa, from six degrees north of the equator to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. To this family belong the Zulu and Kaffir tongues; the Swaheli of the east coast, the Chinyanga and Kiniassa of the highlands of the Shiré and the shores of Lake Nyassa;

the Bechuana and Basuto ; the Damara, Benguella, and Angola ; all the Congo languages, and many others.

All these, though spoken over such enormous areas and by widely different nations, have not only multitudes of words and roots identical or similar, but their *entire grammatical construction* is similar, their idioms are often identical, and one striking and distinctive peculiarity is common to them all. This family feature of the Bantu languages is their *alliterative concord*, or the agreement of all the inflected words in a sentence with the governing nouns, as regards their initial letter or syllable. Thus the same words *change their form*, from sentence to sentence, according to the commencing syllable or letter of the governing nouns in the sentence, a most curious and elsewhere unknown form of grammatical concord.

In studying Kikongo therefore valuable and important aid was derived from the labours of missionaries in other cognate languages, especially from those of Moffat in the Sechuana, Davis in the Kaffir Bishop Steere in the Kishwaheli, and others. After many months of careful, persevering study and work with the lads, Mr. Guinness succeeded in preparing a small elementary grammar, which was of the greatest service to new missionaries, until they could themselves with fuller knowledge produce a better one. He also published a very simple compendium of Mosaic and gospel story with interlinear translation, for the use of beginners, and as a reading book for the schools.

It was found that the Roman alphabet would serve perfectly to express the sounds of the language, and

though it seemed strange for one who had never been in Africa to venture on the task of reducing to a written form one of its tongues, yet the attempt was successful. Mr. H. H. Johnson,—who after his visit to the Congo wrote in the *Graphic*, and afterwards published a volume,—in acknowledging a copy of Mr. Guinness' grammar, referred to "the simplicity and perspicacity which pervade it," and added: "I have written to recommend it heartily at Brussels, in the hope that they may be induced to provide a copy for each *employé* on the Congo. It is, I need not tell you, the present standard of the Congo tongue."

The following specimen of this language may have a double interest. When the lad who had so materially helped in the task was still in England, Mr. Guinness, anxious to gauge his spiritual state, said to him on one occasion, "Robert, you pray to God every day, do you not?" "Yes, sir." "What do you say to Him when you pray?" "Oh, many things." "Tell me some of them. What *do* you say? Tell me in your own language." Softly and slowly the boy pronounced the following words, which were taken down at the time. A word for word translation is added between the lines.

A Congo Lad's Prayer.

O Nzambi Inge Setu; kutu kebanga; Inge kutu-
O God Thou (art) our Father Thou us art keeping; Thou (art)
vananga edia yayonso lumbu. O Muan' aku wafua
giving us food every day. Son (child) Thy died
konta zetu. O katala zazibi zetu. Wuu talanga
for us. Take away sins our. Thou us (art) beholding

yayonso lumbu. Katwa fete vanga wawubi. O
every day. Do not let us do evil. O
kala yetu kasi kuna tukwenda. O kalanga omu
be with us wherever we go. O be (continually) in
tudimi tuetu. Kwadi kutu bika ko tuavovanga e
tongues (speech) our. Do not let us speak (speak-
makutu. O Tata, katala ilekwa yayonsono yayibi.
ing) lies. O Father, take away things all evil.
Utuzesa Mpevi aku okun chima mietu. Katala
Fill Thou us (with) Spirit Thy hearts our. Take away
Ndoki. Katala banza yayibi. Inge kaka Setu,
Satan. Take away thoughts evil. Thou alone (art) our Father,
utuvanang' edia yayonso lumbu, kasi ilekwa kina
Thou giving us food every day as (whatever) things
tutomba, Inge wutuveni. O Tata, Inge wabiza
we find Thou givest us. O Father, Thou (art) good
kwandi beni. Inge tondali nsi yayi beni. O Jisus,
indeed very. Thou lovest earth this much. O Jesus,
wututalanga yayonso lumbu, katwa fete vanga
looking on us every day, do not let us do
wawubi. O Tata, vangisi missionaries zendanga kuna
evil. O Father, make missionaries go (going) to
Kongo benda longanga ye wantu ana twizi kala
Congo going teaching people to come (and) live
yaku oku zulu.
with Thee in heaven.

O Tata, zesa Mpevi aku kuna nchima mi-a-u,
O Father, fill (with) Spirit Thy in hearts their
ubavanganga nchima mi-a-u- mia sang' e vwadi kasi
making them hearts their believe as
wuna belongwanga. O Jisus, Inge wafita kwiza
they are taught. O Jesus, Thou shalt come
diaka kuza landa yetu ku zulu.
again Thou to bring us to heaven.

O Jisus, utuvana Mpevi aku kwai yetu utuvanga
O Jesus, give us Spirit Thy to us making us
ntouzi zabiza beni, ibosi e Mindeli batuvutidi diaka
boys good very, then the white men will return us again
kuna Kongo tune longi a ni-etu. O Jisus, kala kwai
to Congo us to teach our kindred. O Jesus, be with
yetu yayonso lumbu.
us every day.

O Jisus, Nzambi, Ingeye wuna kwaku vava, una
O Jesus, God, Thou art (even) Thou here now
kutu tala kwetu. O Jisus, keba zimissionaries zina
Thou us seest Thou. O Jesus, keep missionaries those
kuna Kongo bana longa Fiote wa-u; uba sadisa
in Congo they teach Fyot (people) there; them Thou help
bazai-a beni e Fiote kiabiza, batoma longanga
to know well the Fyot (tongue) good (or well) them with care instructing
a Fiote. O uba sadisa bawanga kasi omana
Fyot (people). O help them to hear (understand) as they
belongwanga kwa Mindeli. Vanga e Mindeli mia-
are being taught by white men. Make the white men (to be)
mingi, bafidisanga e vanza yayingi, ya sumbwanga e
many, sending moneys much to (use in) buying
zimbongo, zafidiswanga kuna Kongo zalongila e
cloth, sending to Congo (persons) to teach the
wantu. Yana kabawilu mpobi a Jisus. O Tata,
people. They do not hear (know) the command (or teachings) of Jesus. O Father,
keba nfumu, vanga nchim' andi esemeni. Kwadi
keep the king, make heart his clean. Do not
bika ko kavondisanga e wantu. Keba zintouzi
let him kill (be killing) the people. Keep boys
zazonsono zina kuna Kongo. Ubavanga bazona e
all those in Congo. Make them love the
zimissionaries. Zesa nsi yayi kwa Mpevi aku.
missionaries. Fill earth this with Spirit Thy.
Keba abana kwendanga muna dikumbi; keba abe
Keep those going in the ship (steamer); keep those
kwendang' ombazi. Keba yetu tuna vava.
going to-morrow (to Congo). Keep us we who (are) here.

O Tata, keba bana kuna Kilifi; ya bana kuna
O Father, keep those at Cliff, and those at
Lesta; ubavanga nchima mi-a-u semeni. Utu sadisa
Leicester; make (making) hearts their clean. Help us
tuazaiya beni nkanda, ibosi tuvutukidi diaka kuna
to know well book, then we go back again to
Kongo. Kwadi bika ko tua vondananga. Inge kutu
Congo. Do not let us be killing one another. Thou us
kebanga yayonso lumbu. Inge kutu vananga kioso
art keeping every day. Thou us art giving any
kilekwa kina tukulomba. Keba bana kuna Kongo.
thing we ask Thee. Keep those in Congo.

Ubavanga evwadi, kasi mana bilongwa kwa Mindeli.
Make them believe as they are taught by (the) white men.
O Nzambi Inge Setu aneni. O Mwan' aku Jisus,
O God Thou (art) our Father great. O Son (child) Thy Jesus
tondeli yetu beni. Kakwiza va'nsi, kakwiza fwa,
loves us much. He came on earth, He came to die,
konta zazibi zetu. O vanga yetu tuantonda beni.
for sins our. O make us to love Him much.
E mambu maku ana me lungila nsi yayonsono, Jisus
The words Thy when extended (in) earth all, Jesus,
ana vutukidi diaka kusa landi yetu aonsono tukala
when Thou returnest again (do) Thou bring us all to be
y'aku, ko ku'nsi aku yabiza, ayonso lumbu yimbilanga,
with Thee in land Thy beautiful, every day singing
kiesi ya kiesi, kweli mvu kuvutukidi mvu! AMEN.
happy, happy, for ever and ever! (year begetting year). AMEN.

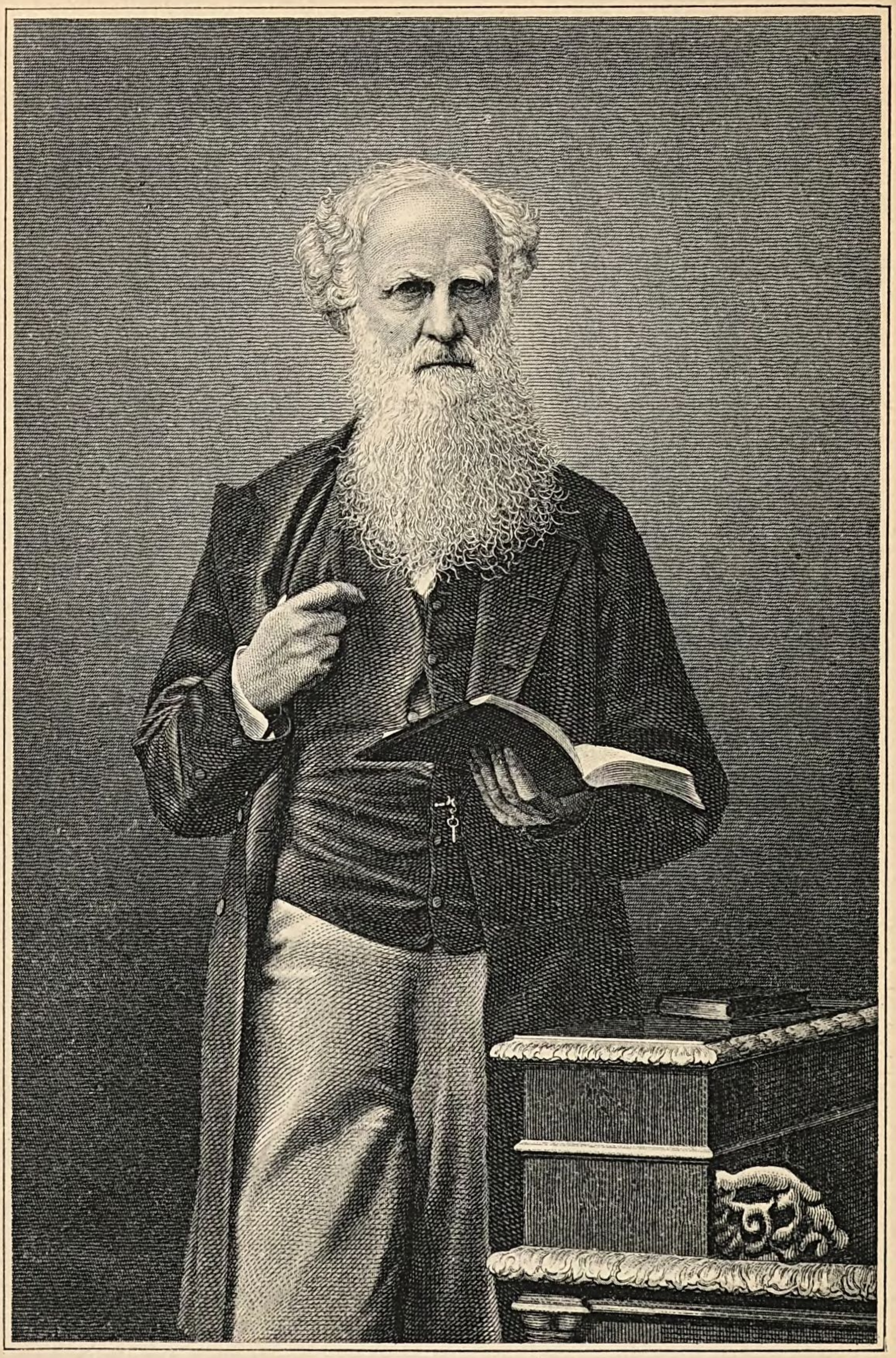
We were surprised and not a little moved by the desires expressed in the prayer here faithfully transcribed; it seemed a blessed assurance of the coming day when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God! Worldly, unconverted men may sneer at the mission children in Africa, but God, who sees the heart, looks on such lads as this very differently. "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." These desires were sincere, the lad's life proved it. He is a useful, consistent Christian man now, preaching Christ to his heathen fellow countrymen. There are not a few such.

When Professor Drummond was in Africa, he was attended on some of his journeyings by a native Christian named Moolu, a convert of the Scotch mission on Lake Nyassa. His testimony to this lad is worth noting, and equally a reply to the sneers of the scoffer. He says, in his diary of Sunday, Oct. 28th :

"In the evening we held the usual service, a piece of very primitive Christianity. Moolu, who had learned much from Dr. Laws, undertook the sermon, and discoursed with great eloquence on the Tower of Babel. The preceding Sunday he had waxed equally warm over the rich man and Lazarus; and his description of the rich man in terms of native ideas of wealth, 'plenty of calico and plenty of beads,' was a thing to remember.

"Mission blacks in Natal and at the Cape are a byword among the unsympathetic, but I never saw Moolu do an inconsistent thing. He could neither read nor write, he knew only some dozen words of English. Until seven years ago he had never seen a white man; but I could trust him with everything I had. He was not 'pious'; he was neither bright nor clever; he was a commonplace black: but he did his duty, and never told a lie. The first night of our camp, after all had gone to rest, I remember being roused by a low talking. I looked out of my tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest, and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was repeated; no matter how long the march, nor how tired the men. I make no comment. But this I will say, Moolu's life gave him the right to do it.

"Mission reports are often said to be valueless; they are less so than anti-mission reports. I believe in missions for one thing, because I believe in Moolu."



HENRY REED, Esq.,

OF

TASMANIA.

CHAPTER IV.

A DARK YEAR IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

In the summer of this year we received an encouraging token that the providence of God was furthering our efforts for Africa in the shape of the promise of a steamer for the upper river. So great were the present difficulties of the Cataract Gorge, that we had hardly given much thought as yet to those which would confront us so soon as we should have a station at Stanley Pool. But as the great inland plateau, the elevated and healthy central tableland, was the chosen sphere of the mission, it was evident that a steamer on the upper waters would be a prime necessity if we were to reach the heart of Africa by the new water-way.

This steamer would require to be a much larger one than the little *Livingstone*, and moreover she could not go out whole, and be at once launched on the Congo, as our first boat had been. She would have to go in sections, and make an overland journey of two hundred miles of rough, mountainous road on men's heads, and then be put together at Stanley Pool, a difficult and expensive operation. The sister mis-

sion was provided with such a steamer, but then Mr. Arthington had given the B.M.S. £5,000 for its construction, maintenance, and transport. How could *we* ever hope to raise funds for so costly an undertaking? We knew not, but felt that if it were the will of God, He could send the funds for the steamer, and the means to transport it to its destination. In the meantime we followed as He led in the needful preliminary steps. There was no *present* need of a vessel, only a prospective one.

One morning, shortly after Mr. Craven's return, there reached us, *from the Antipodes, a promise of the gift of just such a steamer as should be needed for the Upper Congo.*

Our late valued and beloved friend, Mr. Henry Reed, of Tasmania, took a deep interest in Africa and in this mission. He mentioned it on his death-bed to his dear wife as one of the things he left to her care. And right nobly she responded, and proved that her sympathy with the mission was not less than his own. Mrs. Reed wrote from Tasmania, saying she would provide for the needed steamer; and we wished it to be called, in memory of her late dear husband, the *Henry Reed.*

Thus a very important need of the mission was supplied before it was actually felt, and a strong and pleasant stimulus given to every worker connected with it. It was a real pleasure to have associated with the Congo enterprise the name of a departed friend whose own life had been in some senses a successful missionary one, and whose sympathies with gospel

efforts both at home and abroad had been strong and practical, and whose death had been that of a true saint. We were sure he would have greatly rejoiced in the mission, had he lived; and we were glad that on African waters his name should be memorialized along with those of the late beloved Henry Venn and Henry Wright, both of which are borne by mission steamers of the C.M.S. We shall have more to say of this little vessel later on, the promise of it only belongs to this year. Nor was this all. The carrying up of the steamer to Stanley Pool would cost as much as the steamer itself; and He who provided the steamer provided for this outlay also. He aroused to deep sympathy with the mission Mr. William Blackstone, of Chicago, a friend at that time personally unknown to us, who exerted himself to raise help for this purpose against the time when it would be wanted.

He took the trouble to diffuse information about the work in America, which at that time had not commenced any mission in Central Africa. He printed on a whole page of many newspapers a fine map of Africa which he had had prepared, and appended information about the several Central African missions, especially our own. He thus raised many hundreds of pounds to help carry up the steamer.

Such proofs of the power of God to move the hearts even of strangers at great distances to help cheered us in many a moment of discouragement and failing faith, of which the following twelve months were to bring us so many.

We must now return to Africa, and note the incidents of this year, 1881, at the various stations of the mission; and in doing so we shall need to remember the blessed promise that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

At the first—Matadi, on the lower river—the year opened in deep gloom. Mr. Harvey was suffering from severe illness, and his young Scotch colleague, Hugh McKergow, had frequently to suspend the works of the new station in order to nurse his invalid friend. More than once he himself was laid aside in fever. At last Mr. Harvey became so dangerously ill, that early in January he was sent up to be nursed and kindly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Craven at Palabala; where, on the hill, it was hoped he might speedily recover. Not without serious misgivings, however, was McKergow left alone for the time, and many an injunction was laid on him to send word at once to his friends, if he should be taken ill while left without any European companion.

No sooner was Mr. Harvey gone, than he was actually laid low in fever! As agreed, he immediately despatched a messenger to Palabala. But most unfortunately the canoe on the M'poso River had been carried away in a flood, and there was no possibility of getting across! The messenger therefore had to return to the sick man, who was rapidly getting worse. As soon as the ferry was re-established tidings of McKergow's illness were conveyed to Palabala, but some precious time had been lost. Two brethren went down at once to nurse the poor patient, but found

that he could retain neither food nor medicine, and was becoming alarmingly ill. He wished Mr. Craven to be sent for, which was done. He arrived on the following day, and arranged for McKergow's removal to Palabala, as affording a last chance of recovery. It was not easy to convey an invalid over so rough a road. Six Sierra Leone men carried him up and down the rocky hills, and he bore the journey well. The Cravens gave up their own room for him, and when comfortably settled in bed he said gratefully, "I think I shall get better now." For a time he seemed to do so, and gave orders to the "boys" as to what they were to do on their return to Matadi.

But drowsiness soon came on; it was difficult to rouse him for food and medicine. Every effort was made to sustain his strength, but he gradually became unconscious, and his colleagues saw that once more the angel of death was visiting the mission, and that a third of their party was to gain the martyr's crown. The young and stalwart frame became weaker and weaker, till life ebbed quietly away, and on Tuesday, the 11th of January, 1881, just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon, dear Hugh McKergow entered his eternal rest!

He did not think he would die, but his last words were, "Thy will be done," words which the survivors had to make an effort to echo! It was a dark day to them when for the third time they had to make a coffin and dig a grave in the night. An invitation was sent to the king, and he came to the funeral

with many of the natives. Mr. Craven spoke to them out of a full heart. He could not explain the mystery which in their simplicity they fully perceived: "If these men are the servants of God, if their God is strong and good, as they say, why does He let them die thus?" But the people could and did recognise the love and compassion that moved their missionary friends to risk and lose life itself for *their* sakes.

They had got past the stage of arguing, as they often did at first, "The white man's country must be a very bad one, since they prefer coming to live with us, though our climate kills them." They had learnt to believe to some extent in disinterested love. A boy of the sister mission of the B.M.S. wrote to some friends in England later on, in his broken English: "Another matter about God's white men we are much surprised at, that they leave their fine country to come to our wild country; and the trouble they have in travelling and their dying, they do not consider, because out of their pity they desire to snatch us out of the hand of the devil, and to show us the path of our Saviour Jesus Christ. And we too, we like them very much from the bottom of all our heart."

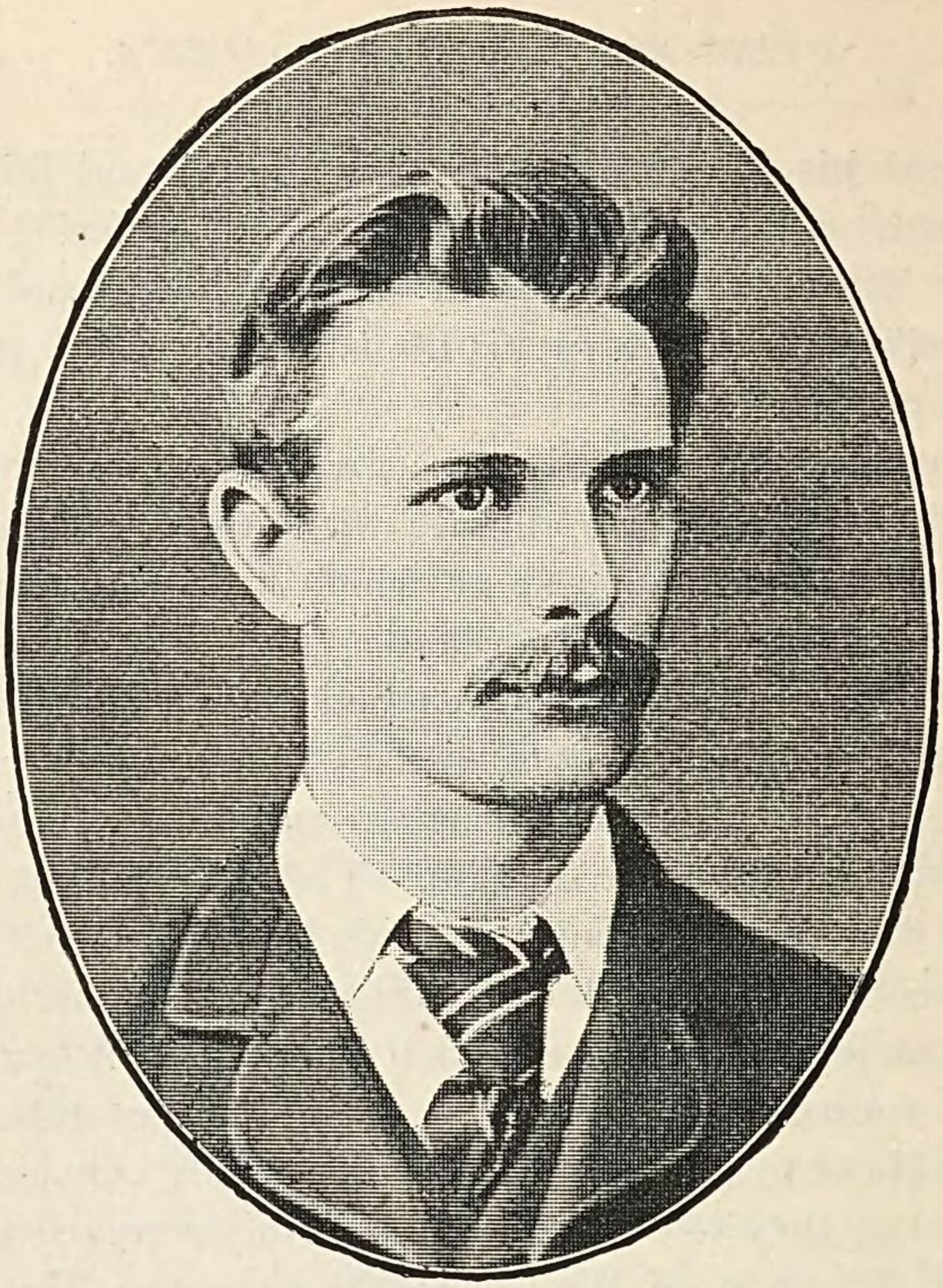
The news of this death was a great shock to us when it reached England in April. We had considered Hugh McKergow as one of the strongest of the party, and while we had often been anxious about Mr. Harvey had entertained no fears for him. We could not mourn *for him* that he had been called

to hear his Master's "Well done! good and faithful servant," after only one brief year of suffering and toil. The disciple who for Christ's sake and the gospel's has laid down his life is to be envied rather than pitied.

But our hearts were heavy as we realized afresh the deadly nature of the climate with which we had to deal, and the heavy cost at which Christianity must be introduced into Congoland. The tidings of this third death in the mission reached us, as we have said, just as two new members, Messrs. Stephen White and Jesse Blunt, were preparing to sail next day from Liverpool to join the mission. The news might well have discouraged them and made them hesitate. We *wished* them to take it like Gideon's proclamation to his warriors, and to turn back if they felt faint-hearted. It of course solemnized their views of the step they were about to take; but after prayerfully considering the letter they felt only the more firmly resolved to go on in the name of the Lord, fully prepared, like dear Telford, Petersen, and McKergow, to die if need be on the Congo, that Central Africa might receive the gospel.

Each of our three first stations on the Congo had thus been founded at the cost of a precious life, a young, strong, earnest, consecrated life, gladly given for Jesus' sake!

Meantime some hopeful signs of progress towards spiritual results were appearing at Palabala, the oldest station of the mission,—the only one at which as yet any command of the language had been attained.



MR. STEPHEN WHITE, OF DUNDEE.

In writing from Palabala soon after his arrival Mr. Harvey said :

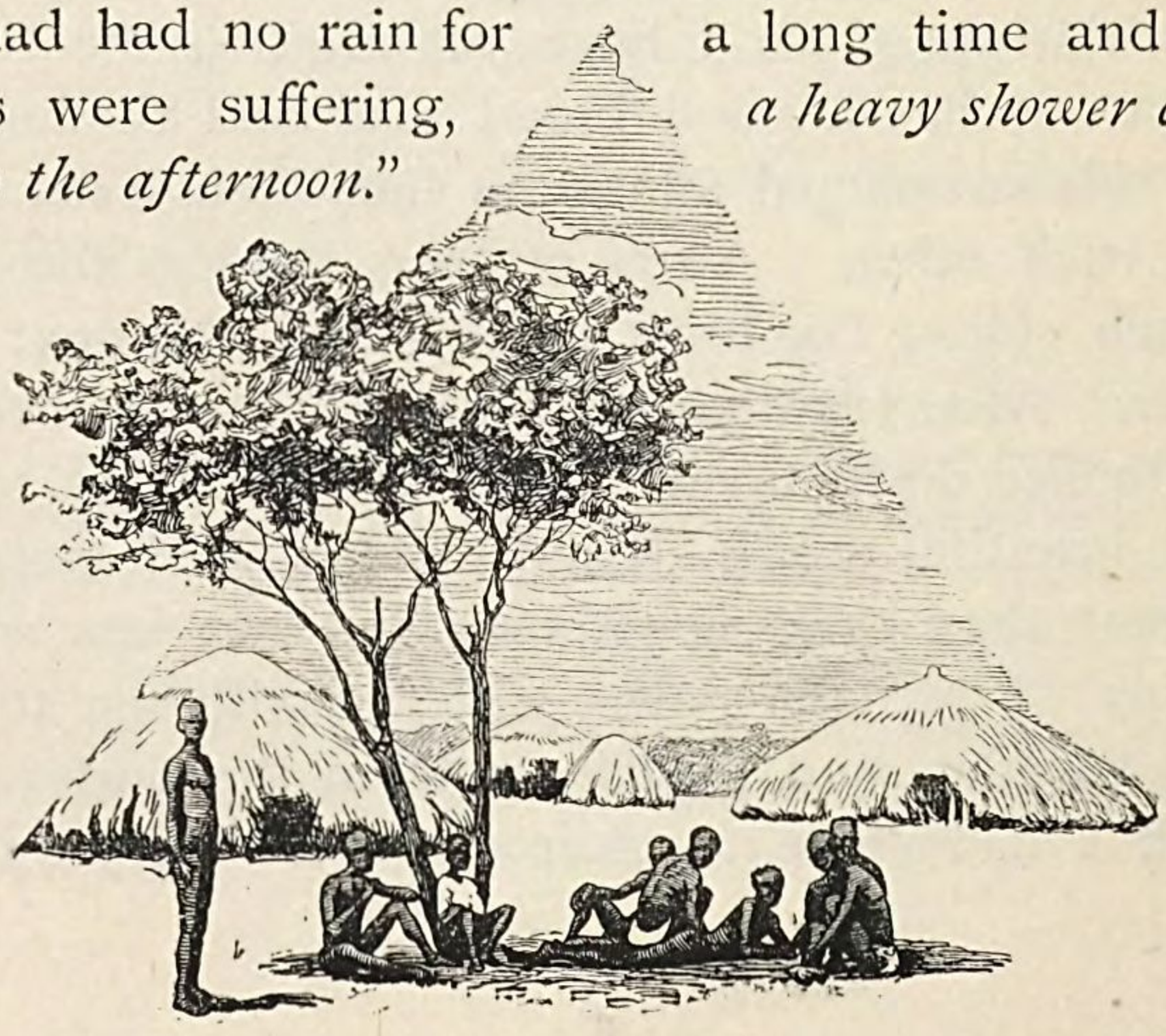
The work is progressing very favourably here. There is an intense interest in the gospel message, which is very encouraging. One cannot help seeing that the good seed is certainly not falling on rocky ground. The questions asked prove that the people not only listen but grasp intelligently the thoughts of the preacher, and could you glance round upon the eager black faces and watch them as with eyes, mouth, and ears open, they literally drink in the truth, you would realize, I think, as you never have done, that the privilege of dispensing the bread of life to these poor hungry souls far outweighs any amount of self-sacrifice involved, and is not to be measured by silver or gold.

One man inquired last Sunday at Idiada's town, "Who made God?" and another asked, "Who is the stronger, God or the devil?" On being told, he said, "Then why does not God prevent the devil from tempting us?" This was not an easy question to answer, and it was some time before they were satisfied. But they were at last, and were glad to hear that Satan is not to have it all his own way, for this is just opposite to their superstitions. We preach at three towns every Sunday when able. The last to receive the gospel was Maduda's town. At first the people there were very suspicious of our intentions, and evidently afraid that the missionary was but the forerunner of the soldier. Now, after having so long received nothing but kindness, they are anxious to have the benefit of the teaching.

At Mr. Richards' station of Banza Manteka some impression was also being made, though the soil was hard. He wrote:

"I recently visited two towns which no other white man has, as far as we know, seen. The farthest is only a few hours' walk from this; and I was told there are two more farther on in the same direction. This neighbourhood is consequently more populous than I had supposed. One of these towns is the nicest African place I have yet seen in the Congo region. It has a good broad road, and the huts on each side are ranged almost in line, though detached from each other. A row of trees borders the road on each side. The town is high, and the next still higher. After I had passed through it I turned round and looked down upon it, and really I never saw a more beautiful scene. The people seemed more intelligent than their neighbours, but not less superstitious. I got the native who was with me to call them together, and explain to them the purpose for which I had come to their country. They do not,

of course, observe the Sabbath, but seemed willing to do so, though one man inquired *whether the women might not work on Sunday.* The following week quite a congregation came to the house for worship; and they were very attentive during the service, though it lasted an hour and a half. I spoke to them about the creation, the fall, and sin and guilt. It is difficult to make them believe that they are wicked, for they all assert that they are good. They have come each week since to the service, and I shall never forget the first time I prayed among this people. I explained that I was going to speak to God, and that He would hear me and look upon each of us. They put their hands to their faces, and put their faces to the ground, and were very silent during the prayer; but as soon as it was over some of them laughed. On one occasion they asked me to pray to God for rain, as I had told them it was no use to pray to their idols for it. I acceded to their request, and, although we had had no rain for a long time and the crops were suffering, *a heavy shower came on in the afternoon.*"



EXPERIENCES OF THE MCCALL PARTY.

We left Mr. McCall and the pioneers of the mission at Bemba in the autumn of 1880. How had they fared during the winter months?

It had been a time of severe physical suffering to dear Adam McCall, though he had said as little as possible about it to his colleagues, and had not mentioned in writing home how seriously out of health he was. Mr. Clarke had been journeying up and down the river by canoe to get up goods, and the others had meanwhile erected a comfortable, roomy house on a plot of land which they had purchased. They had selected and cut their own timber, a hard and durable kind on the river bank, and chosen a beautiful site on a hill for the station. It had a good view, and enjoyed a delightful breeze, and they named it, poor fellows! Mount Pleasant. Meantime they were living in a very poor sort of hut during the building of the more permanent house. Under the shade of some giant trees by the river they had also constructed a landing stage for their canoes; and they had planted a kitchen-garden, and established a small stock farm to supply them with food. Mr. McCall wrote:

> I have turned carpenter in addition to being architect and surveyor, doctor, correspondent, and general manager of the work, the boys, the trading for food, the natives, and all the varied affairs requiring to be continually attended to.
>
> Speaking of the natives, we are getting on well with them, and they treat us with remarkable consideration, particularly in bringing us the numerous articles we constantly (now especially) require. They bring us thatch grass for our buildings, *m'singa* (native rope) to tie it with, mats beautifully made of grass or of reeds for our inside lining; bam-

boos, palm branches, etc., etc. They bring us, in addition to the list I have previously given you (in a former letter), pineapples, cabbage, beans, honey, pumpkins, and Indian corn. In fact, I think I may say that for situation, salubrity, convenience, food supply, mission purposes (*i.e.* nearness of numerous inhabitants), and general station purposes, our new establishment will prove all that could be desired for the present ; probably at some future time we may require more extensive premises, but the buildings now approaching completion will answer every purpose for a considerable period. I have been greatly assisted in the erection of our houses by the intelligent co-operation of our "boys," one or two of them in particular, one being a carpenter, another a mason, two others capital thatchers, nearly all more or less *au fait* at helping to put up a house of simple construction, which accounts for the comparatively rapid progress we have made since all our "boys," excepting those sent to Matadi, finally arrived here, not a month ago yet.

Mr. Clarke and Mr. Lanceley both write from this station on the north bank of the river among the Basundi people, that they found them better than they had expected. Stanley had spoken of them as a "most wretched, suspicious, and degraded race, quarrelsome, and intensely disposed to be affronted." Mr. Clarke writes :

As to the natives of this country, we cannot say that our experience of them bears out the character which has been given them as a bad race, jealous and hostile, etc. They are, of course, given to stealing and lying, but I fear this is the rule among African tribes. To us they have been far from hostile. Only once during our stay have they shown any disposition to be so, and then the circumstances were an apology, and they have since shown a desire to keep on good terms with us. The king gave us the loan of a canoe without asking us anything for it, and without our requesting it ; and though it was left behind, and he wanted it to catch fish, he was not angry. Again today several of his men have been here volunteering to go down the river for more of our goods.

That they are not of a savage disposition has been shown in many ways. They could easily have taken our lives on many occasions had

they chosen to do so. We have had them helping in the cook house; and when our supply of food was almost gone, the women cooked some of their native compounds, and brought them to us for sale, and we eat of them heartily and without fear. Had they wished to do it, they could easily have poisoned our food, and helped themselves to all our property. On several occasions I have been up and down the river for considerable distances searching for suitable wood for building. I was accompanied by natives, and without arms of any kind; had they chosen to attack me, I was entirely at their mercy. So you see they are not bloodthirsty, nor are they wholly unlovable. My soul longs for the time when I shall be able to tell them fully and effectually of Jesu's love and power to save. I could scarcely restrain the tears that rose to my eyes when I was talking to one boy this afternoon, at the thought of his ignorance of the gospel of salvation.

Mr. Lanceley similarly wrote that the people were by no means so bad as they had been painted. "They work for us freely; they have brought up £300 worth of goods without supervision; we can trust ourselves with them both by land and on the river; they bring us a fair supply of food at reasonable prices; if they are kindly treated they are most reasonable. They do not call themselves Basundi, but 'Bezi-Manyanga.'"

But just as the new station was finished and the prospects of usefulness were looking hopeful, the storm of trouble again burst, and, alas! never so severely! The earnest young leader was suddenly stricken with a double and treble sorrow, and his health, which had been failing for months, gave way completely under the fresh strain that came upon him.

In his diary, the entries made on the 4th of February, 1881, are marked round with a heavy black line. The party were sitting at breakfast that day when a Kroo-boy ran in to say the canoe was in sight.

Hastily finishing the meal, they ran down to their landing stage to greet the ardently longed-for "mail," for they had had no communication for many weeks with the outer world.

"Alas, alas! how little I knew what terrible news was coming upon me!" writes McCall in his diary. "Stephen Smith first jumped ashore and handed me a large and bulky packet of letters, and then he abruptly added, 'Mr. McKergow is dead.' Incredulously I stared at him. 'McKergow! dead?' said I. 'Yes, sir; and *there is dead news for you, sir.*' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Your father, sir,' said he. 'What? How do *you* know?' But I took the packet, rushed back to our house, and hurriedly and tremblingly began to tear open letter after letter till I came to one of Craven's, endorsed 'bad news.' I was amazed, stunned, could not realize it at all! It held the announcement of my *dear father's death.*"

And well indeed might the son be stunned, for the father's sudden death in the previous October had been a great shock to us and to all who had known him. He had no illness, and was by no means an old man. Erect in form and elastic in movement, bright, energetic, and full of life and feeling, he had seemed scarcely past the prime of life at his son's farewell meeting in Leicester in the previous March. His health had been remarkably good through life, and he was so tall, broad built, and full of robust vigour, that he seemed likely to attain a great age. He went to bed in ordinary health the Saturday night before his death, and on Sunday morning he

entered his eternal rest! It was supposed that some sudden effusion on the brain took place; he was gone in half an hour from the first alarm. He was a man of childlike faith, and his life had been one of faithful, untiring service to God and man. For fifty years he had taught in or superintended the Sunday school of the Church of which he was a much-loved officer. The heartiness with which he had resigned his first-born and much loved son for the dangerous mission on the Congo evinced his sincere devotion to the work of God. Mr. McCall continues:

"The terribly painful and wholly unexpected news was a crushing blow, . . . yet were there many precious golden and silver threads running through the dark cloud! . . . It was more like a translation than a death; no sickness, no lingering pain, no watching and waiting, no wasting away of the noble, manly form. Only a quiet, peaceful passing away, early on the first day of the week! Instead of singing his accustomed morning hymn in the beloved Sunday school, to which he referred in his last words, *he sang it in heaven*, he joined the glorious, everlasting hymn of thanksgiving and praise to the Lamb that was slain, who redeemed us with His precious blood. Oh how happy a Sunday morning for him! May the God of all comfort console our dear, dear widowed mother,—now, if possible, doubly dear!"

Other tidings of a painful nature reached him by the same mail—difficulties in the mission itself, and the utter destruction of Matadi Station by a tornado, —so that it was no wonder he wrote: "Putting all

together, Friday, February 4th, was the most terrible day I have ever yet experienced. Father dead, McKergow dead, Matadi completely destroyed! . . . After I had read the 91st Psalm, we had united prayer to our heavenly Father for special help, for strength and guidance under these very painful circumstances. . . . I had to force back my own griefs and cares and take up at once, then and there, the most pressing questions. . . . I did not turn in till about 5 a.m., and then could not sleep at all."

Severe illness followed, and he was still extremely weak when the duties of his position obliged him to leave his colleagues at Bemba and go down to the lower stations of the mission. He was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm in one stage of the journey, and had to "tumble into a hammock and lie close and get wet all the weary long night," and feel "stiff and giddy" as a natural result in the morning. It was a comfort to reach the house of Mr. and Mrs. Richards after a struggle through grass, "taller and thicker than ever, and all dripping with water. . . I was too tired to sleep, but to lie still with a roof over my head was a comfort!"

In conference with the brethren it was decided that plans must needs be altered to suit altered circumstances, as is so often necessary in all African work. One brother being dead, another completely invalided, and a third going home, it was clear the remaining six could not man all the stations, even with the expected reinforcements. It was therefore resolved not to rebuild Matadi, but to transfer to

Palabala the building materials that survived the wreck, and to erect a large store there, and a new and stronger house, for the original one was by this time decaying and becoming dangerous.

McCall subsequently went down to the old spot—now an intensely sad one to him—to superintend this operation. Here he was for some weeks kept busy in various tasks, among others in defending his stock from the attacks of a boa constrictor.

"A few days ago this brute took one of our young kids. Markham shot with my rifle, but of course missed. This afternoon I heard (while working in the store) the half suffocated cry of our other kid, and at once suspected the cause. The boys immediately came running in to tell me that the big snake had got the kid. I took down Mac's double shot gun, and loading with No. 4 shot ran up to the place (the cave), and there sure enough I saw the poor little kid completely encircled in the coils of the huge snake. I gave it both barrels quick, and it let go its deadly hug and wriggled down the sloping rock and tried to make off; but I gave it two more shots, which put an end to its career effectually, and finally one more shot to make sure. Then I crept in under the overhanging rock or roof of our cave, and grasping it by the end of its tail dragged its horrid length right out; it was still engorged and swollen from the effects of its recent repast on our kid. We hauled it down to our 'compound,' and there I measured it, full nine feet six inches. The boys were in high glee over the capture, and the effectual delivery from its further ravages."

Early in March Mr. McCall proceeded to Banana to meet the fresh missionaries, and while awaiting the steamer he secured a good site for the new station there. He had afterwards another severe attack of hepatic derangement; but sea air, regular and properly cooked meals, and rigid attention to the doctor's advice brought him round, and in May he wrote quite cheerfully of being nearly up to his "usual standard

of health and vigour." He was delighted with the arrival of the fresh reinforcements, as well as with the house, the boat, and all that had been sent, but dreadfully disappointed that it had been found impossible to secure a fresh gang of Kroo-boys, as this again delayed an advance into the interior, and made it difficult also to push on quickly with the building of Banana Station. He sent a special messenger back to Cape Palmas to engage a gang, but he too failed to secure one. This was a great trial of patience, and McCall wrote :

> I try not to chafe and worry myself because I cannot get away up country to prosecute my plans for getting up to Stanley Pool, but I find my thoughts continually day and night carrying me away to the far interior, and have to pray especially for *patience*. As Livingstone says : "Surely, if God can bear with hardened impenitent sinners for thirty, forty, or fifty years, waiting to be gracious, we may take it for granted this is the best way. . . . We must feel that there is a Governor among the nations, who will bring all His plans with respect to our human family to a glorious consummation. He who stays his mind on the ever-present, ever-energetic God will not fret himself because of evil doers. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'"
>
> I may just say *en passant* that I am delighted with this new life of Livingstone, which is grand. One seems to enter into the very soul and spirit of the noble man. How natural and unaffected he was ! how simple and genuine ! May the Lord grant us to be more like him, and thus more like the Master whose footsteps he so long unweariedly and faithfully followed !

Alluding to the men newly arrived, he writes :

> We get on well together. Every day I am the more convinced of the necessity of thoroughly unselfish and brotherly co-operation in order to the successful prosecution of our great work ; and of the necessity of *simple, absolute trust in the living God*, complete dependence on the lovingkindness and perfect knowledge of the blessed Lord whose kingdom we desire to extend.

The summer was spent in erecting the new station at Banana, in distributing the newly arrived missionaries and stores, in sending home Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who were recalled as not suited to the mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven, who, as we have mentioned were sent home on sick leave, and in generally superintending the interests of the mission.

But all this time Adam McCall's health was rapidly failing, and serious internal mischief was progressing. On Sept. 9th he wrote:

> This last week I have been very ill indeed, and still am, the old complaint, but much worse and more severe; all my symptoms show that I am hovering on the verge of hepatic abscess, and you know how serious an affair that is. . . . I have spoken of going on with my work in the interior, but whether I shall be able to move a single step in that direction I do not know! I am in a precarious state; my liver enormously enlarged and permanently affected. I have therefore determined to go to Landana and consult Dr. Lucan. This is manifestly my duty; all the brethren urge me to do it, and if Dr. Lucan, as I am afraid he will, orders me to leave this climate immediately, what am I to do? who will direct the onward move of our mission? I have a most passionate and consuming *longing* to get away up country, now especially! I have in my mind a host of plans and arrangements which I could with God's blessing carry out, and I long, with a longing few could understand, to be in the midst of it and carry them out! We have made very special prayer to God for my recovery, at any rate so far that I may be able to carry out my heart's desire. I am taking a new and powerful medicine, but it only seems to shift the pain about from one part to another. Still I have determined that, if it be at all possible, I will (D.V.) go up in about ten days from now.

Though it had been a great trial to him all through the summer to be unable to advance up the country for lack of Kroo-boys, yet he felt that there was perhaps providential guidance in the hindrance, as

his presence at Banana seemed of great importance while the new station there was being built and organized, and a new house also at Palabala. He had previously written :

It would of course be far pleasanter, and sound as if we were pushing on faster, if I were to leave Banana and Palabala to take their chance, as it were, and go ahead at all risks into the interior. But my desire is not to be considered a hero or anything of that kind (though you know how exceedingly desirous I am to go ahead), but *firmly to establish our mission on a thoroughly good working basis*. We are not explorers, but *missionaries ;* there are plenty of explorers. Stanley Pool is no longer an unknown land, and will soon be occupied by *many* white men ; it seems to me that what *we* ought to do is not so much to rush ahead as *to plant real mission stations as we go*. For every reason I think this the best. No station can ever begin to be really useful unless it is thoroughly well established to begin with, and unless the brethren settle down at it, master the language, and cultivate the acquaintance and goodwill of the natives in the vicinity. These people get to know and trust us very slowly, and do not like strangers and strange faces too often. Our main object I take it is to preach the gospel, to raise and civilize the people, to plant centres of light and knowledge in the land ; and this, as constant experience has proved, can only be done gradually. We must grow like a tree planted by the rivers of water, slowly but surely, always developing, and so acting that what we do is done *well*, and will last.

The feeling that he was needed at the mouth of the river was however exceeded by the strong desire to get to the front. Before the close of this same letter, after describing how well Lanceley and Clarke had "held the fort" up at Bemba all alone for many months, he says :

Ah, dear Mrs. Guinness, it is no use ! *I must go!* My whole heart yearns to be away up river, and to bear the brunt with my brothers ! I know I am wanted here ; that is patent; but I cannot stay and leave them to battle on alone up yonder. No, I simply *cannot!*

He was soon convinced however, both by his interview with Dr. Lucan, of Landana, and by increasing suffering, that there was no time to lose in leaving Africa, if his life was to be saved at all; and he began to set things in order with a view to sailing for home by the following month's mail. There was however much to be arranged first, as he was director of the mission in Africa; and though utterly unfit for the journey, on Monday, the 26th of September, he started up the river in the *Livingstone* to take Mr. Smith and Mr. Frederickson to Palabala, and make final arrangements with Messrs. Harvey and Waters. In his diary he writes how he "took the helm for distraction of mind from pain," how on reaching Ponta da Lenha he was "in agony" after dinner, and had to ask his host to excuse him, and to take chloral and retire to bed, but not to sleep, even under the influence of opium subsequently employed. Still, though unable to walk, he was carried on board next day and proceeded to Boma, and the following day—steering again to keep his mind occupied—to Matadi. Here he was again seized with a fit of very severe pain, had to lie down on the floor for some time, and felt that walking up to Palabala was out of the question. In his diary he writes:

Determined however to go on at all risk now! The others rigged out an impromptu hammock and carrying pole, with a cotton blanket. Into this I crept, and about 11 a.m. we made a start. Heat oppressive! Had to walk every now and then of course. Halted at old site, showed the spot to Smith and Frederickson; sad! sad! always brings poor McKergow before me! On again; carrying, heavy work for the



men ; reached the river. On again ; suddenly bang ! went the blanket, slit right across ! I fell on the ground flat ; it shook me, but curiously enough did not at the time appear to hurt me much. There was nothing for it now but to take off my coat and try to walk ; it was a terrible struggle ; I shall not soon forget it ; had to halt for breath every few yards ; but I did get down to the M'poso by some means, and over it, and then screwed myself up for a last desperate effort to reach the little fresh-water stream under the trees. This last attempt was too much, I positively reeled along ; never do I remember being so thankful to reach any place as I was to reach this stream, and, taking a draught of cool water, lie down on the rocks. To go farther was impossible, so I sent a note to Harvey for hammock, pole, and native carrriers, to finish the journey.

Just as it was getting dark, Kinkella Mabambo and Lusalla appeared, with another strong carrier. The hammock was soon rigged up, and we started to make the tremendous ascent, bad for a good walker in health, but a *fearful* road to be carried up ! Kinkella took the most difficult post, *i.e.* the back of the pole, and away we went, Lusalla in front. When we came to the remarkable white quartz reefs I got out ; it was not within the reasonable power of man to drag a loaded hammock over *them*. Having passed them and gained a fair path, I got in again ; and just as they were starting, bang ! went the hammock, once more letting me fall about three feet, on to my back. It was a terrible shock. It went through me like a charge of electricity. Smith rushed to lift me up, but I begged him to let me lie still a minute. Then I got up, had the hammock refixed, and once more got in, this time *keeping hold of the pole !* Up, up we climbed, Kinkella and Lusalla doing wonders, but it was a heavy strain on them. It

afterwards became so cold I had to be covered in under my rug, and to leave off holding the pole. We arrived at the old house at 8.30 p.m.

Thursday and Friday, the last two days of September, he spent at Palabala, too ill even to write, but arranging for some needful building operations, for distribution of stores, etc., and dictating for hours letters and instructions for the different brethren and stations. "With the exception of meals and fervent united prayer, I did not cease dictating nor Waters writing letters, instructions, directions, particulars, cautions, hints, etc., until Saturday morning at 6 a.m. It was awful, but imperative! Then hurriedly putting together my few things and taking a cup of coffee and an egg, I started, carried by two of the Cabinda boys, for the *Livingstone*, at Matadi."

His last hours in Africa were cheered by the reception of the, to him, joyful intelligence of the donation to the mission of the *Henry Reed* steamer for the Upper Congo. "*Very* good news," he writes in his log, "from Mrs. Guinness"; then after particularizing, "Capital! *Thank the Lord! Bless His name!*"

He secured a comfortable, roomy cabin in the S.S. *Lualaba*, which brought him this intelligence, and taking leave of Messrs. Billington and Angus went on board.

"Now I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over; the river was very deep. . . . The pilgrims then began to despond in their minds. . . . They asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, 'No'; yet they could not help them in that case; 'for,' said they, 'you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place.' . . . Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate: and as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on them that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns and gave to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. . . . Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another, without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.'

"And after that they shut up the gates: which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."—JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

It was on the 8th of October that McCall at last left Banana, a dying man, alas! though he deemed not so! He looked forward, on the contrary, to a brief tarriance in England, to superintend the construction of the steamer for the Upper Congo, and then to a speedy return, to utilize the following dry season in carrying her up to Stanley Pool.

His last glimpse of the Congo is thus mentioned in his diary. "As we steamed along, Banana stood out clear and bright in the sunlight, the long white stores and buildings showing in vivid contrast to the dark-green background; it looked very beautiful. *May God preserve and protect our beloved mission and all our dear brethren till I come back!* This was my repeated prayer."

There was a doctor on board the mail steamer, and various remedies were tried as, during the next weary *six weeks*, the steamer slowly made its way round the Gulf of Guinea, stopping almost daily to discharge and take in cargo. All this time Mr. McCall's complaint was rapidly gaining ground, and after leaving Sierra Leone his strength and appetite began to fail fast.

The last entries made in the long and faithfully kept "log" are in a weak and trembling hand, very unlike his usual writing, and are dated in the early days of November. They consist of mere entries of arrival and departure at the various ports.

When the vessel reached Madeira he was advised not to land, but wishing to purchase a few presents to take to friends at home he made an effort to do so, and then realized with bitter grief that he was really too ill to proceed, though so near home! This was on a Saturday. On Sunday he seems to have been almost unconscious; on the Monday he telegraphed to his brother of his detention and severe illness, but even then gave no hint of danger. Not until a second telegram announced that the hepatic abscess had burst, did we in England realize how the sad case really stood. And then it was inexpressibly painful to all who loved him—and they were not a few—to feel that, though within reach of telegraphic messages at last, five hundred miles of stormy ocean still separated them from the dear sufferer, that he must die alone among strangers, though within a few days' sail of his native land, of his widowed mother, and of his much loved home!

The Lord however graciously sent the sympathy and consolation His servant needed in this hour of loneliness, suffering, and sore need. He had not only every outward comfort at Reid's Hotel, and good medical assistance, but he had also the help of Christian fellowship and ministry from the Rev. J. M. Allan, a Presbyterian minister staying in the island.

The following letter embodies this gentleman's recollection of his interviews with the dying missionary, and is the only glimpse we have of his closing experiences, for he seems to have been too ill to write even a line.

QUINTA JERINO, MADEIRA,
Dec. 6th, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. MCCALL,—

You expressed a desire to have some jottings of the visits I paid to your son, Adam McCall, on the two days preceding his death; and I shall now endeavour to comply with your wish. And gladly shall I do so; for as I was myself much cheered and strengthened by my meetings with your son, in what I may call his dying hours, as I have not in my experience seen a more remarkable example of the power of God's grace, I am confident that a brief record of my visit will help to strengthen and deepen your own trust, and, shall I not add? your own joy.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd of last month, I received a note from Mr. Reid's hotel, asking me to call down and see a young man, a Mr. McCall, a missionary from Africa, who was lying very ill at the hotel. I went down in the afternoon, and entering the room found him in bed looking very ill, an attendant beside him. I went up to him and we looked into each other's face, I taking his hand and saying, "How are you now? You appear very weak." He replied (the words coming slowly and with some difficulty), "Yes, I *am*, very weak; but (and here it is impossible to give any idea of the *soul* he put into his words as he pointed upward and added) BUT HE IS STRONG." "Yes," I replied, "He *is* strong; and now you are not *really* weak, for you are strong in Him." "Yes," he said; "STRONG IN HIM."

We talked together, he saying he was not afraid to die. "Why should I? Jesus died for me." He then spoke of his dear father, telling me he had lost him about a year ago, and what a remarkable man he was in his love and work for Christ, and of his sudden death.

Then he told me about his mission work in Africa, but in such a humble way, keeping himself in the background, that I had no idea he held the important post he did. He mentioned his having been much exposed, sleeping out frequently, etc., to which probably was due the illness from which he was then suffering.

I stayed with him for some time, for between two and three hours, having sent the attendant out of the room, and assisted him with ice and what else had been provided for him with the view of keeping up his strength. He expressed himself so glad to see me, calling me brother; and I expressed as I felt, and do still, great regret that I did not sooner know of his being in Madeira.

Before leaving, I proposed that we should join in prayer. He heartily acquiesced, and I led in prayer, being much moved (I trust by the Spirit of God), and being very sensible of the Divine presence. As I finished, I heard his voice beginning before I had risen from my knees, and supplicating at the throne of grace in a prayer that I can never forget.

It is impossible to transcribe it, and even if I could remember the exact words, it would not convey an idea of the *heart and soul*, the *solemnity* of the prayer. The scene; the man, noble in face, brow, eye, and mouth, *that* could not but strike you at once; full of intelligence, feeling, and force; the voice, broken at times, sometimes laboured, it being evidently an effort, occasionally very difficult, to give forth its tones; and above all the directness, simplicity, and earnestness of the thoughts, make the prayer of your dear son impossible to recall. Had you been there you would have felt, as I felt, it was enough, you had nothing to wish for, the Lord's will be done! I have never seen the blessed grace of God so wondrously exemplified before, so much so that it seemed to me to border on the miraculous, as if he might be in delirium (not knowing the man, nor indeed *then* anything about him). Now that I have read some of his letters which you have kindly lent me, I can testify how in keeping with their spirit of trust and confidence were his very last utterances.

Perhaps you might like if I were to indicate the few that recur to me of the thoughts and expressions of your son, the last time he met with a brother on earth at the throne of grace. The words were uttered with difficulty and at intervals.

"Almighty—eternal—God,—I am—very near—Thy presence—at this time. I am not able—to use—many words to Thee,--but that —is not necessary. Thou—knowest—all I want. Thou knowest—the circumstances, Lord; do—as Thou—pleasest,—I have—nothing to say. I am not—dissatisfied that Thou art—about to take me—away. Why should I be? I gave myself,—body, mind, and soul—to Thee; consecrated—my whole life and being—to Thy service; and now—if it please Thee—to take myself—instead of the work I would do for Thee,—what is that to me? *Thy will be done.*"

He prayed on, ejaculating, fervently but with difficulty, and as if speaking closely to his Saviour. I remember this: "*Yes, blessed Jesus, I shall be with Thee!*" his voice mingling with his tears.

He concluded with a very sublime ending, showing how completely under control were all his faculties, as indeed they continued to the very close of life.

I saw him again the following day. He was much worse; some internal change had taken place, and he was expectorating very frequently and was much distressed. His first words to me were, "I am nearing the brink, brother." Directions had been left for any one visiting him to stay no longer than five minutes, and owing to his great physical distress, it was impossible to converse with him. But when I mentioned his having had a telegram from home he gave a movement and said with energy, "Mother and brother leaving on Friday."

Three things I was struck with in him, they were *remarkable*. His unhesitating *decision* (his first words to me showed *that*); his naturalness; and his strength. He was a strong man physically, even when I saw him wasted with disease; strong physically, mentally, and, above all, spiritually. He was calculated, had he been spared, to influence men for Christ. But who shall know the mind of the Lord? and who shall be His counsellor?

It was early in the morning of a stormy Friday, the 25th of November, that Mr. McCall fell asleep in Jesus, but the tidings did not reach England till late in the day. His mother and brother had journeyed from Leicester to Southampton in the night. They were already on the deck of the *Garth Castle*, when a telegram to the effect that the patient could not live many hours reached them. A terrible storm was already blowing, should they go on? There was no time to deliberate, they telegraphed that they were starting, and proceeded, hoping against hope that they might still be in time. As a rule, four days suffice to reach Madeira, but *that* day the gale soon

rose to a hurricane, and the Atlantic was lashed into fury. A wild, desolate, dreadful voyage it was, and at one time it seemed as if the family tie just severed by death was by death to be speedily reunited! For six and thirty hours the fires of the *Garth Castle* were extinguished, and she lay to, amid the mountainous billows, the sea breaking over her continually. But she weathered the storm, and when she reached Madeira, two days later than usual, the sun was brightly shining on the beautiful scene, which looked by contrast like a peaceful, lovely paradise. But he whom they sought was not there! He had weathered a worse storm, reached a more peaceful port, and entered a fairer paradise!

It seemed a sad and terrible dream! Could it be that he who left our shores scarcely two years previously, in the full vigour of his strong young manhood, his heart overflowing with earnest purpose to carry the gospel of Christ into the great Congo valley, had already finished his course, and fallen so early a victim to the dangers and difficulties of the task? "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

What else could *we* say, or the betrothed bride, or the dear, doubly bereaved mother? We could not of course but earnestly wish that he had yielded earlier to the inevitable, and given up the struggle before it was too late. In reading afterwards in his log book the daily jottings of the hand then still in death, we were moved to tears in discovering how much more

he had suffered than he had allowed us to suppose. A brave struggle was maintained from day to day through long, weary months against constant and at times terrible suffering, and his cheerful diligence and resolute perseverance with his task amid such extreme bodily distress deserve to be called heroic. The other deaths in the mission had been sudden, and distinctly traceable to the climate. This was a thorough breakdown of the system prolonged through a whole year, and the seeds of it had been sown in South Africa long before. But undoubtedly the toil, exposure, and poor diet had had much to do in hastening the fatal result. In our grief we could scarcely help asking, Ought we to go on with such a mission? Yet could we ever consent to *drop* a work for which these precious lives had been sacrificed? What would they have said? What would they say if they could speak to us still? What did experience suggest?

We knew that for twenty years the Church Missionary Society had nothing but trial and discouragement in connexion with their Sierra Leone mission. The cultivation of lands formerly overspread with jungle has made the locality less fatal than it used to be, but in the course of the first twenty years of the mission no fewer than fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives died at their post. In 1823 five missionaries went out, and four died within six months. In 1825 six went out, and two fell within four months of their landing in Africa. The next year three more went forth, two of whom died within

six months, and so on; yet there never was wanting a constant supply of willing labourers. And what is *now* the result of this heavy sacrifice? Out of the present population of Sierra Leone, numbering about 37,000 souls, 32,000 *are professing Christians.* The mission has developed into a self-sustaining *native Church*, and the society's work in connexion with Sierra Leone is now almost confined to the maintenance of educational establishments for providing native agents, both male and female, for the colony and other African mission fields. During the last thirty-three years Sierra Leone has supplied fifty educated native pastors for work in West Africa, a large proportion of whom have served in other mission fields; on the Yoruba and on the Niger.

If a similar result were to be secured on the Congo, it looked as if a similar price would have to be paid for it! For still further "death news" were to reach us ere the year was over! While the vessel that bore Mr. McCall from Banana was slowly making its way to Madeira, sickness even unto death had invaded the station at Banza Manteka, and carried away the beloved wife whose presence made that house a home. The devoted Mary Richards had been called to receive her reward! She departed to be with Christ a fortnight before Adam McCall, though we did not hear of her removal till long after, as the news had to come down from the interior, and there was then no telegraph line to the Congo.

We felt this loss almost as that of one of our own family, of which, for many years, Mrs. Richards



MARY RICHARDS.

indeed formed part. We remembered the day when first she called on us, a young widow who had lost also her only child, and who longed to devote the remainder of her days to the rescue of the perishing among the heathen. With a modest, dignified humility, which was very characteristic of her, the stranger introduced herself by saying that she understood we had much to do with missions, and that she wished to offer her services, "not as a missionary, I

do not think myself qualified for such an honourable post, but as a missionary's nurse or helper. Perhaps some young missionary wife and mother might be glad of my assistance, and I would not care what I did, so that I might take *some* part in spreading the knowledge of Christ among the heathen."

Fuller acquaintance proved that our visitor had many valuable qualities, both natural and acquired, as well as a remarkably patient, cheerful disposition, much varied skill, and great industry.

There being no immediate call for her in the mission field, she became housekeeper to the Institute, and afterwards took a course of hospital training. She won the respect and affection of all who knew her, and we had repeated experience of her kindness and skill in severe illnesses, some of which ended fatally. She was indeed such a help and comfort to all around her, that we were not surprised when Mr. Richards sought her as the companion of his missionary career in Africa. We felt it however a duty to lay before her fully what it meant to join such a mission, and warned her that she might probably lose her life in doing so. She quite understood the risk, and replied: "But, you know, I might be the means of saving his life and the lives of others. It is just the opening I have long desired. It will take me among the heathen, where I can help both them and the missionaries." What could we say? They were married, and Mr. Richards started next day for the Congo. She followed a year later, when he had prepared a station

to receive her. She went out with Mr. McCall's party; reached Africa in April, 1880, and passed thence to paradise with Christ in November, 1881.

To the husband this loss was of course terrible, and to the mission scarcely less so; for it was evident from her short life among the heathen, that Mary Richards was as much a missionary as any one, man or woman, who had left our shores for Congoland. She had in a pre-eminent degree the qualities which every missionary requires, loving tact and longsuffering patience, with true spirituality of mind.

Her poor husband in the letter announcing his bitter bereavement wrote:

> I never sat down to write under such difficulty before; my heart is nearly broken, my mind reels, my eyes are full of tears, and I cannot help trembling! You will have heard before you get this that I have lost my dear wife. I could not write by last mail, but brethren White and Clarke wrote to you for me. . . .
>
> I do not yet see what He wishes me to learn by this lesson, or why He has withdrawn my loved one. She was a help to me in every way, in my spiritual life and in my missionary work. I should not have ventured to preach to the people as early as I did, if she had not urged me to do so. I did not think I was strong enough in the language, till she prompted and pressed me to try. She often regretted she could not do more real missionary work herself, but she had little time for going to the towns, and she had so much to do at the station. How she managed to accomplish all she did I cannot tell. Yet she never seemed overdone or hurried. She felt some work too much for her strength, and was disappointed when the boy we had hoped for did not come, as she had counted on his relieving her. She would never let me help her in these things, though she had to do with her own hands all the house work, washing, cooking, mending, making, etc., as well as attending to the native medical mission—*very* trying work—and to me in my fevers. The station is not small, and she kept it in beautiful order, and we enjoyed the comfort which resulted. I can reckon up nearly thirty suits of clothes she made, besides coats, caps,

bed furniture, bed curtains, etc. The surgery used to take her nearly all the morning, for she spared no trouble in attending to the natives, though it was often sickening work. She cured many ulcers and sores of the worst type.

The natives loved her, after their fashion. When she was ill the people came every morning to inquire how she was. She did everything for them so gently and cheerfully. She wanted me very much to build a schoolhouse for them in the village, so that she could go out and try to gather the children, and teach them, and attend to their sickness. She never seemed to think of herself, though always doing so much for others, including the little black orphan baby which she had taken to clothe and care for. What are we to do with him now?

And not only did my dear wife help in all these ways, but her sound judgment and experience often kept me from going wrong. I could always rely on her advice in difficult matters, and depend on her skill as well as kindness in sickness. She knew just what medicine to give, and what food. She liked this place and the work here much, and did all she could to help! . . .

The different missionaries who had visited Banza Manteka all wrote in the same strain, it was "the nicest place on the river." "She was indeed a friend to me; no sooner did she know of my wanting anything she possessed than the lack was supplied." "It seemed like entering a home to come here; you can hardly realize in England the blessed influence exerted by the presence of a pure, godly, earnest woman."

"Brother Richards is very grief-stricken. He has lost a good and faithful wife, and I have lost a friend I much valued. I never knew a more unselfish person, or saw one who tried so much to make all about her happy, and who made the grief and pain of others her own. She once said to me, 'I should be so glad if I could have Henry's fevers for him.' I do believe she would willingly have taken them. How

tenderly she treated the poor natives when they came to get their ulcers dressed! Well, she rests from her labours, and her works do follow her."

Did not the blessed Master say of dear Mary Richards what He said of old of another Mary, "She hath done what she could"? and do we not right to tell it for a memorial of her, that, like still another Mary, she bestowed much labour on the Lord's servants, and was by grace emphatically "a succourer of many." Oh, when we contrast her life with that of the woman who lives to and for herself, —lives in pleasure, and is dead while she lives,—lives so that no one misses her service or her love when she dies, we can but feel how far better to find a grave in an African forest, and be followed by such loving regrets as these!

Yet in this case again there was great room for regret that better precautions had not been taken to preserve this precious life. Mrs. Richards had worked too hard in many ways, for lack of sufficient domestic help; and when she was taken ill, quinine, that indispensable specific against fever, ran short, as well as certain other needful remedies. Humanly speaking, more help beforehand by lightening labour would have averted the illness, and better medical treatment at the time might have saved life. Her end was perfect peace and her last thought to comfort him she was leaving. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!" "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

The friends of the mission were sorely tried at this fresh proof of the danger of the climate of the Congo

gorge to Europeans of both sexes. It was evident that the only hope for these regions lay in native evangelists. But where were they to be found? We communicated with some of the coloured universities in the United States, but they could give us no help; all their available graduates were absorbed by the work among the recently emancipated negroes of the Southern States. Until lads trained in our own mission were available, we resolved to try whether coloured Christians from the West Indies or from Sierra Leone would stand the climate any better. Experience proved that they did not. Such, though coloured Africans, are not "native" agents. They have been accustomed to the comforts of civilization almost as much as white men. They are no better acquainted with the Congo dialects than white men, and as a rule they have less courage and pluck.

The fact that five deaths had taken place in connexion with the mission in four years naturally caused much serious thought and conference to the friends of the mission. Some were even led to question the propriety of continuing it. They asked, Had not God Himself shut the door? Ought we not to labour where difficulties were less and where the workers could labour longer?

It is needless to say that we prayerfully pondered these and similar questions, and resolved to take various additional precautions for the preservation of life and health; but we could not see in what had happened, either in our own or in the sister mission on the Congo, or in other Central African missions,

which had had similar experiences, any argument for the abandonment of the missions, and the cessation of effort to evangelize the interior of the Dark Continent.

The fact that obedience to a command of Christ involves danger and death is surely no ground for disobedience, and the command, "Go ye into all the world," is addressed to the Church *in all its successive generations*, as is proved by the limit assigned to the promise connected with it, "Lo, I am with you alway, *even unto the end of the age*."

Obedience to the Father's will involved self-sacrifice on the part of Christ. Shall His disciples shrink back from obedience to His will, because it must be rendered at similar risk? Did not the Lord foretell to His first ambassadors that they must expect no easier path than His own, forewarning them that the servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that is sent greater than He that had sent him? Did not the Apostle Paul look forward to bonds, prison, and martyrdom, and say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God"? Does not the same Holy Spirit produce in the hearts of Christians now the same willingness to suffer and die for the gospel's sake? And is there not the same and even greater need of the words of eternal life among the degraded and miserable millions of the Dark Continent? On what ground and by what authority dare we discourage volunteers, willing and anxious to close up the

ranks and be baptized for the dead? Are not the early annals of many a now flourishing mission and native Church one tissue of deaths and disappointments, more dismal and discouraging by far than any that we have yet had to record? Is it possible that Africa can ever be lifted from her long-lasting depth of degradation without self-sacrifice? And is not the redemption of a lost continent worth it?

The Duke of Wellington said to a chaplain who was questioning the wisdom of missionary enterprise, "Look to your marching orders, sir! A soldier's business is simply to obey." We saw no alternative but to go forward with the Congo Mission as long as there were devoted men and women willing and anxious to lay down their lives for Christ's sake in Africa. At the same time we painfully felt the difficulty.

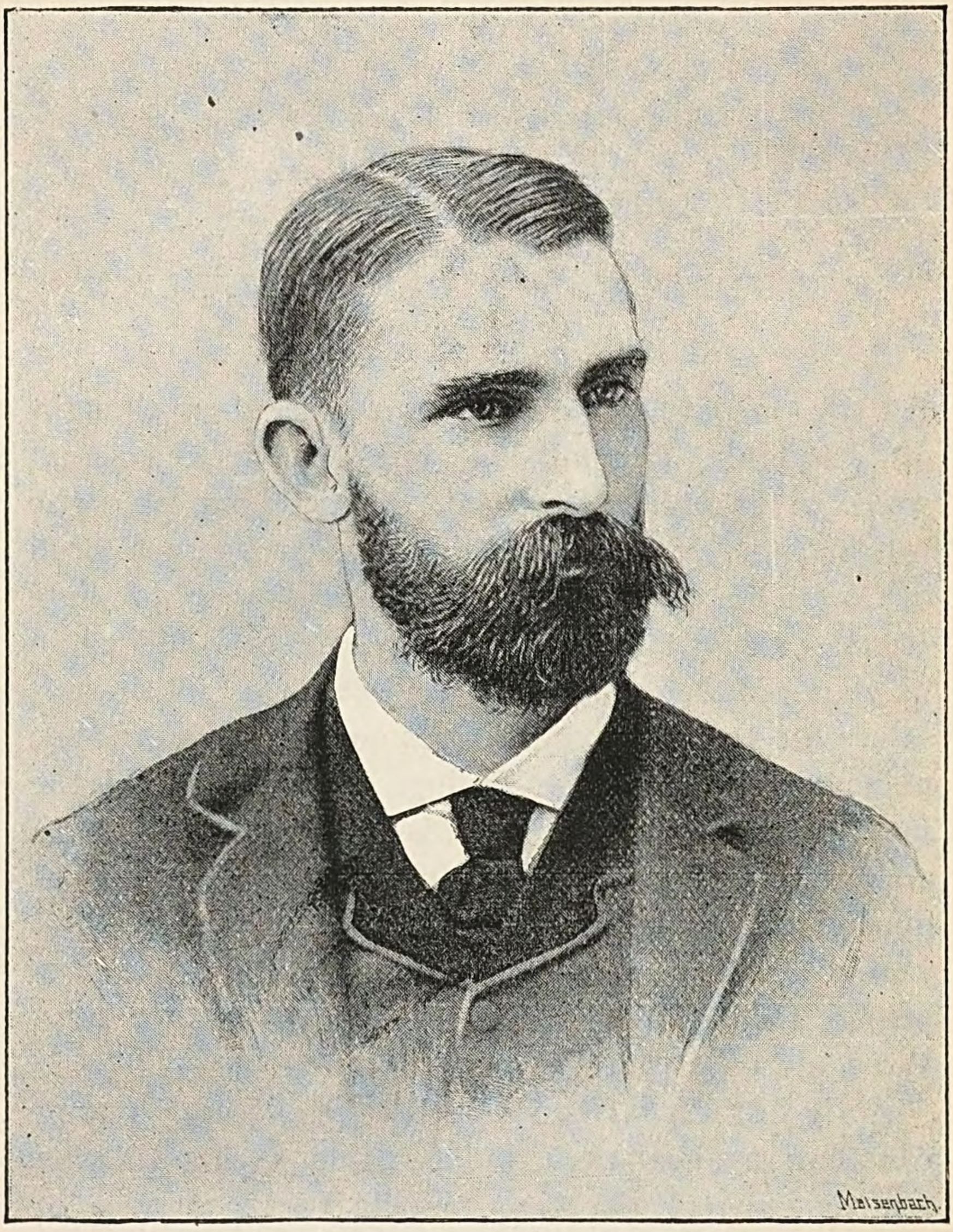
We had never taken the position of a society employing salaried agents, and sending them out as its servants to the Congo. Such a relation of the missionaries to their helpers at home we do not believe to be in principle a right one. If suitable men and women, conscious of a call from God to the work, said, "*We desire to go*," then we felt free to help them to the extent of our ability. But the responsibility was theirs, not ours. *We* could not send men to suffer and die! It was for the Master to send His servants, and they must go of their own voluntary will. Our part was to help them all we could with prayer and sympathy and hard work at home, and to send them such resources as seemed indispensable.

CHAPTER VI.

REINFORCEMENTS AND FIRSTFRUITS IN 1882.

AT the opening of 1882 therefore we had no thought of abandoning the mission, but were feeling somewhat tried and discouraged. It had lost one who was in some senses a leader, though less experienced in Congo life than the missionaries of longer standing. It was evident that large reinforcements would again be required before we could hope to establish ourselves at the Pool, much less at the equator—the point at which we were aiming. Whence would the men, the rare men fit for this arduous work, come, and whence the means for such another party as had gone out in each of the two previous years? If it were the will of God that the effort should be repeated, He would send both the men and the means. We could only wait and pray.

Early in the year we received a letter from a young Christian medical man, Dr. A. Sims, saying that he was desirous of devoting his life to the service of Christ as a medical missionary, and seeking counsel. He did not volunteer for the Congo, nor did we at that time think of seeking such help as he could render. He came and spent a week with us, and became



DR. A. SIMS, OF LEOPOLDVILLE.

SAILED FOR THE CONGO MAY 10TH, 1882.

(as indeed our visitors could scarcely help becoming) deeply interested in the Congo Mission. Its very sorrows, trials, and difficulties seemed to draw his heart to it. He approved its principles, sympathised with its spirit, and especially with its objects and *modus operandi.*

He was a graduate of Aberdeen, and had already had considerable experience both in general practice and in medical missions. He had taken charge in the absence of Dr. Crabbe of the Birmingham medical mission, one of the best organized in England. He was a man of real practical piety, of studious and observant habits, and of scientific tastes and attainments. His health was sound, though his appearance was anything but robust; yet his temperament appeared to be, and has, thank God! proved to be, the right one for Central Africa, where he is still living and labouring.

He studied eagerly the annals of the Congo Mission, and we willingly laid before him all the letters and papers bearing on the subject, including the graphic diary of the late leader of the mission, which gives a minute history of each day's occupations, from the time he sailed from Plymouth in the *Vanguard*, full of health and strength, hope and courage, in March, 1880, up to the time when he landed in a dying condition on the island of Madeira, in November, 1881.

While Dr. Sims was thus considering the mission, we were considering him! We perceived that in some respects he could not be a successor to the late

lamented Adam McCall, never having had his experience of African travel, or of roughing it in uncivilized countries. He was not accustomed to command men, or to be cast on his own resources among savages. He could not occupy the post so sadly and unexpectedly rendered vacant; but could he not fill another as important? Did not the mission need just such help as he *could* give? Might not God, who supplies all our need, of men as well as means, be sending us in him the very agent required by the enterprise at this stage of its history? The more we thought of it, and the more we saw of Dr. Sims, the more we felt led to think this was the case; and when,—after doing all we could to discourage him from making a definite offer of his services, by dwelling at length on the late difficulties, dangers, and deaths in the mission, we completely failed to do so and found only an opposite effect produced,—we concluded that the matter was of the Lord. After prayerful consideration Dr. Sims expressed to us his hearty desire to consecrate his life to the evangelization of the Congo valley. He consulted his friends, and we conferred with our council; and at the beginning of February he was accepted as medical missionary in connexion with the Livingstone Inland Mission.

Several others came forward, volunteering to accompany Dr. Sims.

Mr. William Appel, an active, intelligent, and very earnest young brother, who had spent four years in Germany and acquired some scientific knowledge in various branches, had his heart strongly set on joining

the mission. We thought him too young, but he urged so many good reasons why he should go at that time especially, that the council consented to accept his services. He was a surveyor among other things, and took a course of special instructions at the Royal Geographical Society's house. He went out provided with valuable instruments, and we hoped he would be able to map the country in which the stations were planted, as no correct map was then in existence. He was to be assistant to Dr. Sims, and to study medicine under him, so as to be able to help in the medical mission. Two other brethren, Messrs. Liley and Westlind, accompanied them, the latter a Swede, who was singularly gifted as a linguist, and who was chosen to replace Mr. Charles Engval, whose health had obliged him to return home, by the Swedish Missionary Association, which was at that time sending out its agents through our mission, and thus gaining acquaintance with the country before establishing a mission of its own.

They were accompanied by two sisters, Mrs. Smith going to join her husband, and Miss Spearing,[1] a devoted middle-aged Christian, who developed singular missionary talent in several directions—in learning the language, managing the natives, and nursing the sick. Three coloured helpers were also to go out, as helpers and servants to the missionaries, men whose hearts however were in the work for the Saviour's sake, and who would, it was hoped, develop

[1] See portrait on p. 315.

into native agents. The passage and outfit expenses of such a large addition to the staff in Africa involved of course a heavy outlay, and large demands were coming in also from the different stations. Fresh



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL.

Kroo-boys were required for the advance to Stanley Pool, and the transport of goods at that time cost about £50 a ton from London to Stanley Pool. How often we longed that the native elephant could

only be trained, like his Indian relative, to act as a beast of burden! The day will yet come in all probability when this feat will be accomplished. An elephant carries 1,500 to 1,700 lbs. weight with ease. A man finds it as much as he can do to carry sixty!

Kind friends in many parts of the country helped to start this Congo party of 1882. Accompanied by Dr. Sims and two of the Congo boys, we visited Plymouth and Torquay, Bath and Bristol, Bournemouth, Birmingham, and other places. The hearty sympathy everywhere accorded greatly cheered and encouraged the dear missionaries, and profoundly impressed the lads from the Congo.

We explained to the lads our object in holding these meetings, that it was to tell friends about their country, and how much they needed to learn about the love of God, and to love one another, and not kill and steal and lie and do wrong, so that the friends might help to send missionaries to them. This interested them greatly, and made them anxious to take part in the meetings. "I no can speak English good, but in my language I will say, 'Please do send plenty teachers to Congo,'" said one of the boys. And he did so, and though not without an evident effort made a little speech, and read aloud the Lord's Prayer in the hearing of hundreds.

A farewell meeting, at which our dear and venerable friend Lord Shaftesbury presided, was held at the Town Hall at Kensington, on Monday, the 3rd of April; and we had an all-day meeting for special prayer for Africa, and to take leave of the outgoing

band, at Harley House, on the 21st. On the 27th Messrs. Liley, Banks, and Westlind sailed by the *Benguela*, and on the 10th of May Dr. Sims and the rest of the party followed by the *Angola*.

When, at the beginning of May, all the heavy bills for the expedition were collected and added together, the sum total was almost met by the sum in the Congo Mission Fund. £3,078 had been needed and expended on its behalf, and £3,004 had been sent in! So that once more we had to praise God for His faithfulness to the promises of His word, and set our seal to the Saviour's sweet assurance, "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

One kind friend undertook the support of the medical mission at Stanley Pool; another supplied funds for the erection and furnishing of the first mission hospital in Congo. Many gave the £5 needed to ransom a child. Some dear little ones at Liverpool, who had "Launda" to breakfast with them one morning, resolved to invest their little savings for the ransom of such another child. A Scotch family sent £20 "for the redemption of four children—two boys and two girls." The Swedish friends had sent £100 and two missionaries worth far more than money! Three members of the council had each given £100. Many Sunday-schools had sent their willing contributions, and in all some five hundred gifts of one kind or other helped to start our third large party for the Dark Continent. Thousands of prayers followed them, and much loving sympathy.



MISS SPEARING.

SAILED FOR THE CONGO, MAY, 1882.

(*See p.* 311.)

It was in the summer of this year, 1882, that we had the joy of witnessing the baptism of the first-fruits to Christ from Congo, N'dambi and Pukamoni, or, as they were named afterwards, Francis and Robert Walker.

These two dear lads had been for some time under instruction at Palabala Station before they accom-

panied Mr. and Mrs. Craven to England in the summer of 1881. Since that time we had been in daily intercourse with them, and had learned to love and esteem them.

The nature of their occupation, day by day—furnishing the materials for a study of the Congo language, the native equivalents for English phrases—had of course thrown them much into the company of Mr. Guinness, Mr. Craven, and others, who had thus come to know their minds and characters pretty thoroughly. It had for months been evident that their hearts were right with God, and that reverence for God and faith in Christ had sprung up within them. Their conduct had been good and satisfactory in every way. Their intelligence, perseverance, industry, and amiability, coupled with their love of reading and prayer, were remarkable.

Mental effort was of course not easy to lads so recently rescued from savagery. Yet they studied and toiled at literary work for six and eight hours a day, and often more, without impatience, and they took a vivid interest in the work of translation, or rather of telling the stories of the Old and New Testament in their own tongue, for regular translation was not then attempted. Their earnest desire to please God was very marked. Hence, when they expressed the wish to be baptized as Christian disciples, we felt that there was no ground to refuse their request, but quite the reverse.

On the same day on which, after months of patient toil, Mr. Guinness revised the last sheets of

his grammar of the Congo language and sent it to press—July 31st, 1882—he had the joy of baptizing these two dear lads in the East London Tabernacle of our friend the Rev. Archibald Brown. The occasion was one of intense interest to all our party.

The *firstfruits* of the mission! And, "gathered in time or eternity, what, oh what, should *the harvest* be?" Faith could look forward and see scores, hundreds, nay, why not thousands and millions of such,—Ethiopia's dark sons,—pressing into the kingdom! Firstfruits! Love looked back and remembered the men and women who had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and who had endured so much hardness in the endeavour to break up the fallow ground for the sowing of that seed. They were not *visibly* present with us, to rejoice in the fruit of their labours! But who should say their spirits were not in full sympathy with ours? What would not dear Telford, McKergow, McCall, and Mary Richards have given to see that sight? What *did* they not give that that sight might be seen? *All they had*, all they could give—*themselves!*

These lads have continued faithful, and been useful in the mission ever since. They returned to Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Craven, who were quite recruited in health, at the close of the year; while Mr. Harvey, who had been three years nearly on the Congo, was invalided home in the autumn, and also Mr. Billington.



NATURAL BRIDGES OF FALLEN TIMBER. (*See p.* 320.)

CHAPTER VII.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA IN 1882.

IT had been a great question with many which side of the Congo, north or south, offered the best route to Stanley Pool and the upper river. Stanley had selected the north, but it had proved difficult. We had so far stuck to the south side; but before fixing on sites for any further stations, and especially before attempting to send up a steamer for the upper river, we wished the missionaries carefully to examine both sides.

A sufficient quantity of goods and provisions having been by this time collected at the Bemba, and a good gang of Kroo-boys assembled, Messrs. Richards, Clarke, and Ingham started in December of this year and went up to the Pool by the north side, a journey of about one hundred and sixty miles, thirty of which they travelled over the road cleared by Stanley for his wagons. He was at this time just building the station of Leopoldville, on the south shores of the Pool. Our party were anxious to see and consult with him, and return by the south side. But a sudden and unaccountable outbreak of warlike hostility

among the people at Mfwa prevented their crossing, and though they fired several times, they did not succeed in catching the attention of the white men opposite. Their conclusion was decidedly *against* this northern road on the grounds of its difficulty, and the great scarcity of provisions, which would make it expensive to feed a large gang of Kroo-boys or other carriers.

The road was in places fairly good and easy; in other parts extremely difficult, "like climbing up and down a church tower"—alternate ascents and descents of 800, 1,000, or 1,200 feet, and once even of 1,800. Landslips were frequently visible, of recent occurrence, and the process of forming fresh valleys could almost be seen in operation. About thirty streams and rivers falling into the Congo were crossed in the course of the journey, and each had cut for itself a channel more or less deep through the higher table-land at the sides of the Congo. Most of these streams were shallow enough to be fordable with comparative ease, though it would sometimes be needful to ascend the stream for some distance before crossing. Only five were impassable without canoes; some of the others were crossed by natural bridges of fallen timber, and others by bridges of native construction. Very beautiful at times are the mountain torrents, pitching over their rocky beds. One Sunday, when quietly encamped near the Lufu River, Mr. Richards and Mr. Ingham took a stroll some way up its course, led on by the sound of an unseen cataract, and discovered a beautiful waterfall. "The river falls in a

clear leap of a hundred feet. The trees looked as if they were spreading their leafy hands over the fall in wonder at its beauty, while others bent right forward as if awed into humility by its grandeur. It was really one of the most picturesque sights I ever saw. This Lufu River is one of the best sites for a mission station I have seen in Africa : plenty of people, plenty of land, plenty of good water and timber, plenty of water power for a saw-mill, and with a splendid view of the Congo rushing down just above the Ntombo Mataka falls."

The country was populous, especially on the road more inland from the river, by which the travellers returned ; and the people were found as a rule friendly.

Rudeness and opposition were experienced from time to time, but none of a serious character was encountered save at the Pool. There guns were produced, and even presented at close quarters. On one such occasion Mr. Richards walked right up to the man, and baring his chest, said, "Fire! if you will." The man dropped his gun and walked off. At one place Mr. Ingham speaks of "youngsters rushing about with guns, and beating themselves on the breast after the manner of enraged gorillas." But no harm came of it! On many occasions the exhibition of the power of a rifle or of a revolver, and of the speed with which white men could fire *if they wished*, seemed to have a remarkably sobering effect on unruly mobs, and brotherhood was suddenly acknowledged where just previously war had been

proclaimed. Mr. Richards remarks, "Might is everything with an African—*right* nothing!" The mere possession of firearms without ever using them, was consequently of occasional service to the party.

When asked if they would like the white man to come and live among them, the people generally seemed pleased with the idea, and said, "Yes! come!"

"May we build a house here?"

"Certainly! Build away! build away!"

At times strange superstitious fears were expressed however, and it was evident that in some places the absence of the strangers was more desired than their presence.

The languages met with varied a little, but not very materially, from that in use at Palabala and Manteka. Mr. Richards was able to make himself understood all the way to the Pool.

The greatest difficulty encountered on the road arose from the scarcity of food. Everywhere it was *dear*, and in some places unprocurable. There is not much cultivation of the soil, so that in *some* parts the people looked miserably fed, and their children sadly thin. There is little or no game, and fishing seems the principal source of food supply. "Near Mbu the people laughed at our offer of a handkerchief for a fowl, though we get two for one at Manteka, and three at Bemba. Here they demanded six yards of cloth!" One king gave the party a goat, but before it was killed, being displeased with the return present, he demanded it back. Shortly after some fowls were

bought, and the purchasers took care to despatch them at once! But if meat was scarce and dear, milk not to be had, and only an insufficient quantity of grain, *dessert* was abundant. Beautiful pineapples could be bought for *one bead each!* They grew wild on every hillside, strewed the very path in places, and filled the markets. The danger was that the Kroo-boys would get dysentery from eating too many. What a revenue would arise to Congo if its superfluous fruits could only be sent off to the coast, and sold in London and Paris! Not till the impoverishing effect of the total absence of commerce is seen and felt, is its position as a handmaid of civilization fully realized.

The north side route being thus definitely abandoned, two new stations were this year founded in advance on the southern side of the river, the sixth and seventh planted by the mission.

Messrs. Clarke and Ingham selected the site for the first of these two, Mukimbungu, a little out of the direct line to Stanley Pool, nearer to the river. This station afterwards became the centre for the Swedish missionaries connected with the mission, and was ultimately transferred to the Swedish Society. It proved a very judiciously selected spot, and was near enough to the river to admit of work on the opposite side. Mr. Clarke wrote of several encounters with herds of elephants on this journey. These animals are frequently met with in this part of the country, and were occasionally shot by the missionaries, who, though they did not go out of their way or waste time and strength unnecessarily for the sake of hunting,

yet were glad at times to secure for their carriers a supply of meat by the use of their guns, as well as to rid the natives of unwelcome visitors from whom their gardens too often suffered severely.

Mukimbungu Station was founded in February, 1882, among a friendly people who pressed the travellers to tarry in their midst. As the plan of using the river and the north shore had been found inexpedient, the new station was placed so nearly opposite Bemba that the stores and materials accumulated there could be easily transferred to the new site. The local king gave a large and fertile tract of ground, and liberty to cut down any hard-wood trees in his district except fruit and palm trees. He sent his men to show the best places for good timber, and presented besides a fine pig, and all this for a "dash" or present of "one superior bread knife, three caps, twelve yards of check 'domestic' and twelve of stripe, twelve of super cloth (or calico), and one shirt." So that freehold property is not expensive on the Congo! A chool was soon established here, and Mr. Frederickson devoted himself to teaching and training the young while studying the language.

The seventh station was planted at Lukunga, about thirty miles farther on. It was with great difficulty the carriers were persuaded to go thus far, and further they would not move. There had been some fighting with Stanley's men in advance, and their courage failed. Messrs. Clarke, Richards, and Pettersen, who were at this time the pioneering party, were desirous of reaching the N'dunga towns, which were



"A SUPPLY OF MEAT FOR THE CARRIERS." (*See p.* 324.)

only separated from them at Lukunga by one valley. But the men were afraid, and preferred deserting and losing all their wages to risking an advance! At first they would not even cross the Lukunga stream. They were told that if they refused to stay they might go, and that the white men would proceed without them. This brought them to their senses, and the greater part consented to remain. Four of them however went off. These "palavers" are some of the most trying experiences the missionaries have to encounter. The anxiety produced by desertion and the fear of it often makes them ill, and to see altercations going on in the caravan increases moreover the distrust of the surrounding natives.

"No notice was taken of the deserters, and soon afterwards a deputation from the rest of the men came forward praying," writes Mr. Clarke, "not to be sent away, and promising not to make any more 'palaver,' but to do whatever we might ask them. One of them made me almost laugh outright by kneeling on the ground, and with outstretched hands saying, 'Do you please, massa! *Do* you please! We no fit to make no more palaver. Do you please, massa!' We consented at last that they should stay, and soon all were busy arranging a camp, for we saw it would be impossible to go on for a day or two, as the people were evidently greatly frightened. I was not altogether sorry for the delay, as I was suffering from sore feet, and in other ways ill besides. . . .

"From what we learned we thought it advisable to establish ourselves there for a time—at least, if a suitable place could be found. We could see they are a class of people not much to be trusted, and that unless they got thoroughly acquainted with us it would not be safe to have carriers passing through that district unaccompanied by one or more of ourselves. The river here is not fordable in the rainy season, and at such places we generally experience trouble from the extortionate demands made upon us by canoe owners. After much consideration we resolved to look out for a place where we might build a temporary station, and found a very suitable one on a low hill at a little distance from our

camp. Round one end of it flows the Lukunga, here about thirty yards wide, and having a plentiful supply of beautiful fish, some two feet long. Its banks are wooded, and there is very good soil for gardening. Here, we thought, if we build a station, we shall at all times have a good supply of water and firewood, wood for building, bamboo and palm leaves, as well as abundance of food. Here we can have a canoe of our own; in fact, a fine tree of which to make one stands close to the spot where we determined to pitch our tent. As this was the second time the Lord had permitted us to be stopped in this district, as I was ill, as the boys refused to go farther, and as the natives wished us to stay, we told them we would build at the river side, a little distance from the village. They said, 'All right, we are glad'; and promised to bring us grass, native string, mats, food, etc."

A dozen different towns are visible from this spot on the neighbouring hills and mountains. Some of the men who have visited the missionaries from these places seemed superior people, tall, fine-looking men, intelligent and gentle. There are great distinctions between the different tribes of Congoland, some having a low and vicious look, and others presenting a very different appearance.

Mr. Clarke, leaving his comrades to build in this pleasant spot, returned to send up goods and stores, and was taken ill on the road. He wrote while detained for a fortnight by severe sickness:

"I am now ill and was in bed nearly all day yesterday; in fact, I have been ailing for ten days; but the Lord is with me. His love is sweeter than all else I possess, and I cannot but thank Him for this illness, for it is when I am most troubled that I get the sweetest draughts of the water of life."

He was glad to find that he could secure native carriers as far as Lukunga—a great relief, as they could be trusted without supervision, and were of

course less expensive than imported Kroo-boys. Still for a time the missionaries could not get on without the Kroo-boys; the use of them alone provoked the natives to competition. When they saw strangers earning money in their country by simply doing for others what they themselves were constantly doing for their own trade—carrying heavy loads long distances—then they naturally said, "Why should *we* let *them* do that work? We could do it just as well, and better!" Having learned by this time to trust both the kind treatment and the fidelity to engagements of the missionaries, they became by degrees willing to do their transport, though often very difficult to manage, and not unfrequently stealing by the way from the packages which they carried.

This station at Lukunga has turned out a very satisfactory one in every way. Though it is rather anticipating, we may give here a sketch of it and its surroundings as they struck an observant eye, written later on by a practised pen.

On his last journey down the country, in the spring of 1884, Mr. Stanley travelled on the south side of the river, and visited some of our stations. He thus speaks of this one at Lukunga, where Mr. and Mrs. Ingham were then residing, where Mr. Hoste laboured so long, and where Mr. Harvey now is:

"A few miles beyond this favoured and amiable community of N'dunga we begin the descent into the broad valley of the Lukunga, where we are hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Ingham of the Livingstone Mission. I should have wished that my chiefs who have affected to labour at Manyanga had seen the pretty little station which

this soldier missionary had constructed, with half a dozen men, or rather boys. The mission cottage was as dainty within as any residence need be. A spacious garden behind it presented a vivid promise: a well-kept court or plaza in front was surrounded by store-rooms, kitchen, and schoolroom; under the shadowy eaves were to be seen the mission children. I think it rather encouraged me to believe that the Congo climate, even in that low hollow of Lukunga, was endurable, when I here saw a delicate lady bear herself so bravely. I utter literal truth when I say that my sojourn for twenty hours was enjoyed with the most exquisite pleasure. Ten men might have utterly stripped and carried away the veneer of civilization on that mission house, and left it bare and barbarous, but the art was in the lady's hands, and the rich gift of taste inherited in far away England had diffused attractiveness over the humble home. £100 was probably the value of all I saw, but then the £10,000 expended at Manyanga failed to excite pleasure or admiration in my thoughts.

"From the cheerful mission house at Lukunga the caravan climbed the steep slopes leading up to the plateau land once more. A day's journey carried us over miles of level expanse, which might, if cultivated, supply thousands of people with wheat and corn. And if its dense crops of wild, tall grasses were superseded by what industry could sow, plant, and build over the great waste, then we might see beauty and richness displaying the fertility of the soil better than the dead monotony of aspect which now enshrouds its potent powers of production."

Mr. Harvey had been much of an invalid during the summer, suffering in various ways and lame The following letter from him gives a picture of Pala bala at this time:

"This affliction has laid me aside from many secular duties, but given me more time for meditation, and I am very thankful for it. I feel that I have been discouraging myself by trying to grapple with the work as a whole, instead of dealing with its details as they arise day

by day. We must be content to talk with the people individually when we have no larger opportunities of influencing them for good. I am sure that when a man trusts to receive the wisdom that cometh from above, from the first stammering sentence uttered to the last sermon delivered, he will have Divine help and guidance, and each day will bring its fresh opportunities for usefulness, and its fresh adaptation of the worker to the work.

"One day my legs were so bad that I could not go out, but was on the sofa (a memorial of Brother Richard's industry), and had the children around me in school-time teaching them. Idada, king of a neighbouring town, happened to be present while I was expounding the beautiful little hymn entitled, 'When He cometh to make up His jewels.' The explanation of this caused so many questions to be asked and answered, that half an hour had slipped by before we knew it. Touching at length on the subject of prayer, little Frank, a lad of about eight years old, surprised me by saying, 'We,' pointing to the other boys, 'now know that God hears us when we pray.' '*You* know it!' said I; 'how do you know it?' He answered: 'The other day when Vemba's father took him away from here, and would not let him work with us, we prayed to God. We said, "O God, send Vemba back to us," and God did send him back, so now we know He hears us when we pray to Him.' 'Ah!' thought I, 'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes,' even these poor little Fyote babes! If the children continue as they have been doing lately, the teacher will learn much from his scholars, as well as they from him. . . .

"The other day a woman died here after a short illness. The people would not allow Mr. Waters to attend the funeral—why we could not understand. After the *cortège* had passed our place, we heard that three men were to be burned next day for 'killing a woman.' As I could not walk to see the king, Waters fetched him here. I asked him at once about the matter. He entirely denied that any men were to be burned, but thought it likely one man would have to drink the 'poison water' to prove that he had not killed her. I tried hard to show him the absurdity of this custom. I said, 'If I drink it and die, should I be the culprit that killed the woman?'

No,' he said. Then I tried to get his conscience to work, and told him that if he allowed the poison to be given and the man died, God would hold him to be a murderer. He seemed staggered at this. 'What! I?' he said. 'Yes, you.' 'A murderer?' 'Yes, a murderer.' 'I?' he again asked; and so that there should be no mistake, I pointed to him and said, 'Yes, you; *infumu*, king.' I believe he had previously imagined that murders might be committed by subjects, but never by kings; if so, he is not the only king who has thought so, even in other countries than Congo!"

The matter was in this case suffered to fall through, and this terrible custom of following every death by one or more murders was afterwards, under the influence of the missionaries, abandoned in Palabala and elsewhere. It is now contrary to the laws of the Congo Free State.

Messrs. Liley and Westlind had proceeded up country soon after their arrival, and been warmly welcomed at Palabala. Mr. Liley wrote:

Our boys read and write exceedingly well, considering their opportunities. If they had only had the advantages of English boys, they would have been bright scholars.

I never experienced such joy and peace as since I have been out here. Who would not come and work among these poor deluded people! The joy we have in distributing the bread of life to these our dark brethren far, far outweighs the so-called pleasures of living in ease and luxury in England. Life seems so real, and the word of God and prayer so much more precious. *I have no desire to live but for this work*, if God will only bless me in it. . . .

Mr. Richards wrote of his visits to the villages around Banza Manteka, and of the sad sights he witnessed continually, but of the gradual increase of

influence which he was gaining. Here is a sketch of one visit :

A lot of men, women, and children, dancing, yelling, and drumming around a poor woman who was suffering, I believe, from rheumatism. They became silent and angry at the sight of us, and wanted to know what I had come for.

"To teach you about God, and how to worship Him."

"We don't know Him, and we don't want to worship Him. Go away, white man."

"What is the matter with the woman? What are you doing to her?"

"Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!"

"Yes, you are trying to make her well." She was sitting on a mat all alone now. "But you are not going the right way to do it."

"*Ndoki* has made her ill; we were trying to make her well."

"But this is a foolish way to try; listen to me."

"No, we will not listen. Go away, white man."

They became angry, but unconsciously to them, I hardly know how, I managed to interest them at last in the works of God. I told them the story of the six days' work of creation, and after describing each day's work, asked them, "Why not worship Him who made all these good things?" The question, "Who makes your food grow?" seemed especially to interest them, and they acknowledged that God made everything. Again I asked, "Why not then worship Him?" There was a grunt of approval from many. I went on and told them about Christ the Redeemer, and asked them to close their eyes while I prayed to God. They did so. I did not forget to ask healing for the poor woman in my prayer. . . . A thunderstorm came on, and we had to make our way home as quickly as possible.

THE BURNING OF BEMBA STATION.

The cry of fire is a terrible one even in London, where every appliance for extinguishing the flames is at hand. In our cold, damp climate, where brick and stone and other non-inflammable materials are so largely used, fires spread slowly, and are comparatively manageable. We remember watching a



"IN A FEW MINUTES ALL WAS DESTROYED." (*See next page.*)

fire that burst out in a good-sized wooden house in London, Canada West. It burnt as if it had been made of matches! The "shingle" wooden roof,

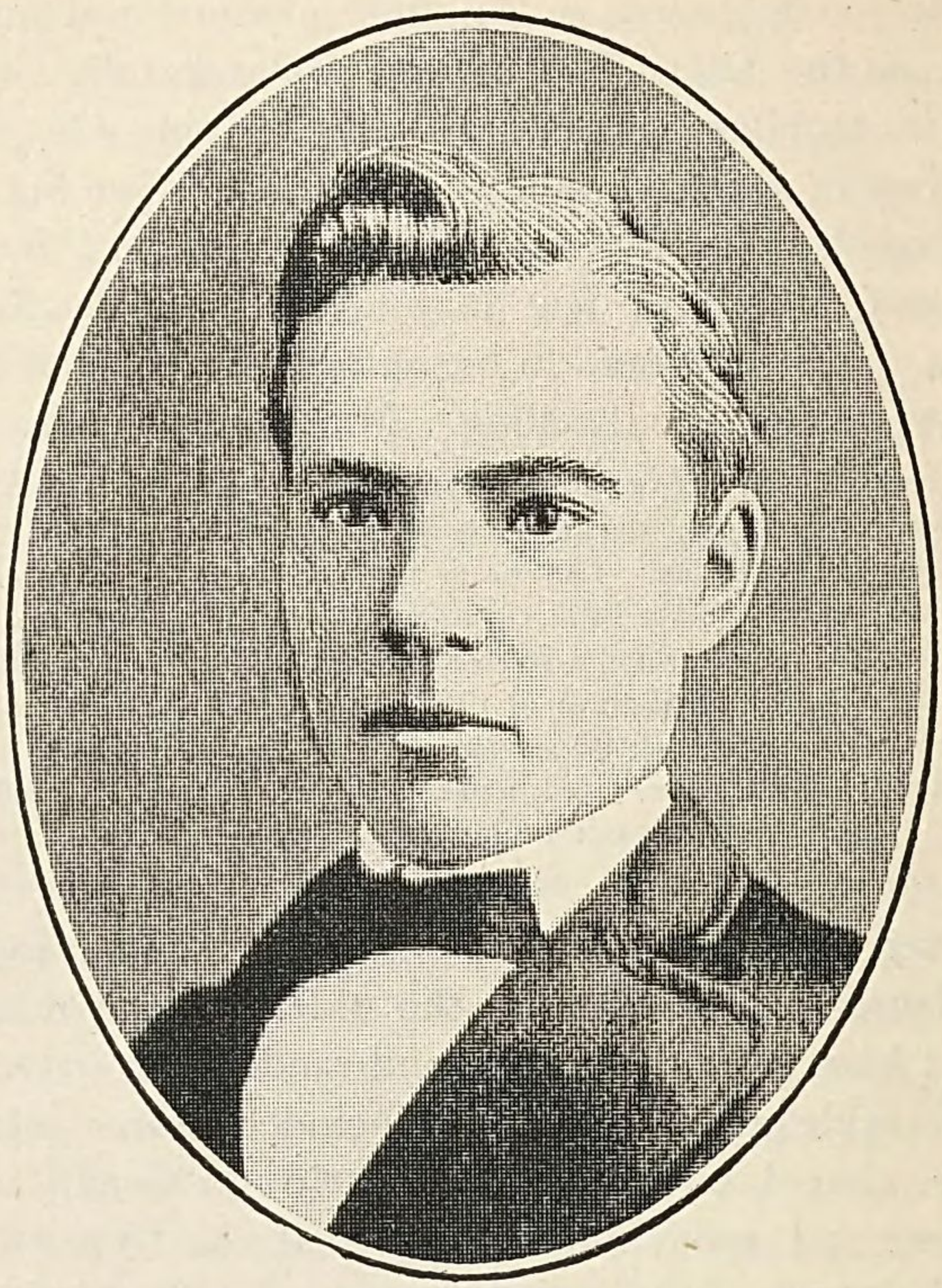
heated by the sun, was gone in two or three minutes; floors, walls, timbers followed in quick succession, and in a quarter of an hour there were only ashes left. In Africa, where wood is mingled with even more inflammable materials, and where the sun heat is still greater, destruction is still quicker. And oh, if fire is a calamity at home, where there are plenty of houses to be rented, and where insurance covers the cost, it is a tenfold calamity on the Congo, where no other houses are available, and where each building represents a value immensely greater than its mere materials and money-cost of construction—the lives that have perhaps been lost in building it, and in the labour of transporting its contents. There moreover its destruction may mean fatal fevers to the inhabitants, brought on by agitation, over-exertion, vexation, and exposure, and it certainly means a loss to the mission immensely in excess of the actual value consumed.

Yet in circumstances which make fires things to be doubly dreaded, it is peculiarly difficult to avoid them. The native habit of burning the grass has several very bad effects. Among others it fills the air with sparks, which light on the thatched roofs, and suddenly kindle into flame, which there are no appliances at hand to extinguish. This calamity has occurred more than once in the history of the mission of which we write, and also in that of the Baptist Mission, whose station at Stanley Pool was burnt down, and thousands of pounds' worth of goods destroyed. Mr. Stanley's station at Bolobo was burned down, and £1,500 worth of property consumed.

The roomy house, so carefully planned and so well built on the hill at Bemba, and so beautifully situate that its architect was fain to call it "Mount Pleasant," perished in a catastrophe of this kind. One hot day in August, a spark from burning grass thus kindled the roof, and in a few minutes all was destroyed. Yet a space supposed to be quite sufficient had been cleared around the dwelling. Mr. Clarke wrote:

> We had but a minute or two in which to snatch a few things, for the fire spread very rapidly, and the mats fell burning from the roof, setting everything below on fire. Our drugs all perished, except the chlorodyne; and nothing but a little cloth, a few books, and some clothes, with a box of cartridges and a bale of rugs, were saved. The medicine chest, the office box, and most of the things were lost. *No food was saved;* all is gone, but we are getting on with native supplies. None of Lanceley's clothes were saved, and only a part of mine. He is without boots. . . . We have built a temporary hut, larger than the old one, by the river side, so that we might have some shelter from the rains.

Later on the station at Palabala fell a prey to the flames. This station—the oldest in the mission—had been recently rebuilt, and rendered convenient, comfortable, and healthy. It included stores, schoolhouse, chapel, boys' house, and two missionary residences; and, most unfortunately, at the time of the fire the store contained a large and valuable stock of goods which had just been taken out. On this occasion the loss to the mission was not under £700 or £800. This is one of the trials of life and work in this uncivilized country—a danger that must be always taken into account. The fuller occupation of the country, and culture of the land, would avert it. Meantime the only protection is the careful maintenance of extensive clearings round the mission premises.



GEORGE LANCELEY, OF MALPAS, CHESHIRE.

"I am where I wish to be,—in the front. If we fall in the fight . . . martyrs for Jesus, what an honour! . . . Of course it would be wrong to run into death; but if many fall in the Congo field, others must come and fill up the vacancies. If my example shall lead others to follow, I shall be abundantly satisfied, even though I fail in the attempt to reach the Pool." (See p. 342.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEATH ROLL OF 1882.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday, the 9th of April, a day made glad with thoughts of resurrection and newness of life, we were surprised and startled by the announcement that Mr. Habens wished to see us. Habens? What, Joe, the young sailor from the Congo? at home here in England? The first feeling was one of thankfulness that he *was* here; regret that he should have been invalided home so soon was quite a secondary consideration. He came up, looking, not well certainly, yet not so ill as we had feared. But he scarcely smiled in response to our hearty greetings, and as he sat down, his lip trembled and his eyes filled as he said, "I am sorry to be the bearer of more heavy tidings."

Oh how our heart sank! We almost dreaded to let him speak further, yet were impatient to know what we shrank from hearing. The news came, sad and certain, all too soon. "Mr. Lanceley is gone! He died after a few hours' illness on the 28th of January."

"*Lanceley gone?*" We looked incredulously at our young informant. "Yes, ma'am; buried in sight of Castle Rock, on the south of the Congo, on the 29th of January." "What was it? how did it happen? who was with him?" we hastily inquired, remembering how the letters received only a few weeks before had spoken of his being in unusually good health. The particulars which we elicited are given in a concise form in the following letter from Mr. Clarke, which will, we are sure, have a sorrowful interest for our readers:

BANZA MANTEKA,
Feb. 3rd, 1882.

DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,—

Again it is my sad duty to write to you of the death of one of our number. Brother Lanceley has been called to his rest.

On the 26th of January he, Mr. Richards, and I set out to examine the south side of the river from Bemba to Stanley Pool; and on the evening of Saturday, the 28th, at 6.45, he died of fever, about eighteen miles beyond Bemba, at a spot nearly opposite Castle Rock, but on the south side. . . .

He was caught with me in a squall while crossing the Congo. In entering the town of Londe on the 27th, he complained of having knocked his left knee on a snag, and feeling feverish; so we rested under some shadowing trees for twenty minutes or so. We camped about three o'clock, and he was still feeling poorly. I opened out and made my bed ready for him at the shady side of a bush while the tent was being erected, and when it was put up I had his own bed prepared, and he came and lay down in it, saying he was knocked up. But he took soup and coffee with us, and got brighter in the evening.

On the morning of Saturday, the 28th, he felt considerably better, though still looking poorly. We only travelled five miles that day, as he seemed so far from strong. I decided that we would camp to let him rest. After stopping, he arranged for our breakfast, and while he was doing so I spread my ground sheet in a shady spot for him to lie down, and soon afterwards put up the awning of the tent, and prepared a bed for him.

As a storm was evidently brewing, we had the tent put up, and again he lay down in my bed, complaining merely of weakness and feverishness. He had no pain, only a slight headache; but seemed tired, owing, as we supposed, to his having been unaccustomed to travelling. He took some coffee, and tea later on, but ate no solid food.

During the afternoon he several times went out of the tent, walking firmly and steadily. At one time he expressed himself as sorry that he had started on such a journey with us, because, he said, he should evidently hinder us. I laughingly said, "Keep your mind easy about that; for what in Africa we fail to do in one day, we can try to do the next." About three o'clock p.m. his temperature rose rapidly, and Mr. Richards administered a third dose of quinine to him; but neither these repeated doses nor the chlorodyne he took had any perceptible effect. Looking earnestly into my face, with strangely hushed voice he said, "Clarke, do you think I shall recover?" I replied that I saw no sufficient reason to think he would not. Shortly after he said to me, "I think I shall not be long with you, Clarke." Putting my hand gently under his head and brushing back his hair, I asked, "Why do you think so?" He quietly replied, "Because my temperature is so high, and I do not begin to perspire." Soon after he said, "Jesus has not come for me *yet*." Not being sure of what he said, I asked him, and he repeated that Jesus had not come for him yet, adding, "It *may* be He will spare me."

In a little while I went out of the tent to arrange some work for the boys, but hearing him talking in an excited way to Mr. Richards, I returned, and found he was delirious. He was afraid Mr. Richards wanted to shoot him, but lay down quietly when we assured him it was not so. Seeing he was very much heated, I brushed back his hair, saying, "Is not that nice?" Thinking I was his brother William, he said, "Yes; Clarke did that for me several times."

Very soon he ceased to speak, and was evidently quite unconscious of our presence and actions. His eyes were but slightly open, his breathing heavy and laboured, changing at times to short, quick respiration. He did not appear to suffer pain, but steadily and swiftly the fatal symptoms succeeded each other till, about 6.45 p.m., he opened his eyes, and, fixing his gaze on my face *with a look full of wonder and of peace*, he gently passed into the "rest that remaineth." He had laid down the sword and received the palm of victory while we sat looking at each other, and thinking it could not be.

His death came on us like a thunderbolt! Only three hours before he had risen from the bed saying he was tired, but that he felt stronger.

As I saw him passing away, I trembled. I felt it might have been myself that was dying, and he the healthy one. I could not but be solemnized, for I heard a voice speaking in my soul, "Be ye also ready."

Scarcely had dear Lanceley ceased to breathe when a very severe thunderstorm broke on us, and for a long time our position was dismal indeed, desolation within and storm without.

Assisted by a Kroo-boy, I sewed his remains up in blankets and a ground sheet, and Mr. Richards and I, when the storm had passed away, set the boys to dig a grave. About six o'clock on Sunday, 29th January, we had a short service, and buried him close by where he died. His grave is on the brow of a hill overlooking a fine stretch of the Congo to the north and north-east, about two miles off; Castle Rock, on the north bank, bears by compass two points to the E. of N.

The boys brought stones, and these I arranged around the grave, a double row at each end, and his initials in the centre.

Mr. Richards, who had so recently lost his dear wife, wrote also an account of that terrible night, which may help those who tarry at home to feel for missionaries in Central Africa.

We saw he was going, but before we could believe death was at hand, he departed to be with Christ. It was 6.45 p.m. I thought I must be dreaming. Lanceley, who only two hours before had walked into the tent, expressing the hope that he would be able to proceed next day, *lying dead before us!* Just as the spirit had left the body, the lightning and thunder became dreadful, and the rain came down in torrents. It was awful in the extreme. It seemed as though nature, and nature's God, were against us. Never shall I forget that night. God's ways are past finding out; we cannot understand them. We were stunned; but we had to act, and to act quickly. Seeing that the heavy rains had set in, and both of us feeling ill, we decided, with sorrowful hearts, to return to Bemba. Just before we arrived at the Congo, opposite Bemba, we saw four elephants. Clarke fired at one and killed it, and wounded two others which got away. The tusks were small, but of good quality, and the meat, which is very good and just like lean beef, can be dried, and will last the Kroo-boys for a long time, and save buying fowls, goats, and pigs. Ingham was shocked when he heard the sad news; and in the afternoon two natives from Banza Manteka came with letters bringing the melancholy tidings

of Mr. McCall's death, some of them addressed to my lost and loved good wife, who has been with Jesus for more than two months. Three members of the mission gone, and two others obliged to return to England in less than three months! These things almost make my heart reel and my faith stagger. O God, give grace!

Mr. George Lanceley, of Malpas, Cheshire, was one who, though young, had greatly endeared himself to all who knew him. From fourteen years of age he had longed to devote himself to Africa. At that age he walked eighteen miles to hear Dr. Moffat deliver a missionary address, and studied with deep interest the life of David Livingstone. He had been a help and comfort to Mr. McCall all through the time of their association, and had been tried by the weary months of waiting since they had parted. Meanwhile he had written:

We have got on fairly well with the language, have some lists of words written out, and have succeeded at last in making the natives confide in us and trust our word. I am where I *wish to be, in the front*, bearing some of the enormous difficulties incident to the establishment of our mission. We carry our lives in our hands; but, thanks be unto God! our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. If we fall in the fight, Jesus will welcome us among the martyr throng. *A martyr for Jesus:* what an honour!

Africa groans beneath her burden, and knows not Him who is willing to relieve her. Africa is buried in darkness, lost, lost, and few to bear the lantern and lead them to the Sun of righteousness. Jesus will soon return to gather His loved ones to Himself, and if Africa has not heard the glad tidings, whom will He blame for such neglect? Whom—but those who sit at ease in Zion, careless of their brothers' salvation? Whom—but those who have the ability to go, and prefer staying at home because it is more comfortable—those who even dare to consider health and earthly baubles of more importance than the salvation of the heathen? What is health compared to the souls of men? What are a few earthly comforts compared to the joy of adding gems to the Saviour's crown? Surely this cannot be the spirit of Jesus,

neither is it carrying out His command to "preach the gospel to every creature." Of course it would be wrong to run into death; *but if many fall in the Congo field, others must come and fill the vacancies. If my example shall lead others to follow, I shall be abundantly satisfied, even though I fail in the attempt to reach the Pool.*

Alas! the words were an anticipation of what he was so soon to do! His wish to advance was gratified at last. The foregoing letters give the story of the brief journey which took him farther than he asked or thought, and accomplished for him more than heart can conceive, landing him in paradise with Christ, there to receive his Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant."

We were the less prepared for these sad news because, in the previous December, Mr. Fredrickson had written on his arrival at Bemba: "I was astonished at Clarke's healthy appearance, and Lanceley looked quite as well as his colleague; indeed, they could not have looked better in England. I am surprised at the influence they have gained over the natives, not only here, but in the villages in the interior."

Lanceley's death therefore was not attributable to any failure of health, but purely to accident. It seems to have resulted from the wetting he received in the squall which overtook them in crossing the Congo. Again, therefore, in a sense we felt, *it might have been avoided;* but accidents are difficult to avoid in such a country!

Six weeks later, at Palabala Station, another similar blow fell on the mission, and a most worthy brother, JESSE BLUNT, a carpenter missionary, who,

like McKergow, had gladly placed his manual skill at the service of the mission, was suddenly cut off. This case however was unlike Lanceley's, in that from the first Mr. Blunt had felt the effects of the climate, and had been seriously ill several times before attacked by the fever which terminated his brief African career of eleven months. He died of intermittent fever and jaundice, very suddenly at last, Mr. Harvey being alone with him at the time. He had been delirious for some time, then sank into a comatose condition.

At length he opened his eyes very widely, as if beholding something marvellous, and with two long-drawn sighs breathed out his soul into the arms of his Saviour.

An hour or two afterwards his grave was being dug in our little cemetery, and his coffin was being made by the carpenter. For my part I was stunned, and threw myself down on my bed (being in fever myself that day). Nothing seemed real, and every now and again I found myself starting up to see if I could do anything more; but I was forced to grasp the fact that Brother Blunt was really no longer in need of any earthly assistance, and I had the comfort of knowing in myself that all that it was possible for me to do I had done before the spark of life had gone out. As I lay there, I almost fancied that I could communicate with him; at any rate while reading that beautiful 14th chapter of John I could realize his taking possession of his eternal mansion, and felt such a strange kind of happiness! Like Bunyan when Christian and Hopeful passed into the city through the gates, and all the bells of heaven rang for joy, I could have wished myself in there too; but "every many in his own order."

During the evening a deputation came round from king Kangampaka to express his sorrow and sympathy; also to say that they feared on account of so many dying we should be inclined to give up the work here; but they begged I would stop and teach them "God's words." I of course told them that we had no intention of giving up the work on account of the deaths that had taken place, and that I had no more thought of going away now than before. They then went away satisfied.

This morning at eight we tolled our bell, and very soon a number of natives gathered together to witness the funeral. We held a short service in the house first, the coffin being placed on the table. I read the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and then gave them the substance of it in Fyote. They were all very much solemnized, and when I told them something of what was laid up for the believer in Christ in heaven, they seemed as if it partly explained to them why we were willing to leave our country and die away from home, a confessed mystery to them. We then proceeded to the grave, where I read a few verses and prayed, after which we sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus." During the singing of this, the Sierra Leone men were much affected; one who had hitherto seemed somewhat stoical sobbed aloud, and all present were deeply moved.

Brother Blunt was not permitted to work here long, but what he has done has been done well and substantially.

The house on the hill will be a monument to his honour for many years to come. Although not quite finished, it is so far completed that not much skill is required to do what remains. The house is like his character, *solidly good*. Like himself too it is *built upon a rock*, and probably could be overturned only by a storm sufficiently violent to overturn the hill itself. The Rock of ages upon which *he* has been building for nearly twenty years (he was converted very young) no storm can ever overturn.

Jesse Blunt awaits the resurrection morn in the little burying ground at Palabala, beside his comrades Telford and McKergow. Mr. Harvey's letter containing this sad news added:

I little thought when we went on board the *Vanguard* on that (to me) very memorable night, that of our party only *two* would be left in a couple of years, and that no less than four out of six would become victims of the inhospitable Congo climate; but so was it ordered, and so it has been. The will of the Lord be done!

I am glad to tell you that the effect of these removals upon the survivors is the reverse of that which those ignorant of what the constraining love of Christ can do would be led to expect. From letters received from up and down the country, and from personal experience, I can safely say each departure is an additional incentive to those left behind to spend

and be spent for the Lord Jesus; and, as the world says, to "make hay while the sun shines." There can be not the smallest doubt that to the majority who come and labour here "life is short," and very short; but, blessed be God! what is clipped from time may be said to be *added to this side of eternity.* What gainers then each of us will be who are taken from the evil to come, and admitted to the regions of the blest!

Nevertheless, for more than one reason I am in no hurry as yet, but am willing, very willing, to stay a while and outlive a number of failings and weaknesses, as well as to glorify my God below by offering a goodly amount of heart service to Him.

The news from up-country is very cheering.

Nor was the death-roll of the year 1882 complete even then! Another name was yet to be added to it in the summer, and that one of a worker who had only just reached the country—the bright and beloved young brother, William Appel.

He sailed in May, arrived out in June, and died in July!

We were spending a few weeks in Scotland in September, and had reached Glasgow from the north late one evening to give an address on the needs and claims of Central Africa next day, when we were met by these heavy tidings. They stunned us completely for a time; we could scarcely believe them true! None of the deaths that had previously taken place in the mission took us so completely by surprise. He had left us so recently, seemed so well suited to the climate, had written so cheerfully by the last mail, and had been exposed to no severe strain or great danger. It seemed so mysterious a providence too! We had hoped much from his labours; he was



MR. WILLIAM APPEL.

DIED AT BANANA, 1882.

better prepared than many to render valuable service to the mission, and no one who had joined it had seemed more full of faith and zeal, or more devoted in heart.

And was all this thrown away and lost? For a moment we felt as if it was. We were inclined to say amid our tears, *Why this waste?* Might not this life have turned to more account elsewhere? But then we remembered that the alabaster box of oint-

ment broken on His head, though *very* precious, was *not* wasted—only poured forth and expended in the best possible way, and privileged to win the Lord's own special approval.

But it was a great trial of faith, and made us again ask, Can we carry on this mission? Dare we help young men to risk life thus? We were thankful to remember that we had earnestly counselled Appel to work in Natal for a few years before he went to Congo, thinking him too young for the climate. He had however begged so earnestly to be allowed to go with Dr. Sims, that the council consented to his wish.

After we had studied the letters giving details of this fresh catastrophe, we perceived that his life had indeed been in one sense thrown away, and that with a little more prudence and discretion, it might in all probability have been preserved for many a year.

Dr. Sims reported that he had, in his usual active, energetic way, exerted himself after his arrival, exactly as if he had been at home. Just before his fatal illness he had walked in the hot sun thirty-two miles in two days, climbing by rocky and difficult paths from sea-level to a height of 1,600 feet, and taking no rest afterwards. He had been advised to take less exercise, but was unwilling to be idle. The result was fever! He was taken ill at nine at night on Tuesday, July 18th, and gone before sunrise on Saturday! He was doing missionary work even in this brief and severe illness, pleading with the "boys" to come to Christ, rejoicing in Him as "the way, the truth, and the life," "the *only* way for me, the way I

am taking, the one I am trusting." He had been looking forward with great joy to the thought of joining Ingham up the country. Now he said, "Give my love to Ingham ; tell him I am going home!" Dr. Sims read to him, "Let not your heart be troubled." "No," he said ; "no! I am at perfect peace! I am not troubled : I am happy. Jesus has gone to prepare a place for me. I am going there!" He thought of the sorrow his death would give at home, and said of one he loved, "It will break her heart!" and then, knowing how bitterly we should feel his death, he added also, "Poor Mrs. Guinness!" Up to the last he seemed pre-occupied with heavenly things, his countenance shining with a light and a brightness that were not of earth. "I shall soon be in His presence," he said, and asked Miss Spearing, who was kindly nursing him, for the words of the hymn,—

> "Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
> Not till then how much I owe."

His illness was largely attributable to over-exertion on arrival. It is very difficult for strangers to the climate to realize the need of extreme caution on first reaching the Congo. They feel as usual, and fancy they may safely exert themselves as usual. A measure of excitement amid new scenes, the eager desire to get to work, the very enthusiasm which grace kindles in the soul, at the first contact with heathenism, all incite the young missionary to immediate and earnest activity ; while the change of climate demands quietness, and causes even moderate

exertion to be attended with risk. We resolved in future to lay the responsibility of caring for new arrivals on older and more experienced men, and to *require* new recruits *to yield to the guidance of veterans.* Age also had evidently something to do with the sad result in this case. Appel was young. Gordon used to say, "Send me no men under forty for work in the Soudan." He had found young fellows break down quickly. At forty, however, the learning of a language would be difficult, and men have as a rule adopted some life-work long before that age, so that it is difficult to free themselves for missionary service. But there is no doubt that for Central Africa thirty is better than twenty, and that men of forty have a very good chance indeed of escaping illness.

Times of discouragement and deep depression occur in the history of all such enterprises for the redemption of men. Very wonderful is the uniform prevalence of that great law of which the sufferings "even unto death" of our blessed Lord Himself were the greatest example. He announced the law, though He did not explain the reason and ground of it: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Life comes out of death; travail is the law of fruitfulness; nature herself teaches the lesson. The preservation of the individual is in the inverse ratio to the growth and improvement of the race. Every great advance issues from catastrophe and trouble. The regeneration of Africa is and will be

no exception to the great law whose *raison d'être* we shall understand when the mists have rolled away. For the present we have but to bow to it, and they are wise who reckon beforehand on its operation.

Such a day of deadly discouragement and difficulty came to David Livingstone, when—after all his long labours and bright hopes for the Christian colonization of the healthful Shiré highlands—a combination of untoward incidents foiled all his well-laid plans, and brought painful defeat instead of hoped for success. The frequent detentions of the *Pioneer* by sandbanks made it impossible to keep appointments with ocean steamers. The Universities Mission got into collision with the natives. Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup *died* just when the sister of the former and the wife of the latter had arrived. Several members of the mission retired. He had heard of the death of the Helmores at Linyanti, and the withdrawal of their colleagues also. Other trials were pressing on him. All seemed dark around him, everything going wrong; and then—detained in the Zambesi lowlands by one of the frequent and unavoidable *contretemps*—calamity came still nearer to his heart, and his beloved "Mary," the brave and loving wife with whom he had hoped to make and share a home, at last, stricken with the fatal fever, drooped and died! He had to dig her grave under the big baobab tree at Shupanga, just when he was hoping to enjoy her society after their past frequent long and painful separations.

What wonder that, brave hero though he was, he

wrote, "For the first time in my life, I feel willing to die"! What wonder that his heart was broken, and that he found it difficult to say, Blessed be the name of the Lord! What wonder that to buckle on his armour and renew the fierce struggle with such a legion of obstacles seemed almost more than he could do? So far, all his great and costly discoveries had apparently only issued in an increase of the cruel slave-trade, and the Portuguese were freely aiding and abetting it. The country was already depopulated in some places by their raids; skeletons greeted his eyes on the road, slave corpses entangled his paddle wheels on the river; his heart was riven with anguish. *He* was powerless, and iniquity was triumphant! His best efforts seemed frustrated, his expedition was recalled by Government, and with bitter pain he had to leave 900 miles of the coast which he had longed to deliver, to the Portuguese and the slave-traders! Could anything have looked darker or more disappointing? Yet the brave heart failed not, and *Africa to-day is reaping, and through coming ages will reap, the fruit of his fidelity unto death.*

The dear missionaries on the Congo similarly cheered our hearts and strengthened our hands by writing after the sad events we have here chronicled: "*We are not in the least daunted by these deaths! Forward is the order, and, by God's help, forward we will go!*"

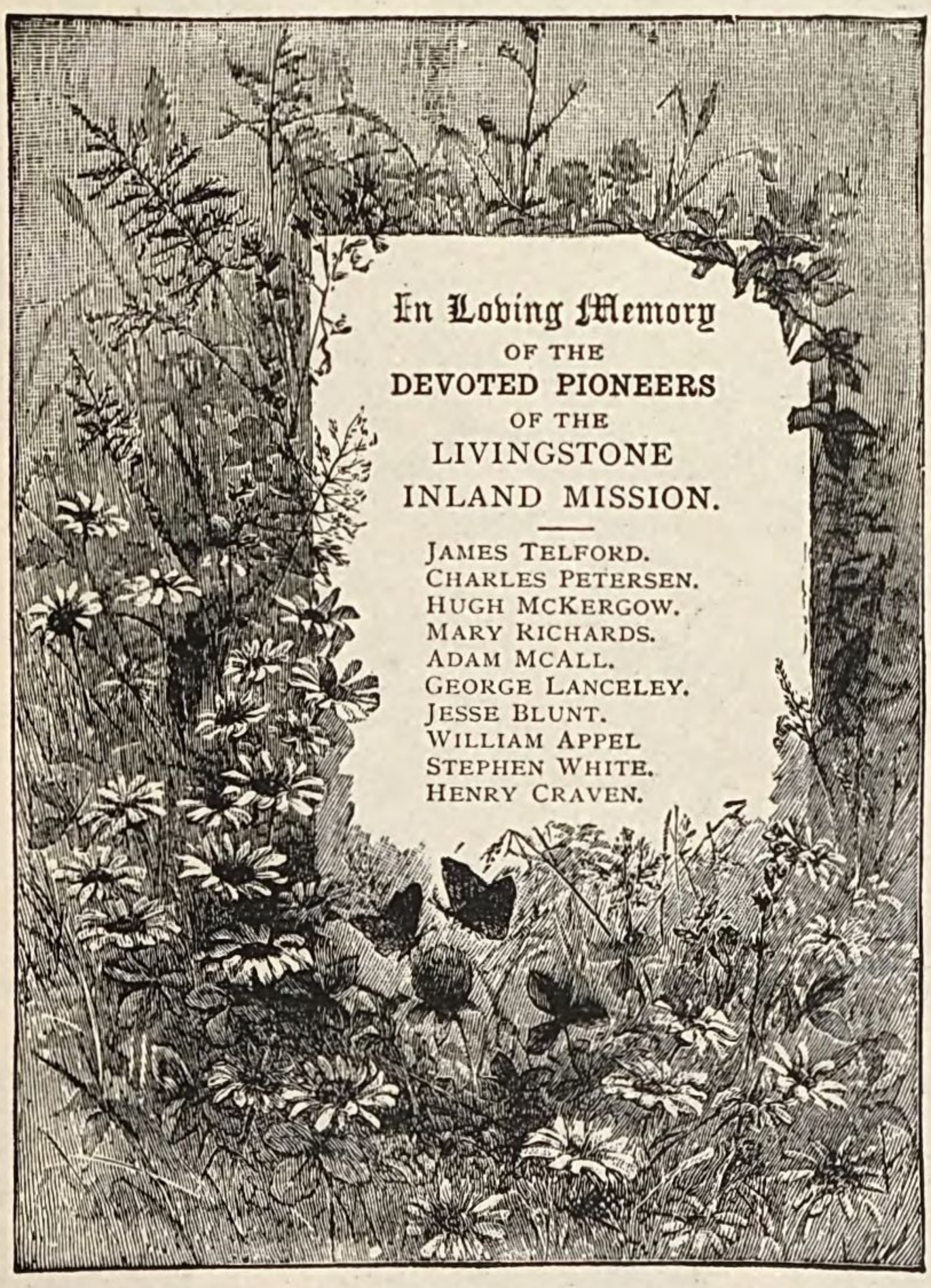
Dr. Sims had no sooner reached Banana than his medical help was needed in the very severe illness of Mr. Billington. He had a bad attack of hæmaturic

fever, and his life was in danger, but careful attention and nursing so far restored him that it was possible to send him home to recruit. Mr. Engvall also broke down, but in quite a different way. He became anæmic, the skin colourless, the strength so reduced that he could not cross the room ; the heart severely affected, and no medicine produced any amelioration. He was carried to the ship apparently a dying man, but rallied on the voyage, and has been doing good service ever since in his own northern climate, on the Ural Mountains, and in Cronstadt. Mr. Waters also found it impossible to acclimatise, and had to give up the Congo ; and Joe Angus the sailor was also invalided home.

The two dear coloured lads, John Mack and William Faithful, who had joined the mission as helpers, had spent many years in England and Scotland, having been taken over by captains in childhood. They had been for a year or two with us in the Institute, and had quite endeared themselves to us by their gentle Christian characters and earnest, consistent piety. We had hoped much from their influence in Africa. Just before they left however both had contracted inflammation on the lungs, and been dangerously ill. A return to their own climate (the West Coast) was advised as affording the only chance for recovery, and they had sailed in May. Neither, alas! survived the summer ! Willie sank first, and John went into consumption, and died at Banana in October. We grieved greatly over the loss of these dear lads, though to them death was only gain. They

passed peacefully away, and the little cemetery at Banana holds their remains. But the Congo climate is not in the least to blame in their cases, as they would have died only the sooner had they stayed in England.

they rest from their labours;



Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:

and their works do follow them.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.



NATIVE MODE OF EXECUTION AT THE FUNERAL OF AN UPPER CONGO CHIEF. (*See p.* 135.)

CHAPTER IX.

LEOPOLDVILLE AND THE UPPER CONGO.

THE fifth year of the mission, 1883, was more encouraging than any previous one, though not without its sorrows to some hearts on the Congo. Lest our story grow too long, we must epitomise briefly its events.

Dr. Sims had by this time reached the upper river, and had obtained from Mr. Stanley, whom he met on his way up at Manyanga, a piece of land for a station in the new settlement of Leopoldville, which was already becoming a considerable village, the first European settlement on the Upper Congo. To us it was of course a place of profound interest, the key of Central Africa, the goal of five years' arduous labour, the starting-point of a navigable water-way extending for many many thousands of miles all over the interior of the Dark Continent—of *a road* that was practicable and open, and on which the mission could be independent of gangs of carriers The past experience of our mission had immensely enhanced our appreciation of the value of such a road!

In a dangerous climate and a country destitute of roads and of all means of locomotion, as is the whole of Central Africa, a navigable water-way is simply invaluable. Oh the money, the time, the lives, that had been spent in penetrating only 330 miles by land! When would the heart of Africa be reached at that rate? Never! But with a steamer once launched on the upper waters, the continent was open, and stations one or two hundred miles apart would be practically nearer together than those only thirty or forty miles distant from each other in the Cataract Gorge.

With the location of Dr. Sims, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Pettersen at Stanley Pool, and the erection of a good station there, the first task of our mission was accomplished. The doubtful dream of 1878 had become the accomplished fact of 1883. A chain of stations had been formed past the Middie Congo, the various tribes on the road had been conciliated, the language had been learned, and some spiritual fruit had been reaped. By the now open access the heralds of salvation should follow each other even to the end of the age; the millions of the great interior were no longer beyond the reach of Christ's ambassadors!

Our hearts were filled with thanksgivings to God, and with hopeful courage we addressed ourselves to the next section of our task—the transportation of the steamer from London to Stanley Pool, and her reconstruction and launch there. Already Mr. Craven had taken out and distributed at the different stations

en route stores of various kinds to pay the gangs of carriers; and while the brethren at the Pool were preparing houses for the workmen, stores for the material of the boat and for the barter goods for wages, and a shed in which to build her, the *Henry Reed* herself was in course of construction on the banks of the Thames. Happily Mr. Billington, who had been an engineer before he became a missionary, was in England at the time, and fast regaining health and strength. So he was able to superintend the works, and his service in this line for several months was invaluable. By midsummer she was ready to launch, and to make a trial trip. And we must now give a few particulars of

THE MISSION STEAMER.

The *Henry Reed* is a flexible steel boat, and was necessarily constructed to take to pieces, be transported in plates and portions, and put together again at Stanley Pool. She is seventy-one feet long by ten feet beam, and three feet deep, with a draught of only twelve or fourteen inches. It must be remembered that the Upper Congo spreads out in some parts of its course to an enormous width, so that its waters become proportionately shallow, and full of islands and sandbanks. Skilful pilotage might always find deep water, but *that* cannot at times be obtained; the channels have to be learned by experience, and running aground is a tedious and often a dangerous matter. So it was needful that the draught should be as little as possible. With

two and a half tons of fuel on board she draws fourteen inches only, and has a displacement and consequently a carrying power of sixteen tons. She is fitted with a stern paddle wheel, this mode of propulsion being, after mature consideration, considered better than twin screws for so light draughted a vessel, and for a river in which floating weed and wood abound, and huge hippopotami are constantly encountered. She is covered from stem to stern with an awning to protect her from the sun, and has a nice little cabin adapted to be the temporary home of three or four missionaries. Her machinery is simple and easily managed, a great point where unskilled labour has to be employed; and her furnace is made specially large to burn wood. Her speed is about ten miles an hour, with 80 lbs. pressure; but as her boiler is constructed, according to Board of Trade requirements, to work up to 100 lbs. pressure, she can on an emergency go at a greater rate.

It was no easy matter to carry all this up over rocky mountain paths and through many a rushing, bridgeless river for hundreds of miles! The weight of the boat and machinery complete was about fourteen tons—over 500 man loads. It was an equally difficult thing to rebuild her under African suns on the Upper Congo. There were *sixteen thousand* rivets to be driven in order to bolt her hundred and sixty plates into one vessel again. Easy enough work this for shipbuilders in England, but pretty serious for amateurs in Africa! Then there was the machinery and all the internal fittings to be recon-



THE *HENRY REED*

structed, and the vessel to be painted with several coats to resist the water action of the tropics. But it was well worth the while ; the work was for Christ's sake and the gospel's. The task was undertaken *con amore* by willing workers, and, thank God! in due time successfully accomplished, though not this year.

It was not indeed until the month of November that Mr. Billington's long supervision came to an end, and that, having seen himself to the packing as well as to the building and the testing, he was able to despatch his precious cargo to Rotterdam, to be embarked for Banana on the Dutch steamer *Afrikaan*, by which he and his young wife, and Mr. Harvey—who was also returning, and Vemba and Nkoiyo, the two native lads in his care—also took passage. Mr. Insell, a new missionary, who would also, it was hoped, be helpful in the reconstruction, for which previous experience had fitted him, followed by another ship a week later, and all reached the Congo about Christmas.

In describing their voyage out Mr. Harvey mentions an interesting trait in the character of the boys who accompanied him on his return.

> The first two Sundays we were more or less unwell, and contented ourselves consequently with merely distributing tracts and Testaments. On the third Sunday we were better, and felt strongly that it was a pity we could not hold a service of some kind. The matter evidently weighed on Vemba's mind, for he came to us with his face all shaded over, looking as he generally does when anything troubles him. "Holloa, Vemba, what's the matter?" "Oh, please, sir, why don't captain make a church for sailors on Sunday? They sit, and do not know what to do. They sew clothes, and read, but I am sure they would like to hear *Mamba Man Zambi* (words about God)." "But, Vemba, only

two or three of them could understand us, if we held a service." He agreed that there were not many who understood English, but still he thought a great many would gather *something* of what would be said.

Feeling pleased at the anxiety of the boy for the souls of the crew, we determined to err on the right side, and get the captain to allow us to hold a service on the fore-deck. We took Billington's portable harmonium, and were pleased to find that not only the crew, but the captain, officers, and passengers attended, and showed every sign of giving respectful heed to what was said. They were much pleased with Sankey's hymns, which were mostly new to them. At the end of the service, no one offered to go away, and some asked us to sing more hymns. Many of the sailors and passengers joined in the singing, some musically, and others making up in heartiness for what they lacked in discretion. The dear boys gave many signs of spiritual life during the voyage. There were two other Congo boys on board. Vemba and Nkoiyo soon began to teach them the *Mamba Man Zambi*, and arranged with Billington and myself to take them in a kind of Bible-class with themselves in the boys' cabin every evening. We are hoping they will continue to show earnestness when they get back among their own relations and friends.

This they did; their influence over other boys on their return was great and good. Nkoiyo has since gone to America to finish his education, and has turned out a very intelligent Christian man. He has translated into Ki-Congo the Book of Acts and the First Epistle of John, and is beloved and esteemed by all who know him. Vemba has become a most useful evangelist, interpreting for new missionaries as well as speaking himself. He has naturally considerable power as an orator, and a real love of the gospel in addition.

In August of this year three new missionaries, all students from the Institute, joined the staff in Africa, two of them young sisters engaged to be married to missionaries already in the field.—Mr. Eddie, Miss Neale, and Miss Lanham. By this time it was pos-

sible to marry on the Congo. Immediately on reaching Banana, the party crossed in an open boat to Mukimvika, accompanied by the Rev. G. Grenfell of the B.M.S. Mr. White and Miss Neale were married the same day, and a little later Mr. Ingham came down and was married to Miss Lanham. Both these sisters are still living, and labouring most successfully on the Congo. Mrs. Ingham has been remarkably happy in her school-work among the young people at Lukunga, and in many ways a real help to the mission. Mrs. White wrote to us of the astonishment of her dark-skinned sisters at the first white woman they had ever seen, and especially at her *hair!* Nothing would satisfy them till she let it down to its full length, when they expatiated volubly on the wonderful spectacle! She was invited to visit the "queen" of the country, and even to dine with her, and did so, the "king" himself waiting on them on the occasion.

The "Mukimvika" Station, alluded to above, was, it should be stated, *Banana station moved over to the south side of the mouth of the Congo.* Experience seemed to prove Banana itself unhealthy; it lies low, and has bad odours from the decaying vegetation of the creek. The natives were less accessible than had been hoped, the trade influence strong, and the demoralization from drink great. Mukimvika is quite a sanatorium on a cliff high above the sea, and with native villages all round. In many of these the idols have already been thrown away, and a medical mission is now established among these people under the

care of Dr. Scholes, a coloured physician. Mr. and Mrs. Billington were detained awhile at this station, and the former wrote favourably of the place:

Your suggestion of sending new brethren here on first arrival is very judicious, and ought, if possible, to be carried into effect. A stay here would be most advantageous to them as regards health, and much good is being done here. I certainly think this will become a very successful centre of mission work. Mr. White has ten native lads with him, and will soon have many more. We have visited several towns, preaching the gospel through Vemba and Nkoiyo to very attentive audiences. The people seem to be glad to see us and to hear the word, but those who fear their craft is at stake of course object. How it would sadden your hearts to see and talk with these people, with whom the devil seems to have it all his own way! Within the last few weeks several have been poisoned and burned, and while we were visiting the town, the last two days the *nganga* drums were being beaten, and new efforts made for the discovery of other victims to satisfy the cruel and superstitious minds of the natives.

LEOPOLDVILLE, 1883.

The new station at Stanley Pool, completed in the summer, consisted of five or six houses. They were built of poles cut from small trees, the walls being made of interwoven palm branches and grass. There were,—

1. One good three-roomed house for a married missionary, with a good verandah all round, and a cook-house apart, fenced round, and separate from the rest, so as to secure privacy.

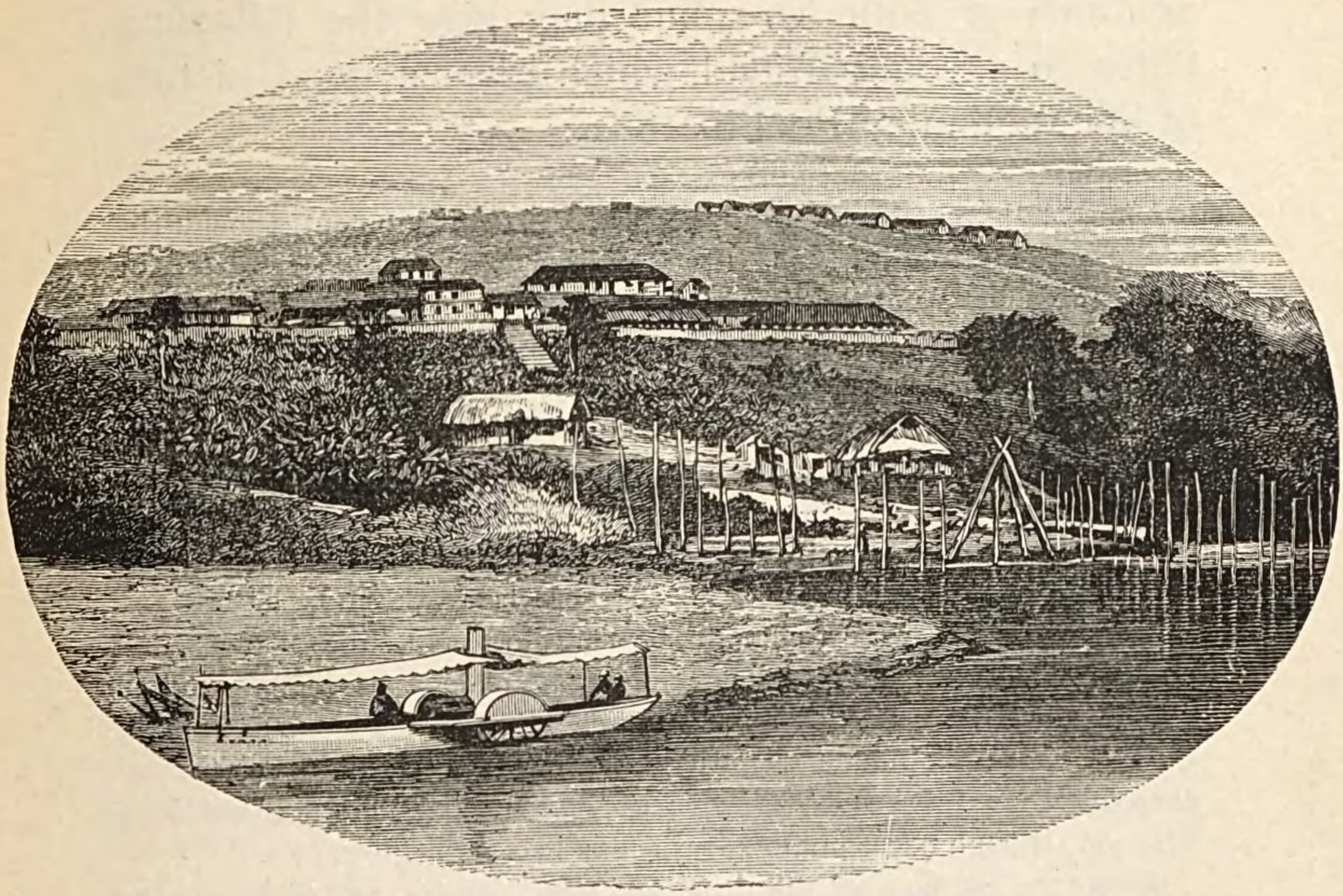
2. A well-built house for one or two single missionaries, with verandah in front only.

3. A building to be used as store for the *Henry Reed* goods, and afterwards as a school, general store, and a cook-house.

4. Two houses for native boys or labourers.
5. A general store.
6. A cook-house or kitchen.

Mr. Pettersen, the Swede, who had planned these houses and superintended their construction, was often tried by lack of resources, and sometimes by sickness. But he enjoyed his work notwithstanding, and did not forget his missionary vocation even while busy as architect and builder under difficulties. He wrote translations of simple hymns for his evening school or meeting, for adults as well as children came to the meetings, which he described as "very cheering and dear to me." "This week I have been speaking to them about the resurrection of Christ, and about His second coming, and the resurrection of the dead. These truths have deeply impressed their minds, and there has been much earnest asking and inquiring about these things. Several have said they would wish to be Christians, and I often hear them singing the hymns, instead of their native songs."

The station, which has about eight acres of ground belonging to it, was finished in July, and Mr. Stanley on his return to Leopoldville was pleased with the progress made. He wrote to us: "We live well and happily here at Leopoldville. I have no reason to regret having given ground to your mission. Dr. Sims has a fine site; his mission place is compact, neat, well-regulated, *I may say the most complete affair I have seen on the Congo;* all done without flurry, discord, or noise. Though he is about half a mile from the river, yet he has equal share with us in the land-



THE STATION, LEOPOLDVILLE, STANLEY POOL.

ing place and port, and his steamer can lie side by side with our own, guarded by our people. There is no necessity for me to reiterate the assurance of my keenest sympathy with mission work. . . . Every assistance I can give will be ungrudgingly given to the cause for which, I believe, we are all working."

As borne by one who had seen so many Congo stations erected, we considered this a high encomium on the labours of our brethren.

Meanwhile Dr. Sims had been making good progress in another direction, the study of the people and of the language, or rather, the peoples and their languages, for both are in the plural at Stanley Pool. We must not reproduce his long and interesting

accounts of both here, but may give the following letter to a young friend, which gives a good picture of life at Stanley Pool in 1883 :

I must tell you something of the Pool. At this moment, though the beginning of the rainy season, the weather is bright and rainless, the sky half clouded, and the thermometer at 87°.

At the quarters of the expedition below me all is animation and work ; 150 Hausas and some Zanzibarites are singing in chorus while removing the base of a large hill in the construction of an immense terrace, a sort of Place de la Concorde, as Stanley calls it. Others are constructing houses for the newly arrived Hausas. A little time back thirty Zanzibarites carried by a huge tree to the saw-pits.

At the commercial agent's house there is work enough, for 120 carriers or more have just come in, bearing cloth, brass rods, barrels, and boxes. This will all want checking and the men paying off, and in another room there are dozens of Batekes, Bayansi, Babuma, Bawumbu, Bambuno, and Bakungu, all struggling, talking, examining cloth, exchanging their brass rods for what they want, etc. Trade is not done here yet, though occasionally a tusk may be bought.

Along the public road are dozens of men, women, and girls, coming or returning, mostly with food for the expedition. They come from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, where the great cassava fields are. At the dwelling and dining house I see nothing going forward. The chief is probably resting or busy writing despatches. In one of the rooms there is a poor sick Englishman—Tapp, an engineer from Forrest's, whom you will remember.

At the top of the hill is the small watch-house of the expedition.

Just now school is being conducted over at Comber's by Brother Moolinaar with six or seven Congo boys. Bentley will be studying Bateke or Bakungu, while Comber himself will be superintending the erection of the house in which the *Peace* is to be built ; she will be all up here in a week or two. Here at our own little place the two carpenters are hard at work making a bedstead for Mr. Banks, whom I am expecting up here with Pettersen every hour.

A mission boy and one of our servants are busily making a new fowl-house, for just at present fowls are very abundant and moderate in price, as also are other provisions. I have something like fifty fowls in the old house, which is consequently somewhat of a "Black Hole" to them from overcrowding, but when Banks and Pettersen return there will soon be little need of a second fowl-house!

The place is filled with conversation, for about fifteen women are shading themselves under one of the stores, waiting to sell their native bread. Our other servants are hoeing ground for maize and rice in the valley garden ; these, with a small Muyansi boy and a dirty cook's boy, make up the household, and represent the activities of the hour. Besides the fowls, I have nine goats tethered outside the fence.

The towns at my left are fairly quiet ; the women returning from the fields where they have been cultivating, and market people streaming in for the market of to-morrow morning, which commences at sunrise ; the Bayansi and Babuma meanwhile doing a small trade in peanuts, fish, and oil.

The surface of the river in front of my window is ruffled by a slight breeze. There are only a few canoes on its looking-glass-like surface. By-and-by I shall hear the "hippos" ; as evening comes on they grunt to perfection. Opposite I see Mfwa, where ought to be Brazzaville, but there are no white men to direct my thoughts to, for priest and soldier have alike cleared out, to where we know not. At Kinchassa, which I can likewise see, the Englishman, Mr. Swinburne, is building a house and holding his own against the hungry, selfish, troublesome hordes. Farther away is the great Pool, all quiet in the reflection of its numerous islands.

Though busy with linguistic studies, Dr. Sims did not forget that the great interior, and not the Pool itself, was our object. He wrote :

I want very much to go and establish a new station on the Upper Congo, and am only waiting for the sectional boat and the Kroo-boys. I am constantly thinking of the "regions beyond," of whose inhabitants, Bayansi, Bateke, Banuna, Balolo, Bangala, Bawumbu, and Babuma, we hear and see plenty here. The Lord grant the opportunity of establishing teachers of



A NATIVE OF IBOKO, UPPER CONGO.



"HIPPOS." (*See p.* 367.)

the truth in their midst may soon come! At present I am working at the languages, which are strange and difficult enough; ministering to those in the house, giving a little medicine now and then, and putting in a word here and there as opportunity offers.

The country is quiet; the men fully occupied with trade, and the women, since the rains have come, in planting. I have sent for rice, and am going to plant some to save importation.

On the return of his colleagues, Messrs. Banks and Pettersen, he started in a native canoe, and made a two months' voyage on the upper river, visiting many places and going as far as Bolobo. He decided on a spot which he thought would be advantageous for our first up-river station.

"I came back," he writes, "with Mr. Stanley, who has arrived here from his great journey of five months' exploration and work past the equator and in the Aruwimi River. The Congo is now, as he says, practically open right up to the Stanley Falls, where, as well as at the equator, he has founded stations and left white men in charge; and to his credit, as well as to God's glory, be it said, *without lifting a gun or cocking a trigger!* With other dangerous and savage tribes he has concluded treaties, thus opening the river to all. He has returned, I am thankful to say, perfectly well. His kindness to me has been very great; he has shown hospitality, given me passages and help in many ways, and especially he has committed to our charge a fine boy, brought from the Aruwimi, rescued from the Arabs, whom he found in force there. He has given one to Mr. Comber likewise. I got another boy from the Arabs myself, when they came here. You will doubtless learn more of his trip from the papers. He ever has, and still does show himself the good and kind man I have ever thought him to be."

The health of the missionaries was much better this year than in any previous one. Mr. Picton wrote from Palabala that he had been perfectly well for nine months, and attributed the fact to great care as to diet, which Mr. Craven had advised, and which he believed to be the main secret in preserving health.

Mr. White similarly wrote: "I am happy to tell you that we have had no fever here since I was joined by my wife; in fact, none who have been here have been ill, the place seems quite a sanatorium." Other stations were not quite so favoured as this, but *there were no fatal illnesses anywhere*—the first time for three years in which this could be said.

A death took place at Palabala however in October, though not that of one of the missionaries. Yet the story of it moved our hearts, and it was probably

The First Death of a Christian Native.

The earliest convert of the mission to "depart and be with Christ" was the little maid whom many friends will remember—the child of old Kangampaka, brought to England with them by Mr. and Mrs. Craven—Launda, or, as we used to call her from her funny little black face and twinkling eyes, "Topsy."

The news of her death reached us on the morning of Christmas Day. We read the story of the dear child's brief and fatal illness, and of her quiet, peaceful falling asleep, and our eyes filled with tears of joy as we remembered the angels' song at the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. It was "peace on *earth*," not only in England; "good will towards *men*," not towards white men merely!

Born and buried on the banks of the Congo, amid dark and degraded heathen surroundings, this little waif of humanity, though ruined, had been redeemed like ourselves, at the cost of the incarnation and death of the Son of God.

In the sight of heaven there is not perhaps so great a difference as we think between one sinner and another. All alike are saved by grace—all alike need to be created anew in Christ Jesus. "There is no difference; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," all are redeemed to one and the same glorious destiny, and in the salvation of each and all Christ sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied.

It was joy to look up and think of little Launda in heaven! We quite trust she had received Jesus in her heart. She spent more than a year of her brief life in England, and between three and four, altogether, under Christian influence. Mrs. Craven had taught her English, and trained her to decent and useful habits before she came over from Africa, so that even on her first arrival she did not behave like a little savage. She improved much while in this country, was quick and intelligent, and very merry, sociable, and affectionate. She had, during one of our severe winters, a serious attack of inflammation of the lungs, and we feared that she would not recover. She was aware that her life was in danger, but seemed to have no fear of death; resting with child-like faith on the promises of the gospel. On the occasion of the baptism of her young companions, Robert and Francis Walker, she was deeply impressed and moved, and earnestly asked to be permitted also thus to confess her faith in Christ. She was so young however, and so very far from being perfect, poor little pet! that it was thought better to postpone baptism awhile in her case.

On her return home, the influences of surrounding heathenism proved a snare to the child, and she was for a time a cause of much trouble and anxiety to her kind friends the missionaries. But her conduct improved again latterly, and we trust she was, despite her faults, truly a babe in Christ. The following letter from Mr. Craven gives the particulars of the illness and death of little Launda:

DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,—

How comforting it is to know that we are in the hands o God, and that all things work together for good to those that love Him! How small the trials and difficulties of life appear when we meet them in the spirit of God!

For some time the following texts have been impressed strongly on my mind, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God"; and, "Ye are the salt of the earth." We are experiencing illustrations of this in every town and village brought under our influence here; and it is cheering to us to see that our labour is not in vain, if it be only in the prevention of gross sin. In conversation, the old king this morning remarked, "You told me not to kill people; I obeyed you. You requested me not to drink to excess; I do not do so now. And I know that all you teach is good and true, and my town has been preserved through your coming."

Little did I think, when I told you in my last that I would write again in a few days, what these few days would bring forth! Two weeks ago little Topsy complained of pains in her back and chest. We thought it must be lumbago, but soon saw that it was a slight attack of tetanus, or lockjaw. Her mouth during the whole time of her sickness was not quite locked, and she was able to take nourishment; but on the third or fourth day of the disease she became as stiff as a board from her neck down to her knees. I treated her, and she appeared to get better for a couple of days; in fact, on Monday last, we thought her out of danger. She talked pleasantly both to us and to her father, and we hoped she was going to recover. To our great surprise, at nine in the evening, she passed quietly and peacefully away; so unexpectedly, that at first we thought she must be asleep. Miss Spearing watched her, and observing that she was very quiet and

still, called me to come and look at the child. I saw at once that the spirit had taken its flight; the poor little lamb was gone!

With all her faults we loved her, and doubtless she has been taken in wisdom and love, taken to be with Jesus, taken from a life of temptation. We were often anxious and troubled about her future, but now all fears are dispelled.

The king (her father) had her corpse removed to the town, the night she died, and we did not expect we should be allowed to bury her. Mr. Picton, Robert, and I made a nice coffin the same night. Early next morning I went to the king to ask permission to bury her; but before I had time to make my request he said, "God has taken my child, my Launda, but that is His affair; now we must bury her. If you wish to do it, well and good; if not, we will do it." Of course I gladly consented. Mrs. Craven and Miss Spearing prepared flowers, and laid the corpse out in the town, surrounded by nearly all the women in the place. The coffin was then conveyed to our little chapel, where we had a most impressive service, after which we laid her in her last earthly resting-place.

Alas! how quickly is the little graveyard being filled! For us there needs no engraved tombstones over those who lie in the small inclosure; their names and memories are written in our hearts.

We are filled with heartfelt gratitude to our Father in heaven for His preserving care for our comparatively large staff. Sixteen months have actually passed now, and no white missionary has been removed.

We have commenced a *daily* service in our chapel at 9 a.m., and have a fair attendance each day. It is most refreshing to leave our labours and spend a brief hour in the worship of our God. On the whole we have much to encourage us even now, and we gather strength and comfort through believing that our work cannot possibly be in vain through the Lord. Faith looks into the future, and sees schools and churches in each Congo village, hears old men singing the praises of Jehovah, and sees a company of disciples round the Lord's table. Ah! it *must* be so; hath not God given to Christ the heathen for His inheritance? Christ shall reign. Hope bears us upon her wings during this weary season of sowing the seed. Let us continue in faith, in prayer, and in good works, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

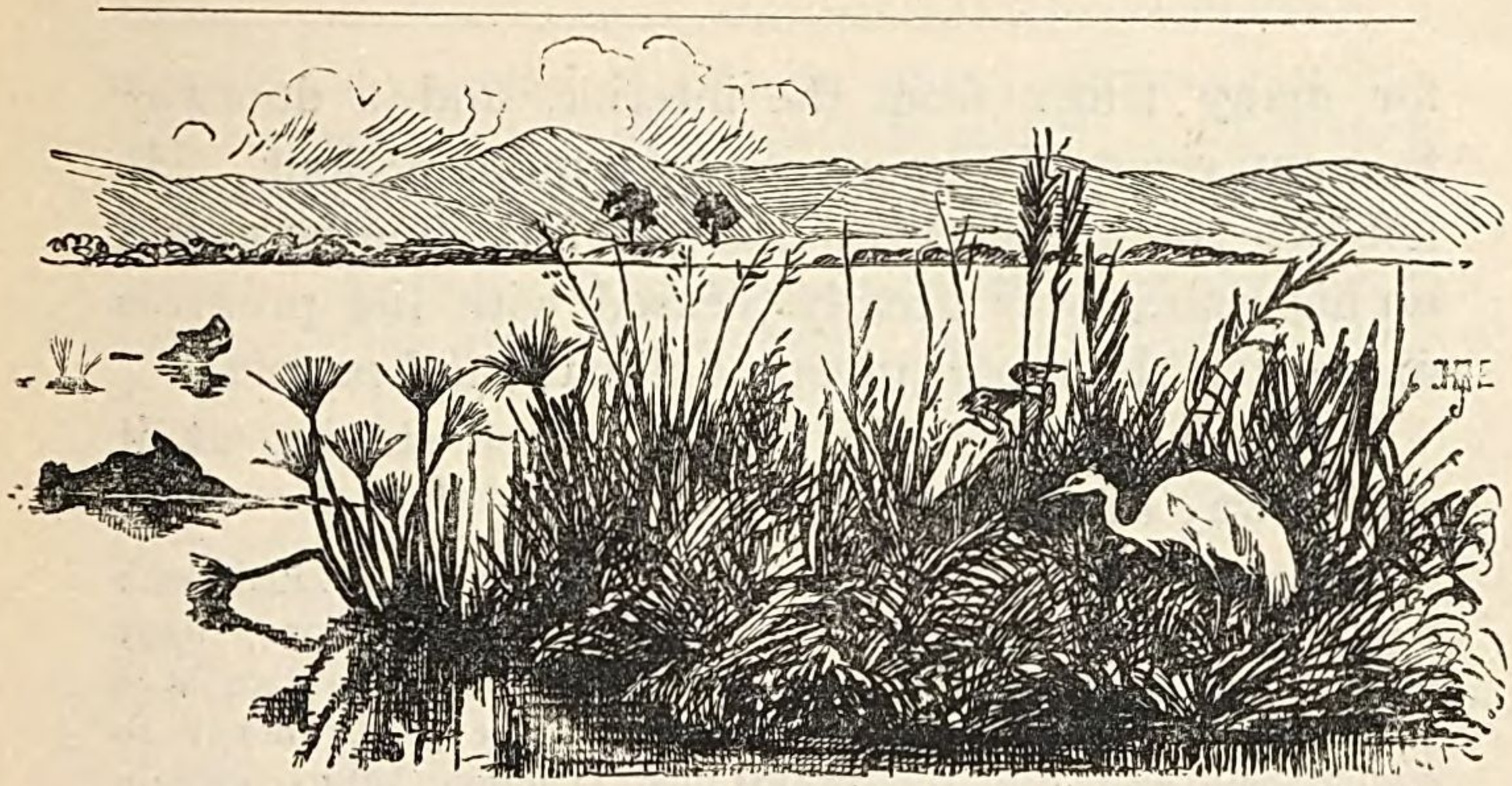
There is one thing more essential even than the preservation of health, not on the Congo only, but in all mission fields, and at home also, and that is the preservation of *spiritual* health.

Mr. Craven, writing from Palabala, and describing many of the difficulties which surrounded him on his return to his station, urges the request for prayer. He says :

You are right in respect to the great need of prayer out here. God only knows the struggles we have to preserve our spirituality. We have so many things connected with the work at present which tend to draw our minds away from spiritual things, so that unless we are very careful we get into a miserable, wretched, soulless state. My earnest prayer to God is that *in this respect* I may be kept, and prove a blessing to all with whom I come in contact. Pray for us constantly : we need your prayers very much indeed. I long earnestly for the time when this people shall believe in the Lord Jesus. At present they appear to be more attached to their idols than ever. May God turn their hearts to Himself !

Always "fervent in spirit," this devoted man was none the less "not slothful in business." He had pushed on bravely with his task of preparing the way for the transport of the steamer, and wrote at last that all was ready, and he did not fear the task.

"Our stations are admirably situated for obtaining native carriers. We have been able to render our Baptist brethren valuable assistance between Tundwa and Vunda, having received and forwarded for them over two hundred loads. Our own ropes, tools, paint, oil, etc., etc., for the steamer are already at Stanley Pool, and most of the barter goods for the payment of native carriers are distributed along the line, except some sixty loads here and at Banza Manteka, waiting



ONE OF THE ISLETS IN STANLEY POOL.

till we know what you are going to do. May God Almighty guide you! We are ready and willing to attempt great things for our God. Let us go forward in His name. Let everything be done for His glory, and He will supply all our needs. Let us hope to see one or two stations planted on the upper river before the close of the year. The Baptist brethren are kindly anxious to help us with our steamer; Mr. Dixon also asks Billington to reside at Tundwa while unpacking and despatching the loads."

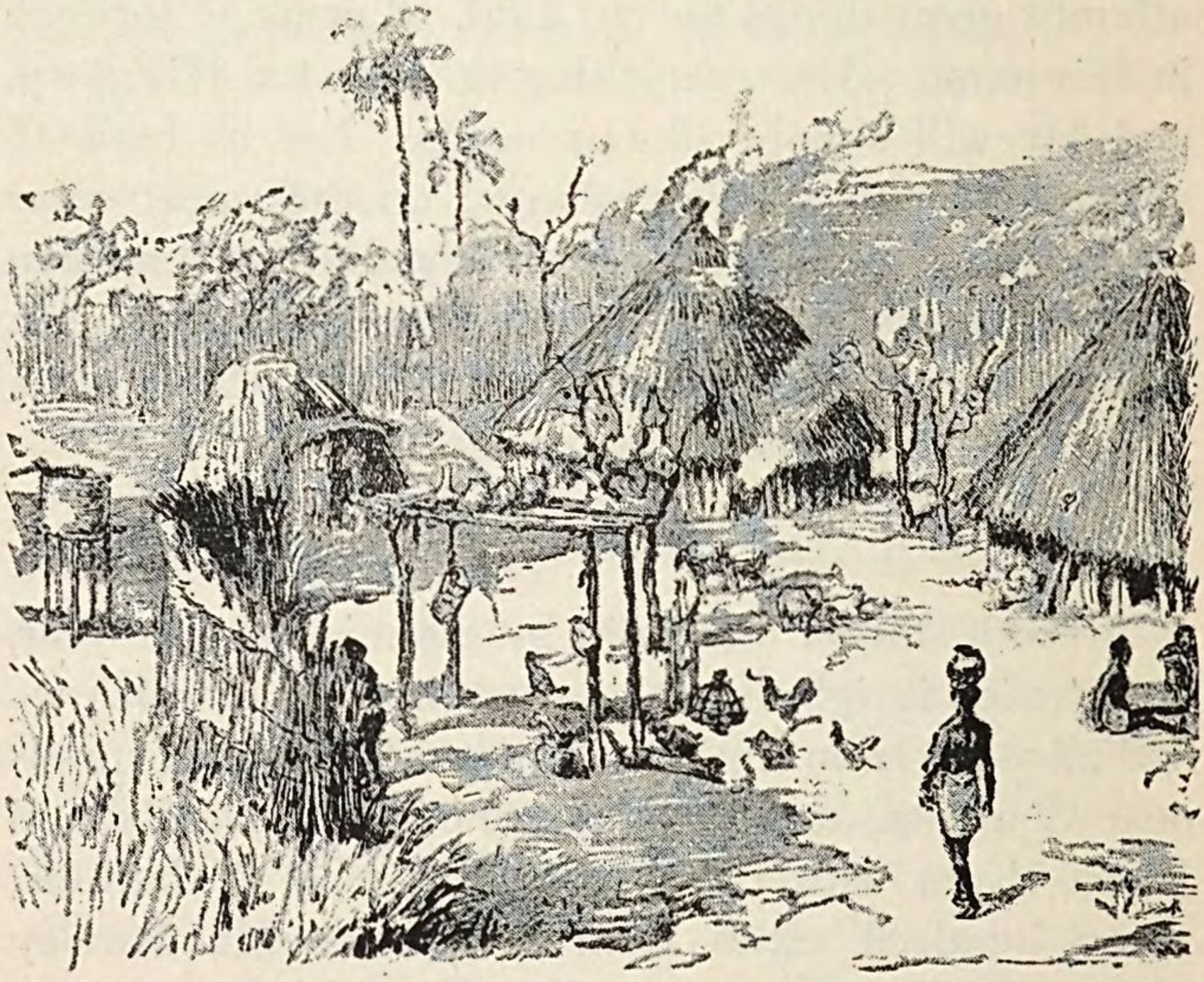
EQUATOR STATION, WANGATA.

A tenth station was built by the mission this year, and carried it right into the great interior, at which we had all along been aiming—Equator Station. It stands near Wangata, at the confluence of the Ikelemba and Juapa rivers with the Congo, in 0° 1′ 0″ N. latitude, seven hundred miles from the coast. Mr. Stanley had planted a station at this spot, which is a centre

for many tribes from the interior, and a doorway to many rivers giving access to remote regions. He left two young officers and some fifty men here, and on his return was greatly pleased with the progress made, and the report given of climate and people.

He thus described this station, when staying at it on his way down :

> Equator Station is certainly a happy one, not so situated with regard to view as it might be, but with that sole exception. Many other requisites necessary for well-being are in perfection ; we have abundance of food, obtained very cheaply, and the prices are now so established to every one's content that there is nothing left to complain of. We have apparently friendly and devoted neighbours. Brinjalls, bananas, plantains, sweet cassava, potatoes, yams, Indian corn, eggs, poultry, goats, sheep, the native productions, assisted by vegetables of Europe flourishing in the gardens, with tea and coffee, sugar, butter,



"POULTRY, GOATS, AND NATIVE PRODUCTIONS."

lard, rice, and wheat-flour from Europe, afford a sufficient variety for a sumptuous *menu*. I have enjoyed puddings every day here, and among other accomplishments of Lieutenants Vangele and Coquilhat, not the least useful is that of knowing how to cook and how food should be prepared. We have sufficient acreage near the station to be able if necessary to feed everybody abundantly. The climate is healthy also, though they have such moist weather here, and the ground is so astonishingly rich, that one would think that fever would be prevalent—yet *our officers have been already four months at Wangata without experiencing one hour's indisposition.* . . .

To know the intrinsic value of the rich land of Africa, visitors cannot begin their estimate until they see the bananas grow in the fat soil around this station!

From this station Mr. Eddie wrote:

"Mr. Pettersen and I continue to enjoy excellent health here; for six months I was not sick a single hour, and then I had a little fever. Brother Pettersen was without fever for a still longer period. Is it not strange that some enjoy such good health out here, while others never seem to be well? This is evidently a very healthy place, and we like the locality well. Our station is built on a piece of ground adjoining that of the A.I.A., and close to the Congo. The country around is flat, and covered with dense forests. The soil is well adapted to agricultural purposes, and the climate also. We have rain all the year round, and no cold season; if we only had the seeds, we could grow all sorts of vegetables and fruits. The district is very thickly populated, especially close to the river; we know nothing of the country beyond a few miles inland, as, owing to the timid suspiciousness of the people, it is dangerous to travel farther without a well-armed and organized caravan. The natives are armed and have a good deal of practice in fighting among

themselves; but their relations with us are most friendly. Nearly every day crowds of Bayansi come *asking to be allowed to work*, and, strange to say, they never mention the subject of pay till the work is finished, whether it occupy one day or several. They have more energy and will to work than any African people I have seen, and are in many respects superior to the Ba-kongo tribes. Morally however they seem to have sunk as low as humanity admits of, poor, unhappy, benighted people! We have not yet been able to do much systematic study of the Kyansi language, beyond the correction of a vocabulary, owing to the much building work we have had in hand, the making of furniture, etc. All the work-people in this country are mere eye-servants, so we find it essential to our interests to look after them. But our men are to leave us this week, and then we shall have more time for study. We have not invited the native boys to come to school yet, but we have three of our own, and six or seven from the A.I.A. station, who all attend school here. These nine boys speak three different languages, and we are anxious that each should hear in his own tongue the wonderful works of God. So we have ordered a small printing-press, that we may be able to print short reading lessons in each of the three languages.

"We feel assured that our presence here is already influencing the people for the good, though we are so little able as yet to communicate to them the gospel. Altogether we feel encouraged and full of hope, partly by what we see, but chiefly because of God's faithful

promises. Oh, how we long to know these people gathered into the fold of Jesus! The work may proceed very slowly, but we doubt not that God will bring it to a successful issue. By faith we can see the time when these Bayansi will cast their idols away, and rejoice in the true Light—in Him who was given to be 'a Light to lighten the Gentiles.'"

THE N'KUNDU TRIBES.

Later on, in reporting progress from Wangata Station, Mr. Eddie described to us for the first time the Balolo people, among whom the mission was in 1889 extended, as we shall see later on. He wrote:

At the equator there are two different tribes represented, the Babangi, who are chiefly the riverine inhabitants, and the N'kundu people, a branch of the great Balolo tribe. To the latter we have chiefly confined ourselves, although we have had a good deal of intercourse with the former. They are the chief traders of the first five hundred miles above Stanley Pool, and have almost exclusive possession of the banks of the Congo between Kwa-mouth and the Mobeka River, north of Mangala, as also the confluences of the tributaries of the Congo within that space. The Balolo people touch the Congo only at one point, the equator; but the Juapa, Ikelemba, Lulonga, and Lomami rivers flow through the country inhabited by them. The Rev. G. Grenfell in his journeys up these rivers found that guides



AN UPPER CONGO WOMAN, WITH HAIR DRESSED TO IMITATE HORNS.

whom he had procured at the equator could easily understand and converse with the natives for hundreds of miles inland from the Congo. That gives the Balolo people a country of about 245,900 square miles, occupying the space formed by the great bend of the Congo northwards. They are physically a fine race. They are bold, enterprising, comparatively speaking industrious, and less superstitious than some other Congo tribes, though more cruel.

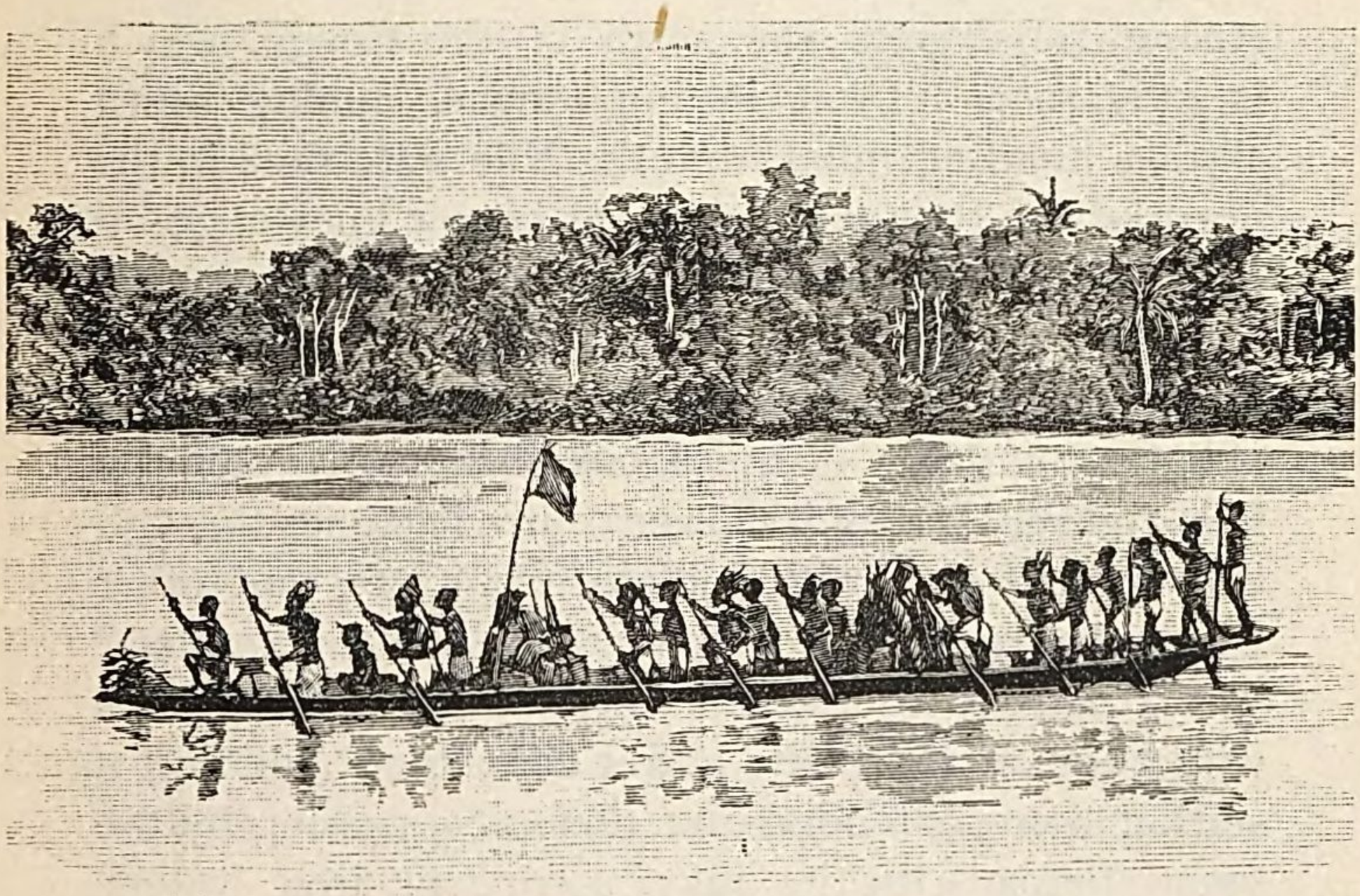
Through the efforts put forth during last year we know much more about the tributaries of the Congo and the people inhabiting their banks than we formerly knew. Mr. Grenfell, to whom the greatest credit is due, has done the largest share of this important work ; not for the sake of exploring, but actuated with the desire to make an effort to bring the knowledge of the glorious gospel to some of those multitudes who are living in darkness. In every work a first effort must be made. Some one must be the foremost pioneer. . . .

Here the work of cultivating the ground, learning the language, teaching in school and otherwise as we had opportunity, and trading with the people, has been going on but slowly on account of our short-handedness. What are one or two in a heathen country where the next mission station is about 500 miles distant?

School work has been maintained at the station throughout almost the whole year, and indeed since the station was first established. The children have shown themselves to be fairly intelligent ; but work among them has been greatly hindered through want of school materials. For a long time we had only two slates among twenty, and no school books whatever. The average attendance since school began has been about twenty. Most of them lived with us. Education is of no value in the eyes of these people, and so we cannot expect them to get for themselves, or for their children, what to them appears to be quite useless for themselves, though of great value and profit to the white man.

Besides school, every morning we have a short service, reading and explaining portions of "Peep of Day," singing and praying, and conversing with any who are so disposed ; and there is scarcely a native but is fond of conversing, and will talk and ask questions by the hour. For some time they were very much afraid to bow the head or close the eyes in prayer. The boys, who considered that to be a most important item, would urge them to do so ; but instead, they would seize their arms and run off a short distance, where they would wait until the

suspicious looking business (in their eyes) of praying was over, when they would rejoin us. After a time these feelings of fear and suspicion wore off, and we very often had an attentive and inquisitive audience. Interruptions in our services are frequent: one wishes to deny the truth of some statement which does not happen to agree with his opinions or practice, another to ask some question, and a third to make some remark. But in prayer every face is covered and every breath hushed—we are speaking to God.



TRADING-CANOE ON THE CONGO.

On October of this year Dr. Sims joined Mr. Grenfell of the B.M.S., in a long voyage of exploration on the upper river, in the SS. *Peace*.

The voyage was a deeply interesting and eventful one. Four thousand miles of the great Congo waterway were sailed over, with a view of observing the strategic points for stations, the most populous neigh-

bourhoods, and the extent over which certain languages prevailed. Both the sister missions were intending to work in the great interior, and it was important to survey the country before settling plans. Twelve or thirteen hundred miles of new waters were visited in the tributary rivers north and south of the Congo. They went up the Mobangi—that great stream running to the north of the Congo, which is only second to it in importance, coming down sixteen hundred miles from the Nile watershed in the north-east. Its upper waters, as is now known, go by the names of Welle and Makua, and drain the extensive country north-west of the Albert Nyanza. It is almost the largest affluent of the Congo, and is navigable for hundreds of miles, but then interrupted by falls and rapids. In its lower course it passes through country crowded with buffalo, elephants, and other wild animals, and its people are desperate cannibals. The *Peace* visited Equatorville, and spent three days with Messrs. Pettersen and Eddie, then building a station there, ascended the Ikelemba, passing by the great Juapa with its inky, astringent iron waters, and the Bosira, which together give five or six hundred miles of navigable river-way; they visited Danda, surrounded by its ditch and with its draw-bridge-like gates, and its people, who are frightfully self-disfigured by cicatrices and lumps of flesh as big as peas or beans, made on their faces by way of ornament! They followed the northern shore of the island-studded Congo—the far side of which was here, visible, and noted many lazy rivers or creeks

connecting it apparently with the Mobangi, and much low-lying land, so little above the level of the river that they saw it must be flooded at high water. Everywhere they observed signs of cannibalism and received a painful shock at the horrid custom. They went up the swampy Ngala River, and visited towns where the paths were marked out by rows of skulls, and the people wore necklaces of human teeth; they saw places of five thousand to eight thousand and ten thousand inhabitants, with a hundred canoes lying on the beach; they ascended the Loika until stopped by the Lobi Cataract in 2°50′, where was an island full of beautiful orchids. They found many friendly people, who readily gave them food, firewood; and many fierce, inhospitable ones; and at last they came to worst of all, the Arab-raided neighbourhood of Stanley Falls! Burning or burnt villages, hundreds of canoes full of fugitives creeping along the river by day and by night; wreckage floating by for hours together, house roofs, beds, stools, calabashes, fishing nets, ropes, the property of the cruelly destroyed towns, brought them face to face with Africa's worst scourge, the Arab slave-trade. Yes! there, fifty miles west of Stanley Falls, were the east-coast monsters, "the most pitiless marauders of this or any age" at their old diabolical work! Tippoo Tib was already established at the Falls, and preparing to stay and take possession of the country! They could do nothing, but with saddened hearts note the spreading ruin and pray that some stop might be put to its progress.



BOLOBO, ON THE UPPER CONGO, STATION OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On their return Dr. Sims wrote :

The voyage, of which at the moment I cannot speak in detail, permitted me to see in a very complete way the enormous work to be accomplished. The horrid practice of cannibalism prevails everywhere, from Bolobo upwards. One poor man was killed the Sunday we were in Mangala, and three while we were absent. When we remonstrated the reply was, "You kill your goats without our interference ; permit us also to kill our meat." The roofs of houses are ornamented with the skulls of such victims, and about the Aruwimi squares and circles of them are formed in the ground. The victims are cut up and roasted or boiled at discretion, the brains and face being chosen pieces ; and even the little children are given a taste, to endear to them the same habits. That stretch of river from the Aruwimi to the Falls is deserted by its inhabitants, utterly devastated and burnt by the natives themselves, so that the Arabs may find neither refuge nor food in their towns ; the gardens and the fishing are neglected, and the poor people flying like hunted beasts to the islands and forests. They are so clever in escaping and avoiding conflicts that probably not more than twenty or thirty captives have been taken here. The Arab leaders profess that they are sent by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and that they are to see to it that all the ivory goes to the East Coast, and to claim the whole river as far as Banana in his name ! . . .

When you can send me the goods and tools, we will proceed to found a station at the Falls, give them some legitimate labour in building for us, and by preaching and persuasion get them to seek better things. I am quite prepared now, also, if the project is approved, to go, either at once, or after I have been home, to Nyangwe, buy a house there, and commence a mission to the 6,000 natives and Mohammadans there.

Messrs. Pettersen and Eddie had the sad honour of being the only two missionaries on the Upper Congo at this time.

LAUNCH OF THE *HENRY REED*.

The transport and reconstruction of the *Henry Reed* were going on all this year. It took a thousand porters to carry up all the loads the 225 miles from Tundwa to the Pool. The materials for the hull had

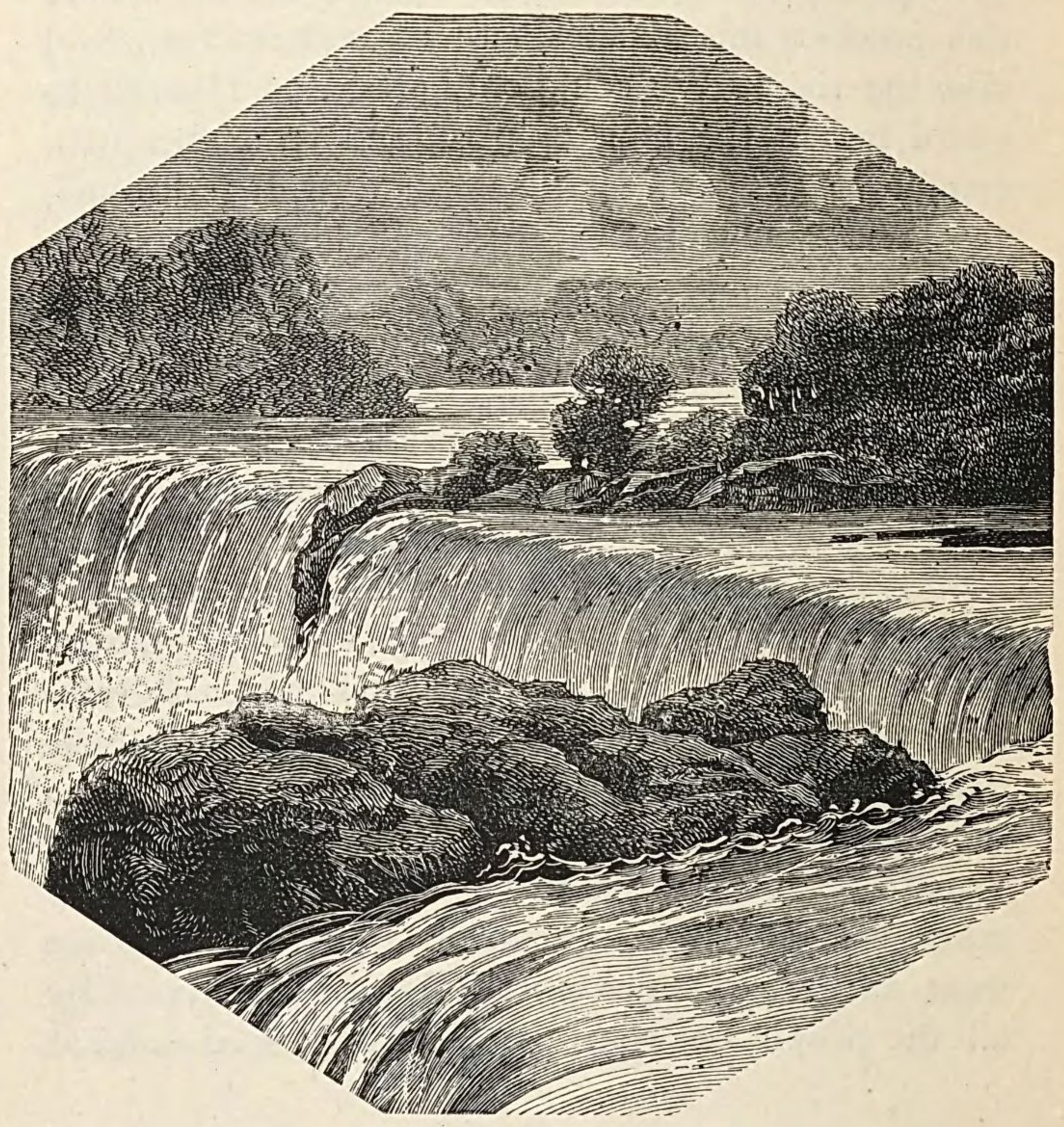
reached Leopoldville by April, and as soon as Mr. Billington arrived the rebuilding began. He had the assistance of Messrs. Glenesk, Eddie, and Banks part of the time, and by November the little steamer was ready to launch. As she was snugly docked however, and well placed on the slip, the same which the the B.M.S. had used for their steamer *Peace*, it was intended to finish her interior fittings before launching her. But on Sunday, the 23rd of November, the waters of the Congo rose unusually high, filled the dock, and lifted the stern of the vessel. Seeing it would not be possible to keep the waters out any longer, it was resolved to launch her the next day. On Monday, the 24th, after some hours' work, and with the kind and very efficient help of Mr. Cruikshank, of the B.M.S., the *Henry Reed* was safely afloat in the cove at Leopoldville. The remaining work was quickly finished, and by the end of the year the steamer was ready to start on her first trip into the interior, to convey Mr. Eddie to Equator Station.

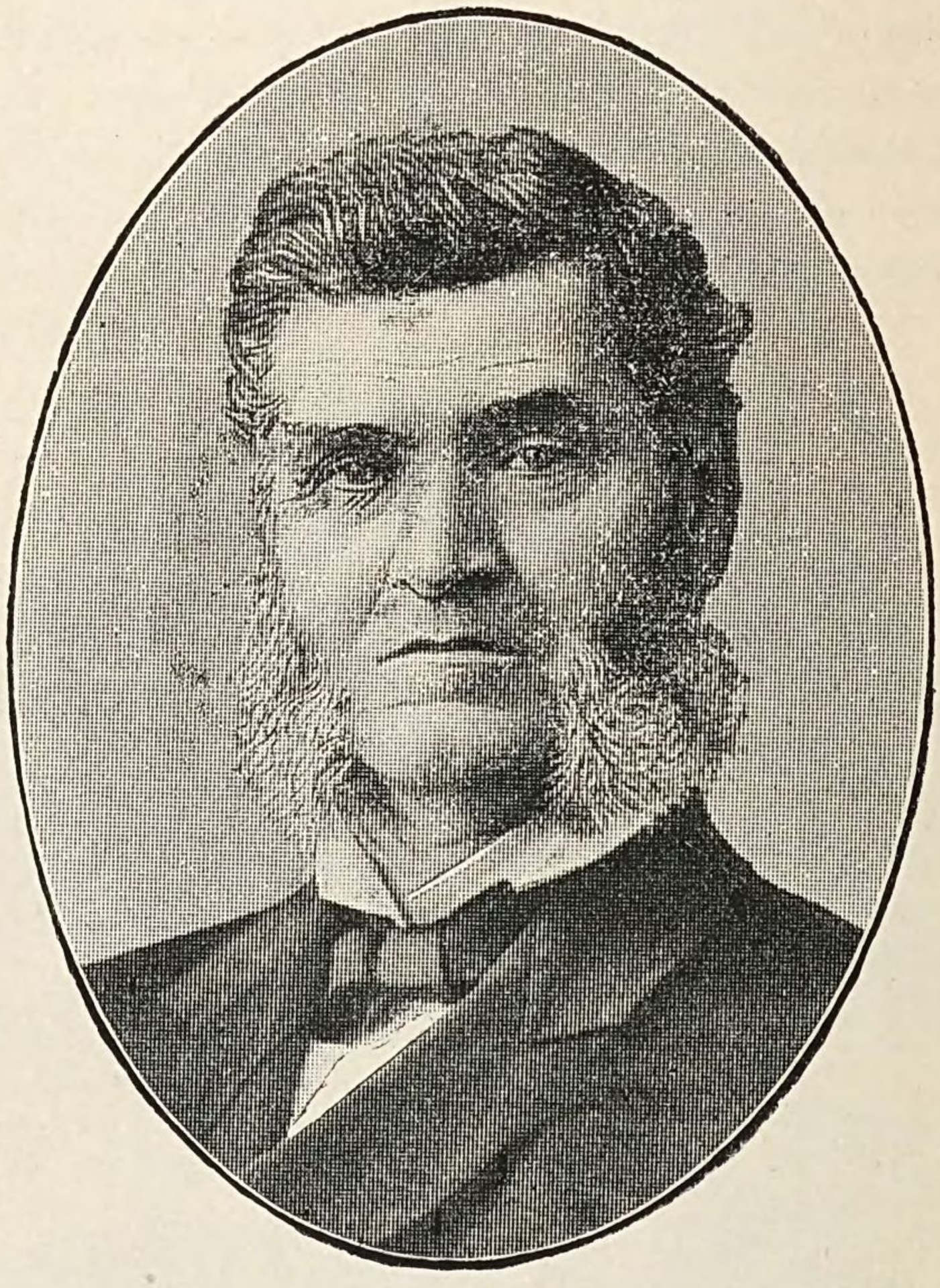
It was with profound gratitude to God that we received the news, and very heartily did we congratulate the dear brethren of the mission, through whose unwearied and skilful labours this successful result had been attained. Much money, time, strength, and life itself, had been freely sacrificed to secure this result. From England and from America, and from Africa too, many a prayer had ascended that God would prosper this effort. He had graciously done it, and we were filled with thankfulness.

For now at last a link existed between our chain of stations through the cataract region and the new world of Central Africa. Missionaries might safely pitch their tents hundreds of miles in the interior without being cut off from their base of supplies and channel of communication. A journey of a hundred miles would henceforth be accomplished more safely and easily than one of ten before; the "road" could not be "stopped," and the travellers need not risk life by exposure and over-fatigue. We could not insure this precious mission steamer; no underwriter would take the risk! We could only pray God Himself to guard her in the hour of peril, and remember with comfort that storm and tempest, rock and rapid, shoal and sandbank, drift-wood and hippopotami, inexperienced management and native want of skill,—all would be powerless to injure, if He would shield the vessel dedicated to His service!

Mr. Eddie subsequently wrote from Equator Station four hundred miles above the Pool: "Four very welcome letters reached me by our steamer. The *Henry Reed* is now running, and doing splendidly. It would be as easy for her to supply seven or eight stations as one, if only we had the men and means to establish them!" Later he wrote: "Our steam-launch the *Henry Reed*, has done excellent service. Besides running several times between Stanley Pool and the Equator, she has been up to Stanley Falls, and has taken several shorter excursions. On one trip we went about 130 miles up the Ikelemba River. By all the people we were very kindly received; and at

the farthest point we reached we were pressed by the chief and people to come and build and live with them. He offered us a piece of land to commence at once if we wished. We promised to try and go back at some future time. About three months afterwards he sent a messenger down to the Equator to ask why we were delaying. *Here is an open door, a ready and needy field, a people quiet, and anxious to get a teacher.*"





DR. J. N. MURDOCK,

SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

CHAPTER X.

TRANSFER OF THE MISSION TO AMERICAN MANAGEMENT.

In spite of a legion of difficulties, the Livingstone Inland Mission had by this time carried out its original programme, and planted mission stations at intervals through seven hundred miles of country, right into the interior. Its missionaries had exhibited much true Christian heroism, and had cheerfully endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Though almost the youngest in the family of great Central African missions, no other had then either so large a staff or so many stations in working order. It had accomplished also much literary work, nor had spiritual blessing been lacking. Some of its converts were already gone home to glory; others were giving hopeful promise of future usefulness, and some were willingly suffering persecution for Christ's sake. The missionaries were much encouraged. The steamer *Henry Reed* had been carried up to Stanley Pool, and reconstructed there, and was already floating on the Upper Congo, ready for its blessed task of distributing evangelists in the interior.

The terrible preliminary difficulties had been overcome, the heavy initiatory expenses met, the first-fruits of the harvest reaped, much precious and costly experience gained, and the mission was occupying a position which we had hardly dared to hope it could attain so soon.

There had been times and crises in the history of the Mission when we had almost despaired of vanquishing the preliminary obstacles! But they had all been by Divine help overcome. Five-and-twenty devoted men and women were in the country, mostly acclimatized and acquainted with the language, heartily and successfully labouring among the heathen, and willing to die at their posts, if such were the will of God. The Holy Ghost was actually regenerating human hearts, and confirming the word with signs following. The enterprise was looking far more hopeful than it had ever done before. Our faith in God had not failed about it, nor our conviction of His purpose, as evidenced by His providence,—far from it; every year of additional experience only strengthened it as with a powerful tonic. We had assumed the responsibility of the Mission—small as it was at the time—with fear and trembling. The first year during which it was under our care £5,000 were requisite for its support, and £5,000 were sent in for that object by the God of missions. The next year it demanded more, and more came; and we believed, that if ten thousand instead of five had been requisite, God would have supplied the financial need of this Mission. Volunteers for service on the

Congo had never been lacking, either men or women. We were not weary of the work,-—weary in it often, but never weary of it. We loved it with all our hearts, and nothing in the world would have induced us to allow it to collapse. But it had so grown and developed that we felt it could no longer be managed as a subsidiary branch of our East London Training Institute. It had become important enough to rank as one of the principal enterprises of a great Missionary Society. It was fast outgrowing the parent Institution, and becoming the larger enterprise of the two. We had but a fraction of time and attention to devote to it, and yet it demanded a great share of both.

As to finances also, the Mission was our second, and not our first, responsibility. We were bound first to pray and labour for the supply of the large and constantly increasing needs of the Institute, which never was intended to be a Missionary Society, though a number of missions in various parts of the world owe to it, directly or indirectly, their existence. Its great object was and is to multiply missionaries, to induce, prepare, and help young Christian workers to evangelize among the heathen in the regions beyond, according to the command of Christ. The training and support of more than a hundred missionary students; the arranging for their going out into all parts of the world at the rate of one every week, on an average; correspondence with the hundreds who have already gone out; the conduct of the Home Missions, in connexion with which the students

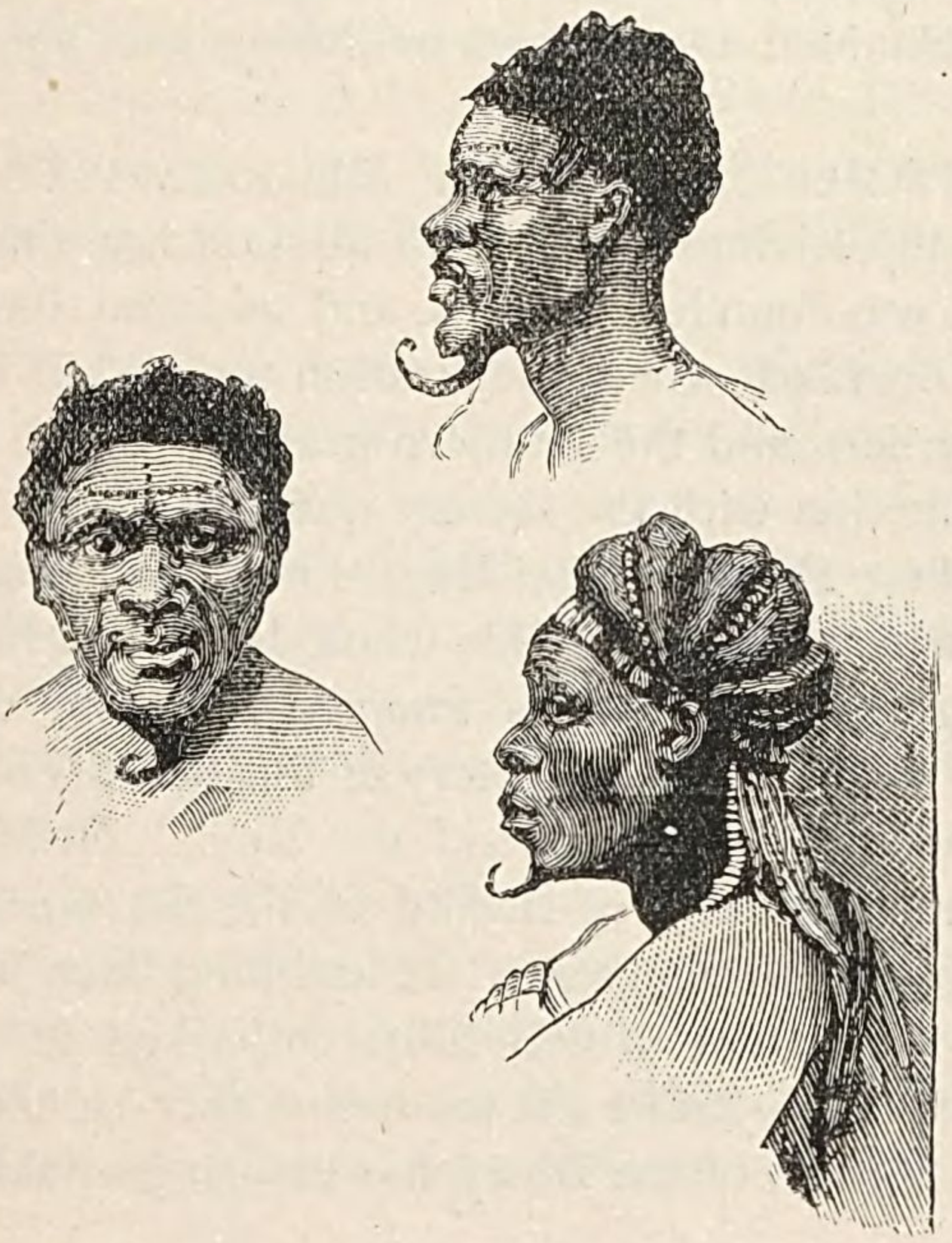
receive their practical training in evangelization,—all this filled our hearts and hands to such an extent that, for some time past, we had been feeling unable to do full justice to the Livingstone Inland Mission.

The enterprise was now capable of rapid and wide extension—a new and unevangelized world lay open before it. It needed much wisdom and experience to guide and direct it. It demanded not only ample resources, but the aid of coloured Christian agents who could stand the climate, and also a considerable amount of *business* skill and knowledge, which made a lady Secretary scarcely suitable.

We were prayerfully considering the best course to take under these circumstances, when we heard from the American Baptist Missionary Union that they were looking out for a good opening in Central Africa, and feeling that it was their special duty—as having a large constituency of coloured Churches—to do something for the evangelization of the negro's fatherland.

We accepted this as guidance, and corresponded with the experienced and able Secretary of this Board —our friend Dr. J. N. Murdock, of Boston, a faithful minister of Christ, with whom we had been acquainted years previously in the United States. It was arranged that he and Dr. Crane, of the A.B.M.U. executive committee, should come over as a deputation to examine into the nature and working of the Mission, and to confer with us as to the possibility of our transferring it to their care. This they did; and after hearing their report the Union decided to adopt the Mission, and promised vigorously to pro-

secute it. They were to take over the staff as it then was, its members having consented to the transfer; together with all the stations, steamers, and property of the Mission. The L.I.M. had hitherto been an undenominational enterprise. The constitution of the Union forbad that it should continue to be this; but the work was still to be conducted in that spirit of large-hearted charity which recognises that the essential points on which Christians are agreed are much more important than the secondary points on which they differ. As it happened, many, if not most, of



the members of the staff of the Livingstone Inland Mission were Baptists, and the only other mission in the country was that of the English Baptist Missionary Society.

We were partly guided in this transfer by the conviction that it would not be wise to introduce a second denomination into the field. There was besides something appropriate in an arrangement which placed in American hands the first mission established on the great river opened up to the world by American capital and enterprise. But for the *New York Herald*, and the indomitable courage and endurance of the great explorer Stanley, the Congo River might have long remained as unknown as during past ages.

The AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION, to which the Livingstone Inland Mission was thus transferred, was founded in 1813, and adopted its present name in 1846, when a separation took place between the northern and the southern branches of the Society in connexion with the slavery question.

Its first Secretary (an Englishman, Dr. Stoughton) for fourteen years gave his whole heart and his entire time gratuitously to its management and development. The present Secretary of the Board, our highly esteemed and valued friend the Rev. J. N. Murdock, has been annually re-elected to fill the position for the last twenty-five years. It had long been his great desire to see the Union fully embarked in African evangelization before his tenure of office should close.

The income of the Board has grown gradually from

£3,000 in 1815 to over £80,000. It founded and sustains seventeen separate missions. It works in eight different countries in Asia, among the Burmans and Karens, in Tavoy, in Arracan on the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal, in Siam, in China, and in the Telugu country in India. It has missions also in France, Germany, Greece, in Europe; and among the Ojibwas, Ottawas, Tuscaroras, Shawanoe, and Cherokee Indians in America. In Africa, prior to its adoption of the Congo, it had one mission only—among the Bassas.

The two most widely known and perhaps most successful of these undertakings are the Burman and Telugu Missions. Both had to experience long and bitter years of delay and the apparently fruitless effort at the beginning; but both have been abundantly fruitful in the end, and are showing constant improvement.

The Church in Ongole, which had only eight members in 1867, numbered seven years later 3,300, and was one of the largest Baptist Churches in the world. There are now forty Christian Churches and one hundred native preachers, with a well-organized college for training such among the Telugus.

The total number of missionaries of the A.B.M.U. is about 240.

It was in connexion with this society that Judson worked so long and so well in Burmah; and its missions compare favourably for efficiency and success with those of any society in existence. We felt nothing but confidence and satisfaction in placing the

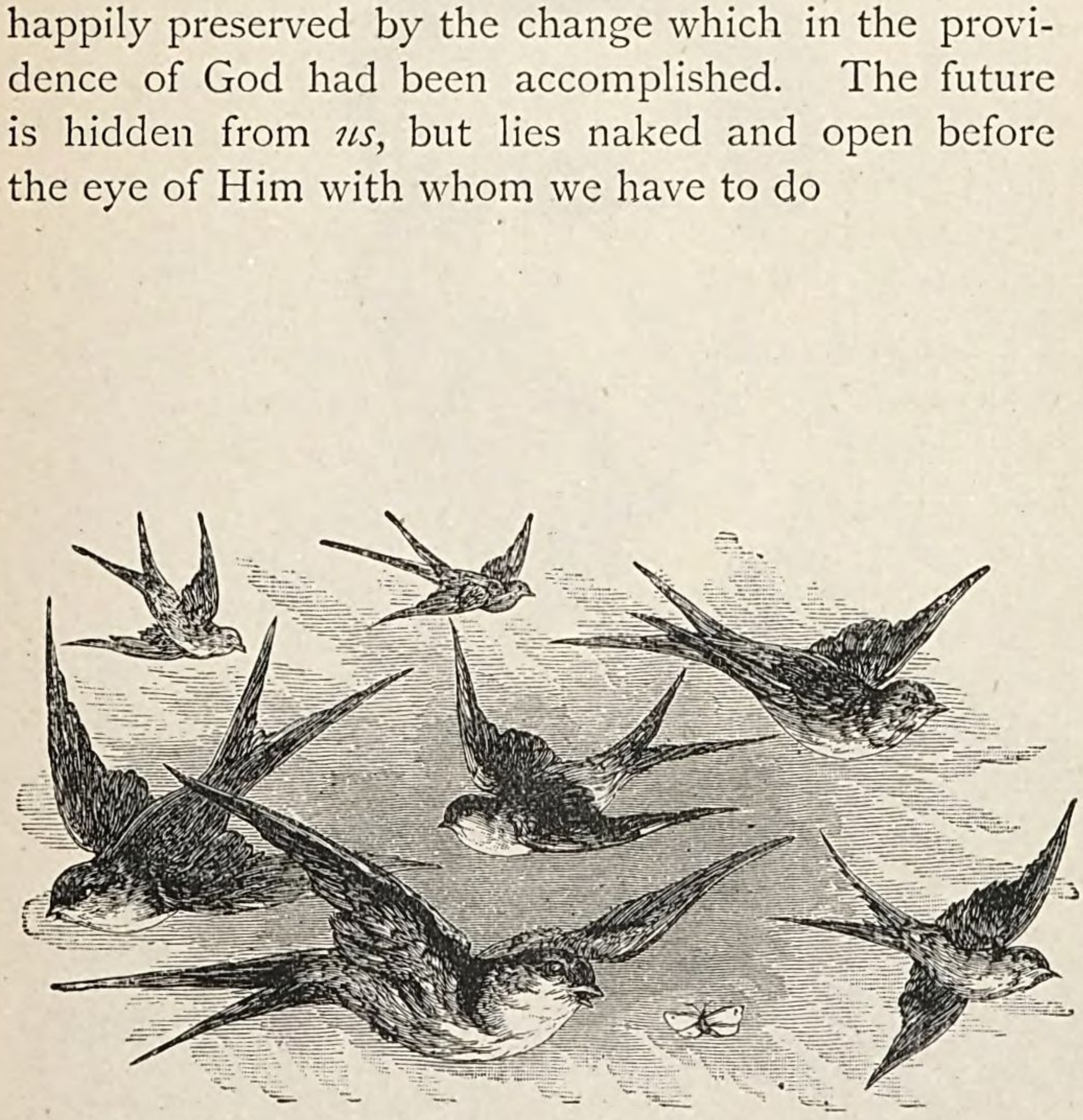
Livingstone Inland Mission under its care, believing that the God who had helped it to do so much good in other spheres would also help it in Central Africa.

It was not without some measure of pain that we took this important step, for the Livingstone Inland Mission was very dear to our hearts. It was not because we were weary of it that we parted with it, but for *its* good. We wrote at the time in *Regions Beyond*:

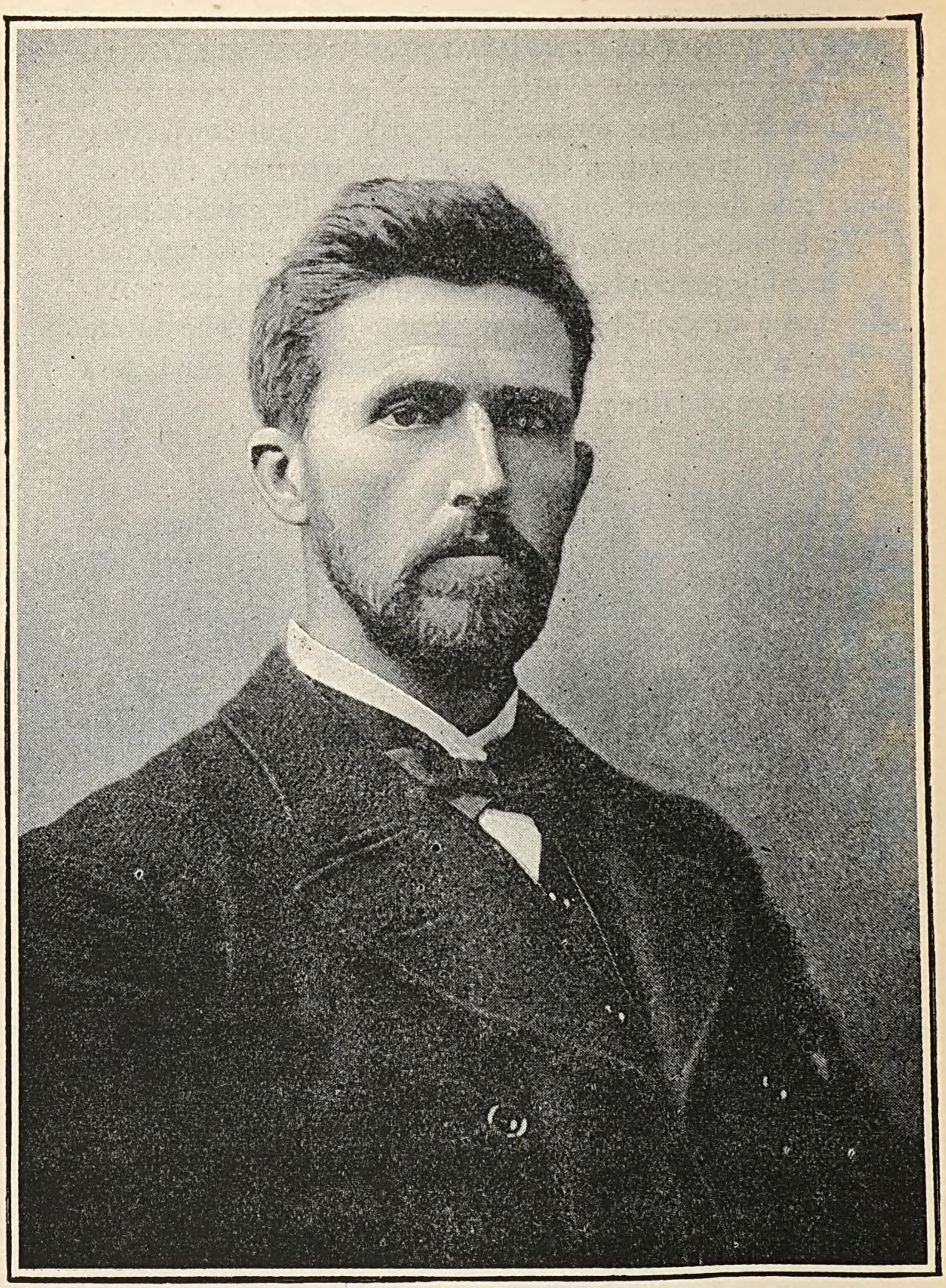
> Let the parents who have reared through feeble infancy and delicate childhood a beloved daughter, carried her safely through many a danger, made heavy sacrifices to secure her suitable education, tenderly watched over her as she developed into the budding promise of a charming womanhood, and who yet, with smiles and tears, give her away at the altar to a worthy husband—let *them* say whether their so doing is any evidence that they have grown weary of their child or ceased to love her! Is it not rather *because* they love her, *because* they desire her best welfare, that they thus act? They have bestowed on her life and being, love and nurture so far, but they know that in the future she will need that which they cannot give her. They must pass away; who shall care for her when they are gone? They secure for her by parting with her more than they could ever do by retaining her. She has outgrown their care; the very development which they have promoted has created needs which they cannot meet. It is thus with us and our Congo Mission. We prize it, yet part with it, love it, yet send it from us, and feel while doing so the glad sadness and sad gladness of parental hearts at a wedding. The pain must be cheerfully borne if the severance of the old links of love and dependence secure the present and future well-being of the loved one. Were any doubt entertained as to *this*, the separation could not for a moment be thought of; but this being assured, it must be faced.

The wisdom of the step which had been taken in placing this important enterprise under the care of able and experienced men was very quickly illustrated. The transfer was no sooner accomplished than the

health of the former Secretary broke down very seriously, and was only slowly and partially restored. From the great inconvenience and injury which must otherwise have resulted, the work on the Congo was happily preserved by the change which in the providence of God had been accomplished. The future is hidden from *us*, but lies naked and open before the eye of Him with whom we have to do



"GUIDED."



FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT,
FOUNDER OF THE GARENGANGE MISSION, CONGO FREE STATE.
(*See Appendix.*)

At the time of its transfer to the A.B.M.U. the mission had seven stations in working order, stretching seven hundred miles into the interior, and twenty missionaries, four of whom were married. These were all that then remained on the staff of more than double the number who had gone out during the seven years which had elapsed since the first party landed at Banana in 1878. A few had proved unsuitable and had been recalled; two or three had been invalided home and obliged to take to less tropical fields of labour; a few had retired; and ten white men, one woman, and one coloured helper had laid down their lives on the Congo.

But there still remained in Africa Mr. and Mrs. Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Ingham, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen White; together with Dr. Sims and Messrs. Harvey, Richards, Billington, Pettersen, Westlind, Fredrickson, Banks, Picton, Glenesk, Eddie, and Hoste; with the Misses Spearing, Cole, Harris, and Skakle.

The seven stations were all on the south side of the Congo, and all but one in the Congo Free State. The first only was in Portuguese territory. They were:

1. MUKIMVIKA, built on a cliff overlooking the Atlantic, opposite the port of Banana, but separated from it by seven miles of water.

2. PALABALA, South of the Yellala Falls, on a hill 1,600 feet high, the first station of the mission.

3. BANZA MANTEKA, founded in 1879 by Mr. Richards, where the first Church was gathered, and the first permanent building for Christian worship erected.

4. MUKIMBUNGU, near the Itunzuma Falls, built by Mr. Clarke, and occupied at the time by Messrs. Westlind and Fredrickson.

5. LUKUNGA, opposite Manyanga, a pleasant place in a populous district, near the river of the same name, occupied at the time by Mr. and Mrs. Ingham.

6. LEOPOLDVILLE, on Stanley Pool, founded by Dr. Sims and Mr. Pettersen, where the steamer was reconstructed by Messrs. Billington and Glenesk.

7. EQUATORVILLE, near Wangata, on the upper river, founded by Messrs. Pettersen and Eddie, among the N'kundu people, and on the borders of Balolo-land.[1]

Messrs. Pettersen and Westlind were two Swedish brethren, sent out and sustained by the Swedish Missionary Society. They had joined our mission in order to learn the language and the ways of the country, before commencing an independent effort. They were not Baptists, and on the occasion of the transfer to the A.B.M.U., it was thought best on both sides, and mutually agreed, that they should, at that crisis, start an independent Swedish Mission; which they did. The station of Mukimbungu was transferred to the Swedish Missionary Society, which has since sent out many additional workers, both men and women, and opened two new stations on the north side of the Congo, Diadia and Kimbouni.

[1] The station of Banana had been moved to Mukimvika, and those of Matadi and Bemba had been abandoned.

Death of Mr. Henry Craven.

In the autumn of 1884 the mission was called on to experience the heaviest loss in some senses which it had ever sustained. This time it was no new arrival carried off before he commenced his work, but a comparative veteran, one whom we regarded as thoroughly acclimatized, the first pioneer of the undertaking, the estimable and well beloved Henry Craven. He entered into rest at Kabinda, on the 14th of October.

The tidings were very heavy ones to every member of the mission, both in England and in Africa, and to all its friends. He had been for nearly seven years on the Congo, and though he had often been ill he had recovered, and we hoped that he was likely to live and labour for many years in Africa. And so indeed he might have done, but for an error in judgment which probably cost him his life. His health was naturally good, and his temperament the right one for a tropical climate,—nervous, sanguine, energetic, with fair hair and blue eyes. He was also cheerful, singularly amiable, and patient.

He had borne the burden and heat of the day, as the pioneers of a mission always have to do. His early difficulties and discouragements were very great, and when they were overcome heavy responsiblities began to press upon him. He was superintendent of the lower stations, as Dr. Sims was of the upper; and Palabala being virtually the base of supplies for all the stations, a large amount of correspondence, ac-

count keeping, and wearying secular work fell to his share, work that involved at times serious anxiety from transport difficulties. He was blessed with a remarkably judicious, practical wife, or he would not have stood the strain as well as he did. The nursing of other missionaries when ill had often devolved on him, and few members of the mission had not been indebted to him for kind care in sickness.

Kabinda, where he died, is not on the Congo, but in the small Portuguese territory on the coast to the north. Mr. Craven entertained a high opinion of the salubrity of this place, and wished the mission had a sanatorium there. The last letter we ever had from him was dated from the pretty little coast-town, and urged this suggestion. He wrote:

I think a station here would be a great boon to the mission. Of course I cannot speak from experience of the healthfulness of the place, but those who have lived here many years think highly of it. The scenery is delightful, and the people are desirous of instruction. On my return to Palabala I will consult with the brethren and report to you their views on the subject.

Alas! he was never to return to Palabala, and Kabinda was destined to be a fatal place to him! He continues—and it is his last report:

As to the work of the stations in my district, the schools at Palabala and Banza Manteka have been carried on without interruption, though Mr. White, at Mukimvika, has had his children taken away on account of a palaver with the princes respecting the customs; but the affair is now settled, and he expects shortly to get the children back. We have had at Palabala two-and-twenty boarders for the greater part of the year; four of our elder scholars have gone to help at other stations: Robert and Francis Walker to the Pool, Vemba to Lukungu, and N'koiyo to Mukimbungu.

Although I cannot report any conversions, yet both Mr. Harvey and myself are of the opinion that at three of our stations a crisis is at hand, when some will come out boldly for Christ. Things cannot continue as they are much longer; there will be a division among the people; some will decide for Christ, and others will persecute and slander. I feel sure that our converts, if true, will have to suffer much for Christ. May the Lord give them great grace, and fill their hearts with His own Spirit!

The six weeks' holiday which they had intended to spend at Kabinda had passed pleasantly, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven were just about to return, refreshed and invigorated, when one day he came in from a walk and pressed his wife to go with him to visit some caves which had greatly interested him. She declined, adding, "I advise you not to go there again; caves are chilly places, and I should think dangerous in this climate. You might get a chill." But with all his experience he was not, alas! wise enough to follow this counsel. He did revisit the cave to examine more carefully some bones he had seen there; he *did* get a chill; and the result was fatal! Fever of the bilious remittent type was developed.

"From the first," writes Mr. Harvey, "there were some very bad symptoms. As however Mr. Craven had recovered from similar fevers before, neither he nor his wife were alarmed, but hoped that he would pull through, as previously. A very few days however so weakened him, that Mr. Phillips, at whose house they were staying (chief agent for Messrs. Hatson & Cookson, of Liverpool), offered to send the steamer *Kabinda* to Landana to secure the services of Dr. Lucan, who resides there, and this offer was very gladly accepted.

"When Dr. Lucan arrived, he thought the case sufficiently serious, but hoped for the best with careful treatment and good nursing. That he had the latter, you who know Mrs. Craven will easily believe. The medical advice also was the very best that could be had on the coast, and Mr. Phillips himself—who is a man of no little experience in

African fevers—did all that he possibly could in every way, that the result might be favourable.

"But it was not so to be! God's time had come to take His servant home, and so it came to pass that at 1.30 p.m., on October 14th, Brother Craven—so often weary and heartsick, yet the hero of a hundred fights for the Master against heathenism—arrived at the gates of the city and entered into eternal rest, for doubtless an abundant entrance was ministered unto him."

Mr. Eddie says, writing of the same event:

Great is our recent loss in the death of dear Mr. Craven, who passed into his hard-earned rest last month at Kabinda.

We are in *deep* sorrow, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. We realize moreover that there is but a step between any one of us and death, between us and our eternal home in heaven. That home seems wondrously near, and we continually enjoy in communion with our Lord sweet foretastes of the full and eternal communion we shall have with Him above.

We are wondering whom the Lord will send to take up and bear Brother Craven's burdens here. It is all in our Father's hand, and we look to Him. The burden of work at this station is heavy for the strongest man, and there is a limit to our strength, though none to our will.

Dear Henry Craven! He was one whose life said, "To me to live is Christ, and to die, gain." His consecration was true, heartfelt, and practical; he never wavered in his devotion of himself to Christ or to Africa. He realized the uncertainty of life on the Congo, and often spoke of his consciousness of the nearness of eternity, and of his intense desire so to live as to be approved in the day of Christ.

Nothing would have induced him to turn from the task to which he had given himself. In spite of all its sorrows and its difficulties, he clung to it. He had much of the spirit of Christ, compassionating the natives, and sincerely loving them. He was a man of

nervous, intense, and affectionate nature, who threw himself fervently into his work. His transparent sincerity and perfect truthfulness made even the poor Africans respect and trust him. The mission could ill spare him, and could not easily replace him. His experience had fitted him to be useful as no stranger could be. To us it seemed mysterious that he should thus be called up higher at a very critical stage in the history of the mission. But we dared not question the providence of God, or doubt that this most unexpected removal was among the all things that work together for good.



SEVERAL NEW WORKERS had joined the mission this year—fully aware of all its risks and hardships. Mr. J. H. Hoste, son of General and Mrs. Hoste, of Brighton, was one of these. His parents have been privileged to give three of their sons to the foreign mission-field. This one, previously a young naval officer, had been converted and had heard the call to fight under a better banner. We saw in him much of the quiet, dauntless, Christian courage and good judgment which are so needful in missionary work, as well as much of the compassionate and self-sacrificing spirit of Christ, and we were rejoiced that he felt led to devote himself to Africa. He went up through all the stations in the Cataract region to Stanley Pool, and intended to have made with Dr. Sims a voyage on the Upper Congo, hoping to establish a station at the Stanley Falls. But the time for that was not then come, nor indeed is it so even now; and Mr. Hoste ultimately settled at Lukunga, where he has been greatly blessed.

Mr. John McKittrick, of Belfast, and Mr. Glenesk also sailed for the Congo this year, and two single sisters, Miss Cole and Miss Harris. The former is now Mrs. Richards, of Banza Manteka, and the latter became Mrs. Harvey. Mr. Albert E. Insell also reached the Congo in January of this year. He went out as engineer for the *Henry Reed*, but never got beyond Tundwa, where he died of fever, after being only a few weeks in the country. He was rallying from the attack, which had been brought on by

unwise exposure to the sun, when an alarm of a native "war," close by the house, agitated him afresh, and induced a fatal relapse. He was a devoted young man, and much attached to the native lads, who had been with us in England.

Here we must close the second section of our book, and the history ot our more direct connexion with the Livingstone Inland Mission. Since 1884 it has been directed and sustained from Boston, U.S.A. For the following four or five years we did nothing *on* the Congo, and but little for it; simply forwarding to our friends in Boston such funds as we received on account of the enterprise, and corresponding more or less with the workers. Then, as will be seen later on, we resumed—on the upper river, in connexion with a fresh and auxiliary effort on the southern tributaries, —efforts on behalf of Central Africa.

SECTION III.

LIGHT AT LAST;

OR,

A MORNING OF JOY ON THE CONGO.

1885–1890.



"THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY."

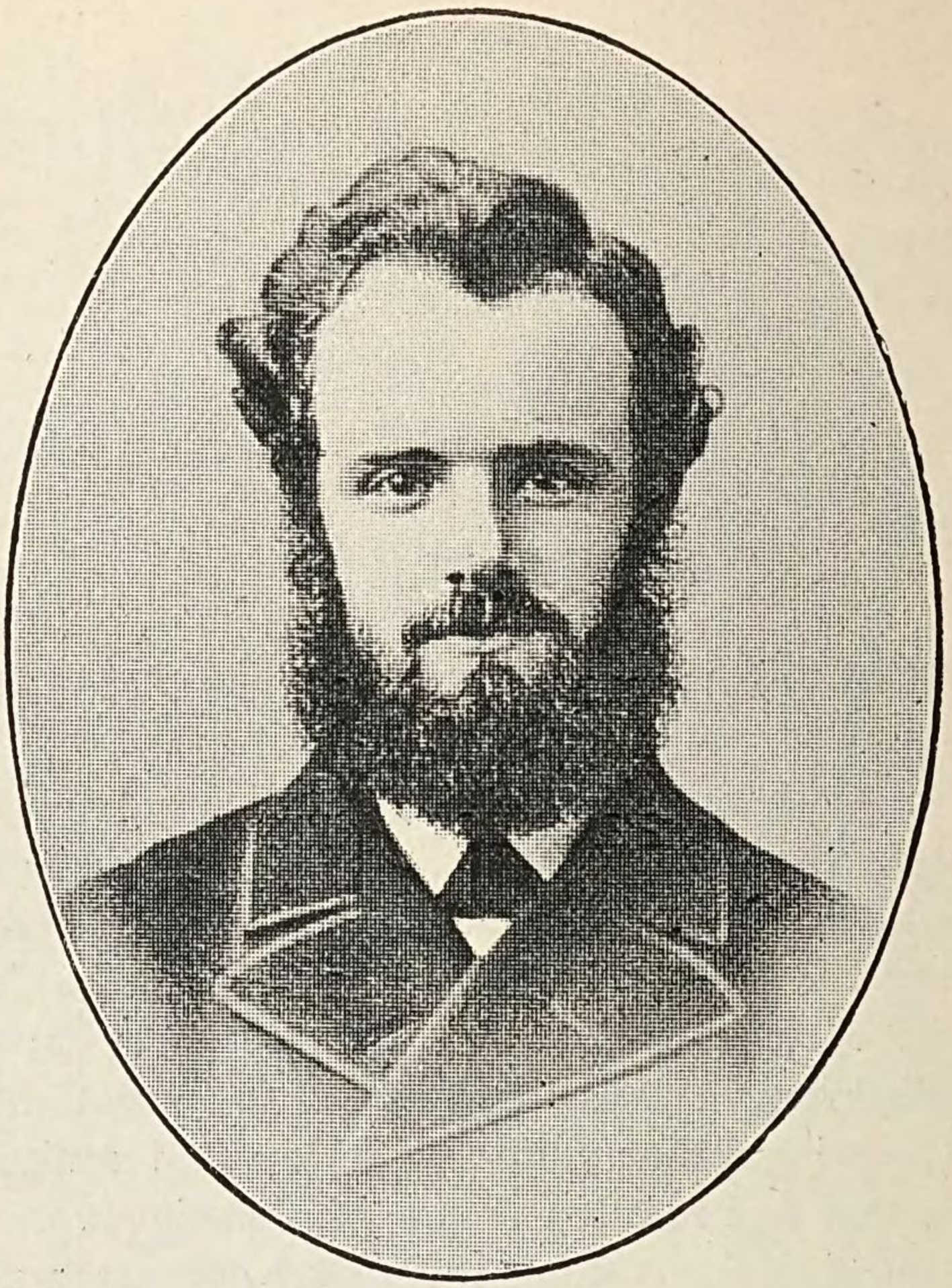
CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF SPIRITUAL BLESSING.

We must here anticipate the gradually unfolding events of the next few years, as time fails us to trace them all *seriatim;* and state that the regenerating work of the Spirit of God in the hearts of the Congo people, of which such hopeful firstfruits were seen in 1884, grew in power and spread in extent during the following years, filling with joy and praise the hearts that had so often groaned in heaviness.

At most of the stations there were converts; many of these sought themselves to spread the gospel; gradually the movement became more widespread. Candidates for baptism came forward, not by units but by tens, and at one station even by hundreds. The seed was springing. It had long been watered with tears and blood, and now God was giving the increase. Our hearts were filled with joy and thanksgiving, it seemed almost too good to be true!

The dear missionaries however had no doubt as to the truly spiritual nature of the work, or its witness



JOSEPH CLARKE, OF PALABALA.

to the gospel as the power of God to salvation. Mr. Joseph Clarke, of Palabala Station, wrote about this awakening :

"About two months ago, at our Mukimbungu Station, there were several candidates for baptism. Of these, five gave good evidence of a change of heart, and, being supported in their request by the resident missionary, they were baptized. Seven weeks afterwards two others at the same station were also baptized. We were greatly cheered at this, as some of these

converts had stood faithfully by the truth amid a great deal of persecution.

"Recently we have had a more widespread movement at Banza Manteka, where our brother Richards has laboured for about eight years. One after another has been brought in during the past twelve months, till there are now seventeen candidates for baptism.

"And, to the glory of God be it told, a *revival* has begun within the past fortnight, and by the last report at least twenty professed conversion within that time. Mr. Richards, in his note, said, 'I have no time to write—the house is full of anxious ones.' He has had a visit from brothers Harvey and Probert, but they could not stay. He however is in good health, in spite of labours abundant, and finds great comfort and help amongst the earlier converts, especially one Lutete, who formerly was a 'witch-doctor.' This Lutete's wife is also converted, and lends very good help in dealing with the women, several of whom are among the converts.

"Mr. Richards has just completed a translation of Luke's Gospel, and is now revising it for the press, while Mr. Harvey sends Mark's Gospel by this mail ready for printing."

Later on Mr. Stephen White, who had recently returned to the Congo after a stay in England, was at Mr. Richards' station on his way up the country, and wrote us the following glad tidings:

"During the last month hundreds of the people have been converted to God, and one who saw them five years ago, as I did, and sees them again now, can see the great change, and cannot but praise God for His wonderful grace, which has brought them salvation. Their faces tell the story, and their lives confirm their profession.

"This evening two of the converts returned from a preaching tour, and they have visited several villages. They report five conversions. They met with a good deal of opposition, and some of the people threatened to shoot them; but they replied

that they were not afraid of death now, for it was not death to them, but only going to be with Jesus. One man got up and defended them, and said he would kill any one who killed them. From this same town a man and his family have been driven away, because he tried to teach his fellow townsmen what he himself has learned. He is rejoicing in his new-found love.

"I wish those who take an interest in the work out here could just peep in at the morning and evening services, and see with what vigour the people sing the hymns of praise, the eagerness with which they drink in the word, and the simple, childlike faith they show in their prayers. They would pray and give more liberally to forward the glorious work of 'Congo for Christ.'"

Subsequent tidings from Mr. Harvey reported a general stir throughout the country, and evangelistic journeys undertaken by the native converts along with some of the missionaries to Lukunga and other places, and of the brethren being filled with joy and praise.

Mr. J. H. Hoste, then at Mukimbungu Station, also wrote hopefully of many converts at his own station:

"Our work is having such a marked effect on the young men of the country, that the older men are displeased, and we get daily notices that we are going to be burned or killed; but these reports do not trouble me much. All the youths want to live with us; they are beginning to see something of the reasonableness and beauty of the teaching, which contrasts so forcibly with their exclusively selfish system of worship. I asked a man the other day, if, when he prayed to his idol, he asked it ever to send good things to others? The idea was too ridiculous for his gravity! The great problem of *their* life is how to get things *for themselves*. . . .

"I have just come in from a hand-to-hand struggle with a man who wanted to shoot his wife. I would far rather not interfere in such matters, but I could not see my way out of it, as only a little boy seemed inclined to do anything to prevent the catastrophe. The state of these people seems to me to be absolutely and exclusively miserable! I cannot see a redeeming point about it! Their polygamy and selfishness seem to exclude affection and peace, or any shadow of satisfaction. . . .

"You will be rejoiced to hear that at last the Lord is showing us His power out here. We do not live now by faith, but by sight! There has been a regular revival at Banza Manteka; and some hundreds have given themselves to Jesus. Here also the Lord has not forgotten us; about twenty already have been converted. It is so blessed to see the heathen turning to Christ. I feel very restful in this matter. The efficacy of the work does not depend on me; I did not save their souls, and I have not to keep them, but simply to hand them the bread of life as God gives it to me. How thankful I am now that God permitted me to *stay* out here and not to go home!

I have to work hard, translating and preparing for this little flock. I believe God will add unto us again. I am so grateful to God that He gave me a good, healthy appetite for the language. Some people said they thought my head would go, but I had rather see that go than my heart; and now to-day the blessed gospel is preached, and the Lord Jesus sees of the travail of His soul! One young fellow has just told me that his chief has been keeping him from coming to hear the preaching, but that to-day he has made up his mind that he must follow Jesus, and Jesus only. I expect some visitors in a day or two, brethren coming down for the council meeting at Banza Manteka; they want me to go there with them, but I feel like Nehemiah, that there is a great work to be done here,



MR. J. H. HOSTE.

and I do not want to leave it. You cannot think how happy I am; it is so blessed to see the work of God in the heart of these savages, for really they are nothing else. I have translated the Apostles' Creed, to be our confession of faith, and I am teaching it to them now.

"Mr. White kindly came down here to try and persuade me to go home, and to lock up the station; but I could not do it, and the very day that he left I went out to preach in the afternoon, and the Lord touched the heart of the very man whom I had stopped from shooting his wife, and the next day he came and told me that he had given himself to Christ."

The following account of this most interesting movement is from the pen of Mr. Richards.

"Since my return from England I have been working, studying, and praying for a blessing on the work; and for a long time it seemed all in vain. But about some fifteen months ago, a man and his wife were converted, and I began to expect more. Some months however had elapsed when another man declared himself on the Lord's side. Shortly after, another came boldly out. I continued to study hard, work earnestly, and pray believingly. For some time I have been praying for a more complete consecration,—to be filled with the Holy Spirit and power for service, and for a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit *on the people.*

"I had also just commenced special services in all the towns. I locked up the house, took the harmonium, the children, and converts, *and sang and preached the gospel to the people all day long.* The bones that had been shaking for some time past began to stand up, and show very evident signs of life. Truly the Pentecostal power came as I have never seen before; for the people began to bring out their idols for us to burn, and to cry, 'What must we do to be saved?'

"There was much opposition and persecution, which only seemed to increase the spiritual power; for the bitterest enemies and the greatest sinners were brought under conviction of sin. The interest increased, and the people came up in large numbers to the station. The house became too strait, and we were obliged to hold the services in the open air, and have continued to do so up to the present time; and we have *more than seven hundred converts. The glorious fact is this, that Banza Manteka is no longer a heathen country, but more Christian than any I am acquainted with. I have scarcely had time to*

eat; for, from morning till night, I have been busy preaching, receiving inquirers, and treating the sick.

"I have had one of the officers of the Congo Free State (a Swedish gentleman) staying with me for eight days, to measure the mission land, and he writes from here to Palabala as follows :

'I was rather tired when I reached the top of the hill above Banza Manteka. I was changed in a moment when I saw before me, in bird's-eye view, the pretty villages and green ravines. The tones of a bell greeted me, and the whole impression was one of peace. I was not wrong. Arrived here, I could not believe my eyes! I beheld Mr. Richards preaching in the middle of a large number of men and women throwing away their "nkissis." That is to say, I have been witness to an event of great importance; and Banza Manteka will be distinguished in the future Congo history as *the first Christian parish,—to-day already more than six hundred Christian people.*

'I remain, yours sincerely,

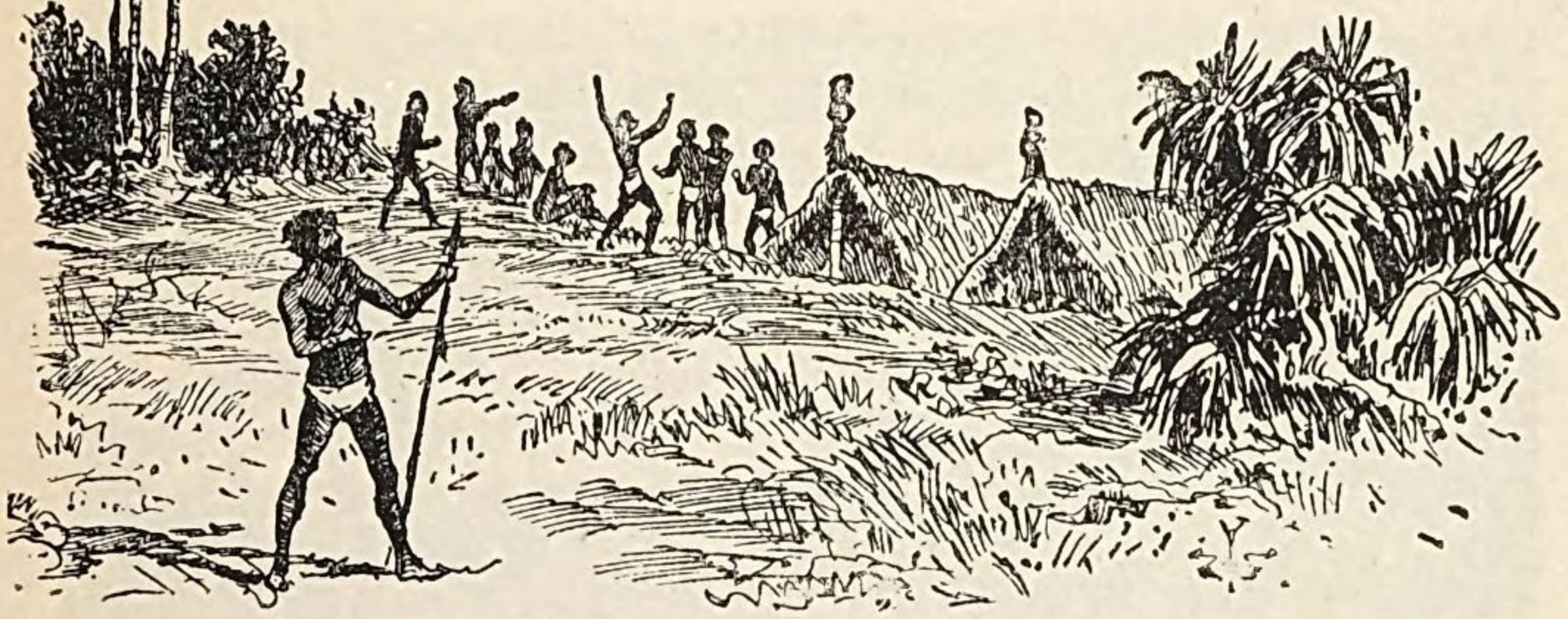
'C. R. KAKANSJON.'

"This is testimony from an outsider, which makes it of more value than if it came from within, or from ourselves. Yes, all praise and glory to God our Father! The 'nkimba,' the 'nkissis,' the poison-giving, the throat-cutting, the demoniacal yells, the diabolical dance, and witchcraft, are things of the past here. 'Old things have passed away, and, behold, all things are become new.' Now this part of Ethiopia stretches out its hands to God, and sends out its heart and voice to Him in thanksgiving and praise. I shall begin to baptize as early as possible. Pray for us. Jesus shall reign!"

Mr. T. T. France (U.S.A.) writes later on :

Opposition is principally on the part of the *ngangas*, or medicine-men, who fear losing their craft and their living; hence we fail to get a hear-

ing when it is known that the chief or the *nganga* does not wish the gospel to be preached in the village. On the other hand, when they run no risk of incurring the displeasure of either, the common people hear us gladly. Even this difficulty however is dying away. The chiefs and *nganga*, in spite of their efforts, are losing their hold of the people. The revival has done much to set the native mind from the superstition in which it had been held; and the spiritual condition of many in that region may be likened to the seeing men "as trees, walking."



THROWING DOWN THE NKISSIS.

The Banza Manteka Church is an unanswerable argument to the heathen. The fact that no harm has come upon those who had thrown away or burnt their *nkissis* (charms), and had left off following their *ngangas* in spite of their predictions of death or disaster, appeals very strongly to the heathen, and is leading many to see through the deceptions which have been practised upon them.

In addition to this is the witness the Banza Manteka flock bears to Jesus. Taught that it is their duty to make known the way of life to their fellows, and with many among them smitten with a consuming desire to bring their brethren to participate in the liberty and peace they have found through faith in Christ, these native Christians of Banza Manteka embrace every opportunity of delivering the message of salvation.

On the road, as they halt to prepare their food for the mid-day meal, or in the evening around the camp-fires, they fail not to speak of the things pertaining to the kingdom; telling some poor, dark soul the story of the Cross or some other Bible story, or speaking one with another of the great things the Lord hath done for *them*. They seem

to be endowed with the faculty of turning an ordinary conversation into a religious one; and often, as I listened to them going over their past lives, recounting the follies and deceptions in which they *had* believed, the bondage and fears in which they *had* been held, and contrasting these with their present enlightenment, liberty, and joyful hope, I have been moved to join with them in blessing the Lord for the wondrous grace which has transformed these dark heathens into loyal followers of the loving Jesus.



"AS THEY HALT TO PREPARE THE MID-DAY MEAL." (*See p.* 421.)

The 16th of June was a day I shall long remember. I had purposed during the week to spend the day in Kinkanza, one of the largest towns in that section of the country, some ten or twelve miles from the station, whose inhabitants are not too well disposed towards the gospel. Thomas, one of our brightest Christians, and a very successful evangelist too, had seen me during the week, and promised to accompany me to this place. On Sunday morning, at the time appointed, he turned up, and with him Moses, another sterling brother, full of grace and

power for service, and a few others. But besides these, there were about twelve women, all Christians, including Thomas's mother. When I first saw them, I thought that they had come on their own business, and that they would stop in some of the towns we should pass by on our way. But we passed town after town, and they did not stop.

As we neared the place, I ventured to ask where they were going. To my great joy and surprise they said they were going with us to take their part of "the witnessing." This is an expression peculiar to them,—"witnessing"; and their part of the witnessing they most faithfully took. Dividing ourselves into several bands, for we numbered about thirty in all, we went through the extensive plateau over which the town spreads, in a house to house visitation work; the female Christians joyfully testifying of their deliverance and freedom in Christ, and exhorting their timid heathen sisters, still held in a most deplorable form of superstitious awe and bondage, to the participation of the same blessing through faith in Jesus. There are some believers in this town, and they came out and joined us. On the whole, we had a very blessed time, and concluded the day's work with a prayer-meeting in one of the squares of the place, with many of the heathens standing around and watching us. We had begun the day in the same way in another quarter of the town.

More recently Mr. Fredrickson writes from Banza Manteka:

May 25th was a day of great joy to all here. Mr. Ingham and I baptized into the death of Christ forty-nine who confessed their faith in Him as their Saviour. Many of those had come a distance from six to eight miles; and as the baptism was on a Saturday, they slept here in town close to the station, and were on the Sunday received into the Church, taking part in the breaking of bread and in prayer. About four hundred people had come down to the water to share our joy. Since then we have baptized twenty more.

Mr. Whytock and Mrs. McKittrick, of the Congo-Balolo Mission (of which we have yet to speak), in passing up the Cataract region in 1889 both wrote to us of incidents at Banza Manteka. Their accounts give sketches of the Church as it is to-day, in that first Christian centre in Congoland, where the glorious work of conversion still goes on.

Mr. Whytock writes :

While detained at Banza Manteka I had the privilege of addressing the Church on the Lord's day (Brother Fredrickson translating for me), and had also the joy of sitting down at the Lord's table with hundreds of these dear people. One afternoon I witnessed the baptism of twenty of the converts, and wish I could describe to you that most interesting scene ! It was on the 11th June, about two miles south of the station, in a sweet little valley, in some pools fed by perennial springs from the hills. Near the water's edge grew a cluster of palms and some flowering trees, which threw a soft and welcome shade over the pool. The nearer slope of the hill beside us was planted out with fruit-trees and tall waving maize; farther up and beyond, the grass with which one becomes so familiar in Congoland. From various towns and hamlets among the hills the people came in to this selected spot, to witness the baptisms.

We were seated at one end of the pool (Mr. and Mrs. Ingham and myself). Beneath the palms and behind us, thickly clustered on the grass or standing around, was a crowd of about two hundred people. Most of these had already made a profession of their faith, and were now present to see their friends received into the Church of Christ.

On the other side of the pool, seated on the bank, were the candidates for baptism, sixteen women, two men, and two boys. Noticing the disproportion, Mr. Fredrickson remarked, so I was informed, in the course of his address, that as woman was first in the transgression, so she seemed to be first to forsake her sins and flee to Christ. The majority of the Banza Manteka Church are women, and they are said to be the brightest Christians.

The proceedings began with a hymn, "Jesus the water of life has given," which was caught up and sung with wonderful correctness. What the singing lacked in culture was made up in heartiness. You could see that the people sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. One of the evangelists, David, the son of the old king Makokila (who by the way died since I left), led in prayer. "Come, ye that love the Lord," was then sung, and the names of the candidates were read over, and an address from Ingham followed. More prayer and praise, and Brother Fredrickson spoke, and then went down into the water, and the candidates two and two followed him, and were baptized. Judging from the serious and intelligent

expression of their faces, they seemed to be much impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, and as each couple came up out of the water, the people struck up with great vigour the verse of a hymn. To me perhaps the most affecting part was the baptism of the two boys, which took place last. They are both scholars in the school, and have given clear evidence of their conversion to God. One of them was such a tiny little chap. It brought tears of joy to my eyes. I could not but breathe again and again the prayer, "God bless the lads!" Before Brother Fredrickson baptized them, he put his hands on their heads and prayed over them. On the waters of the pool in which they stood, just beside them, were water-lilies, with their beautiful flowers and shapely green leaves floating on the surface: symbols, I thought, of the lives the Lord would have us and these dear boys live.

"Lives all lily fair, and fragrant as the place where seraphs are."

I pray God that He may spare me and my dear brethren of the Congo Balolo mission to witness many such scenes in the interior!

Mrs. McKittrick writes:

The mission premises here are more extensive than at Palabala, and are *in splendid order*. The iron church, capable of holding 500 people, stands in the middle of the site. On one side is the Inghams' house, with the usual appendages of cook-house, store, boy's house, etc., and on the other side is Mr. Richards' compound, now inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Fredrickson. In both yards are flocks of sheep and goats, and a goodly number of fowls and ducks. All round the station rises Africa's chief beauty, the palm. Looking out of the window of the house in which we are staying, I can count over thirty of these useful and ornamental trees, either on the mission ground or just outside its limits.

We have all been for a walk this evening, visiting some of the villages near at hand.

A great many of the people whom we saw are Christians and members of the Church; indeed, whole towns formerly given up to the idolatries and superstitions of heathenism are now rejoicing in the light and freedom of the gospel. We found two familiar faces in the towns, Mavuzi and Francis Walker, who were in England six years ago, and are now both settled down in their towns as Christian married men.

* * * * *

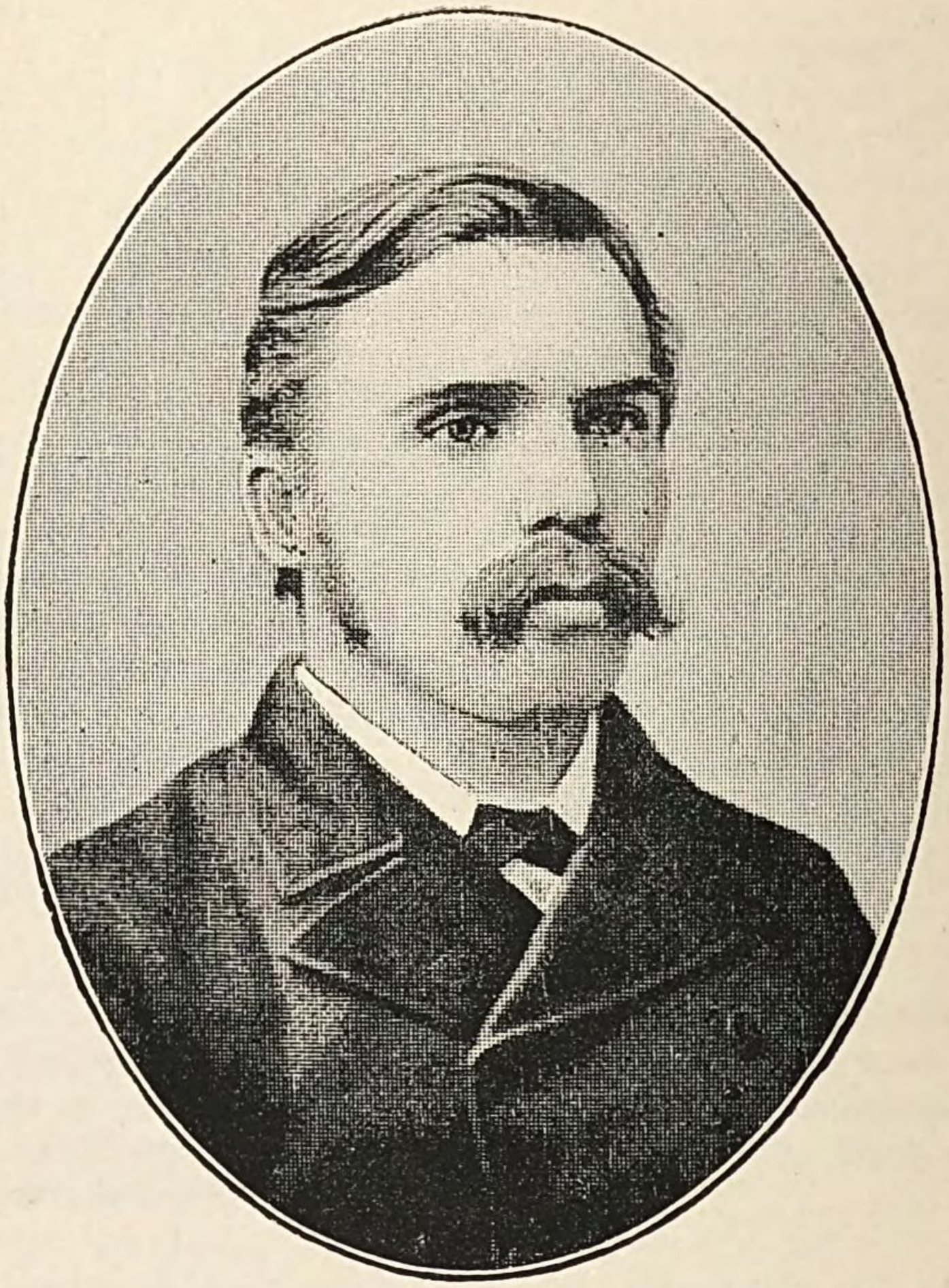
The meeting in the church was held at one o'clock, but Mr. Ingham conducted previously a Sunday school and a prayer-meeting. Many of the congregation come from considerable distances, and when they do meet together are not satisfied with less than two or three hours' preaching.

The bell was rung for about an hour while the congregation were assembling, and at the appointed time three or four hundred people were in their seats, the men on one side, the women and children on the other. This arrangement is for convenience' sake only, because the men do not wish to be disturbed by the babies, and not, as in Syria, because it is the custom of the country for men and women to be separated. Mr. Ingham gave out verse by verse a hymn, which was sung most heartily, both the tune and time being tolerably correct. That the people thoroughly enjoyed the singing was evident from their shining faces and vigorous exercise of mouth and lungs! I have heard some strange attempts at singing in the villages on Mount Lebanon, but I have never heard anything to equal the noise and vocal exertions of these Banza Manteka Christians, and they appeared more refreshed than tired by their efforts when all was over! Great and small joined in. Old Makokila lifted up his voice with the others, and the great wave of sound, not only filled the building, but must have been heard miles away. *It was real praise, there was no doubt of that!* A portion of Scripture was read aloud, and expounded by Mr. Ingham, followed by other hymns and by prayer. Then Mr. Fredrickson preached, and was listened to attentively.

* * * * *

Service over, we were surrounded by our coloured brethren and sisters, wishful to make our acquaintance and take us by the hand. We spoke to so many, that it would be impossible to remember all the names, but among those I was introduced to were Adam, Noah, Peter, Paul, John, Malachi, Lazarus, and Moses.

Similar results of spiritual blessing have been experienced at most of the mission stations, especially at Lukunga and Palabala. A native Church exists in each place, and there are among the converts many preachers of the gospel. The following chapter will give an idea of the character of Congo Christians.



MR. HENRY RICHARDS,
OF BANZA MANTEKA.

CHAPTER II.

A CHAT WITH MR. RICHARDS OF BANZA MANTEKA.



I WANT you to tell me something about the African Christians. You were labouring some years, I think, before you had any converts?

Yes; six years more or less! Of course I had at first to build and plant and get acclimatized. Then I had to learn the language—no easy task when you have no teacher and no books. It was years before I could understand and enjoy hearing it, and before I could use it with any power.

Yes, of course! And you had illnesses and deep sorrows?

I had. God blessed them to me. On my first visit to England on account of health I was greatly exercised about the apparent lack of blessing in Africa. I felt I must be blessed if I was to be made a blessing. And when I got back my one desire was for converts. A great yearning for souls took possession of me. I could not sleep for it sometimes, and had to pray God to take it away, for it was consuming me. But there was no sign of blessing. I resolved to go elsewhere if the word bore no fruit at Banza Manteka. But first I asked myself what was the fault? I was preaching the truth, and the people listened; but they did not seem to *feel* in the least.

Yet you were in earnest, were you not?

Dead in earnest! But as I read I began to see I had been

trying the wrong way to do good to the heathen. I had been much occupied with many things, and the one great thing to which a missionary should devote himself mainly, if not exclusively, *preaching*, had not been made prominent enough. It is so easy in Congo to get distracted. There is so much to do. Building, planting, ordinary business of various sorts, learning the language, teaching, writing, travelling,—all these things are apt to squeeze the preaching into a corner.

I can easily understand that! Congo is like England in that respect.

Ay! but the consequences are more serious there. Preaching —"the foolishness of preaching"—is God's one great ordinance for the salvation of men. When the revival came I was no longer satisfied with occasional services and regular Sunday work. I gave myself to preaching daily—twice a day. One year I preached seven hundred times. And the people don't care for short sermons. They like a full hour or hour and a half. They have so much to learn.

But surely people could never attend so many and such long meetings?

Ah! but they *do*. I asked them to choose their own time. They fixed one o'clock, when all their field work is done and they have had their mid-day meal. And again, later in the evening, they come freely and eagerly. But they like to hear the *same* teacher. Changes put them out very much, for they do not gain confidence all at once. They want the same voice, and the same thing taught over and over again. They learn only from the preacher, at first at any rate; not, as here, from books and from intercourse. The preaching consequently should be daily, and, if possible, two or three times a day. Weekly preaching is no use; it is all forgotten before the next service.

But a missionary must do other things. He must teach the school, for instance.

No! that is mere waste of time *at first*. When the people are converted, *then* have schools for the Christians, that they may learn to read the word of God and teach it in their turn. But preaching with a view to conversion, immediate conversion, this is God's commandment, and this is the missionary's

work—his prime, principal, paramount, peculiar duty. If you want schools, send out teachers; but missionaries go to make converts.

But when people are converted they need teaching?

Undoubtedly. That is the object of our incessant meetings. We have to teach them to observe all things that Christ has commanded; and I assure you it takes a lot of teaching to do that among the Congoese! We want to get the converts ready to be in their turn teachers and preachers as quickly as possible. As regards the Christians, it is teach, teach, teach, all the time. They soon learn more than you would think. The Spirit of God seems to make them intelligent. They learn to read fast; they open little schools in other villages to teach their own townsfolk to do the same. They send their children to school too fast enough *as soon as they are converted*—though before we had actually to ransom slave children in order to get a school at all. The *heathen* want to be paid for coming to school.

Yes! conversion makes all the difference. What truths did you find most fitted to awaken attention and touch the heart?

Ah! that is the core and kernel of the whole thing. I went to work the wrong way at first. My first idea was to teach the heathen the folly of idolatry and superstition, the nature of God, about His will as expressed in the law, about duty and morality and such things, as well as about Christ, His words, His miracles, and parables, His death and resurrection. But I found it all no use. At the end of six years I had not a convert.

Well?

Then in bitterness of spirit I prayed and searched the Scriptures, and noted what the apostles did, and began to follow their example.

But surely they did all the things you just named.

Afterwards! But they did something else *first*. They preached Christ and Him crucified; they made people feel their guilt in killing and rejecting Him, in not resembling Him, in not caring for and coming to Him. They kept to the one point, and Christ Himself bade them do so. They were to

proclaim repentance and remission of sins through Him! Not a hundred things. One thing—Christ and Him crucified.

Yes, and you were trying to lead up to that, to prepare the people to appreciate the gospel.

Ay! But when I gave up all leading to it, and preached *that*, day by day and week by week, then I speedily saw a glorious change! Then I had proof that Paul was right, when he said that it is the gospel itself that is the power of God to salvation. I don't go into the philosophy of the thing, but I saw the facts; and I think facts are more convincing than philosophy. When once I took this ground, and charged the people with sin for not believing in Christ, and urged that He was the only Saviour, and ready to save them then and there, then I felt clothed with power, and that it was the Spirit of God who spoke through me.

And what were the results?

Heart-cheering! Marvellous! The stolid, stupid people waked up. I saw looks and whispers, and nudges between neighbours, astonishment, eager interest, and soon conviction and shame, tears of penitence; restless desire to hear, more shame, alarm, and very soon I was assailed on all sides with the question, "What must I do to be saved?" I was alone most of the time, and positively I had no time, no, not so much as to eat some days. The whole place and the country-side was in a stir. I had to neglect all else; I was preaching, and dealing with inquirers all day long. And soon the converts were numbered by hundreds.

What proof had you they were real converts, that the movement was not one of mere excitement?

Every proof I could desire, or that you would desire here. The people loved Christ and obeyed Him. They began to love their Bibles, or rather such portions of Scripture as they had. They cared for nothing compared to worship and prayer. They began to bear witness for Christ among their people. They cheerfully endured persecution, and risked their lives for the sake of their new faith. The thieves—and they are all thieves to begin with—became honest; the liars—and lying was customary—became truthful; the women became modest, and

wanted dresses directly they were converted. I remember one who, as soon as she had received Christ and was rejoicing in Him, said to the sister who had been evangelizing her, "But now I want some clothes ; I don't like having my skin outside !"

Poor dear woman ! But do the Christians then dress like we do ?

Oh, no ! we should be very sorry to urge that. I greatly object to any attempt to Europeanise Africans. Africans they are, and Africans they must continue in all their habits and customs. But the dress of the heathen is not sufficient either for decency or comfort, and the Christians, poor as they are, invariably manage to cover themselves. The husbands do all the sewing in Congo, and Christian husbands soon make their wives a dress, or get them a cloth. The women like *dresses ;* that is, garments made like a nightgown with a good deep yoke for the neck and a band, and coming down to the ankles. When we *have* such, we *give* them, but we get very few ! My wife is very anxious to take back a good stock. They should be made of strong stuff like dusters, blue checked cloth which we call "domestics" and use for trade.

Do they like that better than dark prints of various colours ?

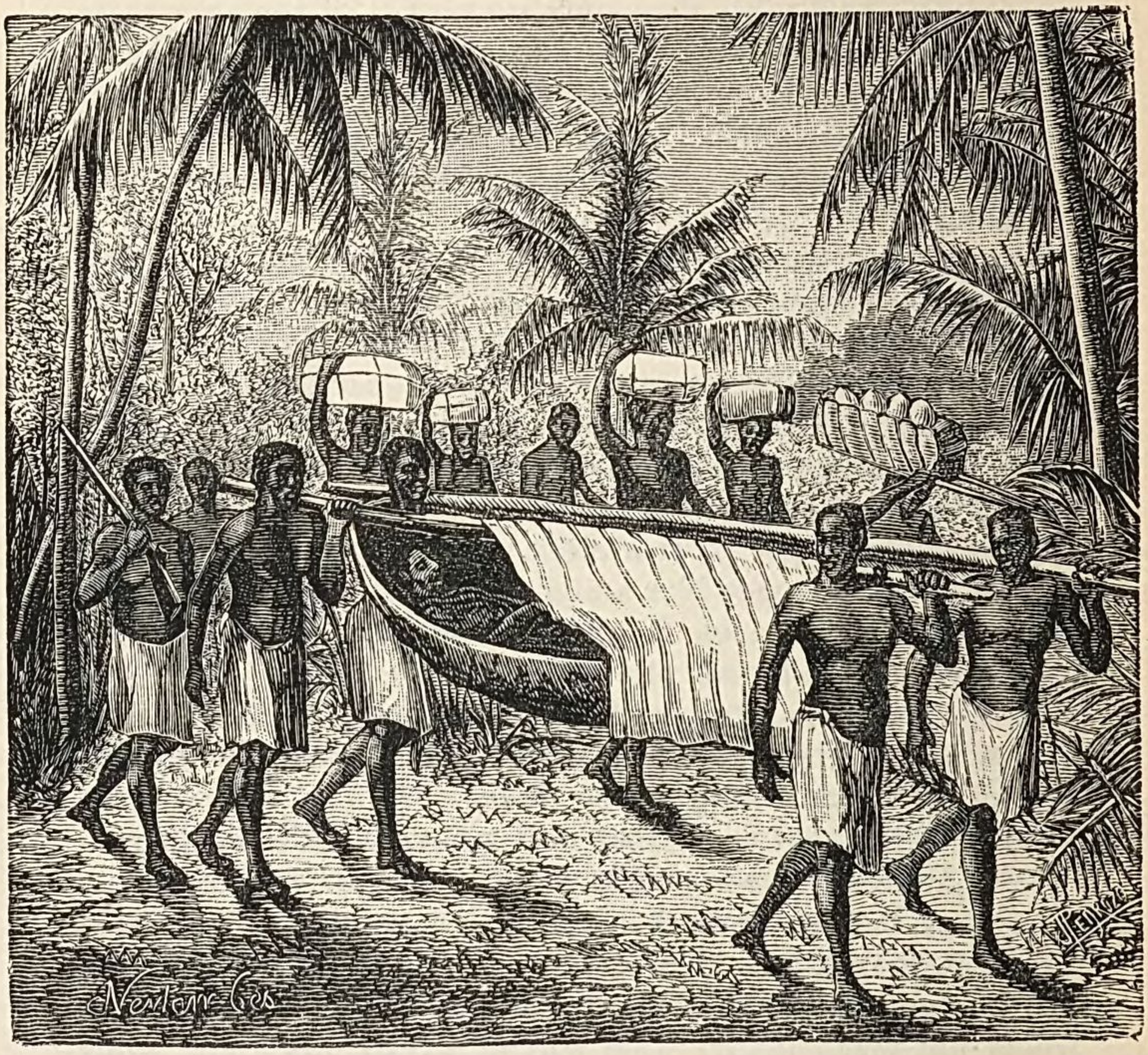
Well, at present the women have not seen those, and, like ladies here, they wish to be in the fashion, not peculiar. They don't like to be looked at. If everybody wore print they would like it. If you can get us a number of dresses made, all alike, it would not much matter what sort of calico was used. Only as the women sit at times on the ground, light or white dresses would soil quickly.

What do the men wear ?

Generally a cloth round the legs and waist, and a loose jacket or smockfrock, something like a shirt, outside. We often sell them shirts for the purpose. I hate to see an African in trousers ! They suit us, but they spoil them ! And they never keep them in good order.

Do they feel the heat as you do ?

Yes, so much so that when carrying—toiling in the sun up steep hills with loads on their heads—they perspire most copiously. Then of course they divest themselves of their garments, as



CARRYING.

do the women while they work in the fields. But the mornings and evenings are chilly, and garments are a comfort. If the thermometer does not stand above 70° the people shiver and say, "How cold it is!"

Those dear converts of whom you speak,—can you love them and feel to them as you would to English fellow Christians?

Oh! precisely. *They are exactly like us inside;* the difference is only skin deep! They are intensely sincere. What is in comes out! There are no restraints of any kind—no delicacy or consideration or deference to public opinion or conventionalities, of course. A man in the audience, if he does

not agree with my conclusion, or follow my explanation, will exclaim, "Oh, I don't think so," or, "I don't see that at all"; or if one is teaching any special duty, he will object, "Then why did you do so and so?" But that is a matter of custom; their hearts are just like ours.

But are they affectionate, kind, grateful, faithful to those they love, like Europeans?

That is just what *they* ask about white men! My dear wife was very ill one night; I was up with her and anxious, and I suppose I looked pale next day. Lydia, a woman who kindly came in to help, observed it, and I overheard her saying to a neighbour, "What *do* you think? These white people *actually love each other like we do!* She is ill, and he looks pale." It was evidently a new discovery to her that white folks had human feelings! I have come to the conclusion that there is little difference in reality. There is a mutual want of appreciation at first.

Well, but how treacherous and unkind they often are to white people, and how awfully cruel to each other at times, killing the innocent, burning and drowning, and selling into slavery!

True. But all that is easily accounted for. As to the missionaries, remember that they *knew white men before they knew missionaries!* It is not long since slavery was done away. Traders and officers are not always so kind as they should be. Any way, the African idea of a white man is *that he is a devil;* and it takes a good deal of intimate association with one who obeys the law of love, and treats him as a brother and an equal, before he begins to feel that a white man *can* be a human brother! Then their cruelty to each other is *the fruit of love*, blinded and maddened by superstition. It is love to each other that makes them seek out and kill those they believe to be witches! Nothing else. I once thought that they *could* not in their hearts *believe* the nonsense of the medicine-men, or that the accused persons were really guilty of death. But I assure you they actually do, and it is equally useless to ridicule them and to blame them. I once said to Lutete, our first convert, a former *nganga*, "Surely you did not really *believe* all that?" "I did

indeed," he replied, "*thoroughly*. The devil deceived me as much as that!" If *he* believed it, how much more the common people! Their cruelty is indeed base and cowardly, but it is born of superstition, and superstition is a terrible tyrant.

The Christian of course gives up all that superstition after conversion?

Entirely. His superstitions never once seemed to trouble Lutete after he trusted in Christ. Our house had a ceiling of mats, forming a kind of loft—of which no use was made—under the roof. The natives however believed that in that loft we kept the spirits of all that died of the strange sad "sleeping sickness," which has carried off large numbers in our neighbourhood lately, including twenty of our Church members. It was in vain we tried to show them the folly of the notion, and that there was nothing there. "No, not in the day time, but *at night*—ah!" After Lutete's conversion he came to live near us, because his life was in danger in his own place. But his wife would not come; she was afraid of these spirits, out of which it was alleged we got some profit. Lutete was accused of being a traitor to his people, for the sake of sharing in these fabulous "profits"! After a while he tried to persuade his wife to come and live with him again. "I've been there for weeks, and I've seen no spirits. Come! And I promise you that, if you see them, we will move away." She came, heard the gospel daily, and the Lord soon opened her heart and took away all her fears. We baptized her before long under the name of Lydia. Her husband was called Barnabas, because as my first Christian brother among the natives he was such a comfort to me, a real son of consolation! The people cannot pronounce a terminal *s*, so they call him Barnaba.

Why do you change their names on baptism in that way?

They wish it themselves. They feel they are new creatures, entering on a new life, and they want a new name. Besides many of their names have bad meanings—associated with evil heathen customs. They give us fresh names too, for very often they can't pronounce our English ones. Mine—Richards—is a regular puzzle to them. Both the initial *R* and the final *s* are beyond them. They call me *Uguankasi* or uncle, and my

wife *Mundele Nkentu* (white woman), or simply "Mama." Lydia was a thoroughly intelligent woman, and quite understood the difference between flesh and spirit, faith and works, and so on. She was a great help among the women inquirers when my wife was in England.

Do you ever have occasion to excommunicate any of your Church members?

Yes, we have done so four or five times. I do not initiate such action myself. I leave all questions of receiving and rejecting to the Church, because I don't want to make them like children depending on me. I am intensely anxious to develop them as rapidly as possible into a self-governing and self-extending Church. They cannot become this till they have the Scriptures, and can read them. That is why we are pressing on as much as possible with translations. But I teach them to refer everything to Scripture, and decide every case according to its precepts. They perfectly understand that all wicked persons must be put away from among them, and they are inclined to be rather severe. But it is a good fault at first.

What sort of cases do you put away?

One man was put out for marrying a second wife, while his first was alive. The other cases were for immorality. This sin is very common on the Congo, and Christians sometimes fall into it. They will come spontaneously and with tears and shame confess their sin. But the Church is very firm, and puts them away, and keeps them away a long time. They sometimes need to be urged to accept evident contrition and restore the offender. We have had three or four such cases.

How do you manage about polygamy?

If a man is a polygamist when converted we do not make him put away any of his wives. *To do so in Africa would be very wrong.* But we don't allow a Christian to marry more than one of course. They see the benefits of having only one wife, and say, "Ah! it is the devil misleads our people about this." They see that we are far better off with one wife than they are with several. One day an unhappy fellow who had three had somehow offended them all. When he went to the first house —for a husband builds a separate house for each wife—the door

was rudely shut in his face. He tried the second, only to be greeted with "Go away, I don't want you!" Nor was the third any more willing to admit him. So he bewailed himself to me and said, "I have three wives, and yet none of them will let me in!" They see our ways, and say: "When you go home, your wife get you cup of tea, make you lie down if tired, nurse you if sick; kind! good! Why does she respect you and be so kind to you? We wish our wives were like that." Then I explain that they must first respect and love their wives and treat them as I do mine. I may say that the Christians do so. One of the first things I observed when Lutete was converted was that he was helping his wife in the field! The people were much struck when they first saw us walking arm in arm. "See!" I overheard them saying, "see! those two are one!"

Are they kind to their children?

The mothers are very much so, and the fathers too, if they are free men, and the children are their own. But so often the father is a slave. Then the children belong to his master, and he does not care much about them. But the mothers are very kind, as a rule. In order to keep the public meetings quieter by dispensing with the babies I once proposed a *crêche*, in which one or two women might mind all the infants. But the idea was laughed to scorn. What! *leave their babies to other people?* Impossible!

Do the Christians take any part in public worship?

Oh, freely! They pray in public—men and women, using at times of course curious expressions. I remember one man when pleading earnestly for holiness said, "Lord, make our hearts pure, make them clean: as clean as a white man's plate!" I could not but smile; but our washing up dishes, and keeping them bright and clean is strange to them, and had struck this man. As to preaching, the converts are some of them really gifted, and speak with great power.

Mr. Ingham wrote to me lately of a boy who has been converted since I left, who can hold in rapt attention an audience of hundreds. Yet Congo folk are like people here: they won't stay in a meeting unless they are interested.

Was that lad one you knew?

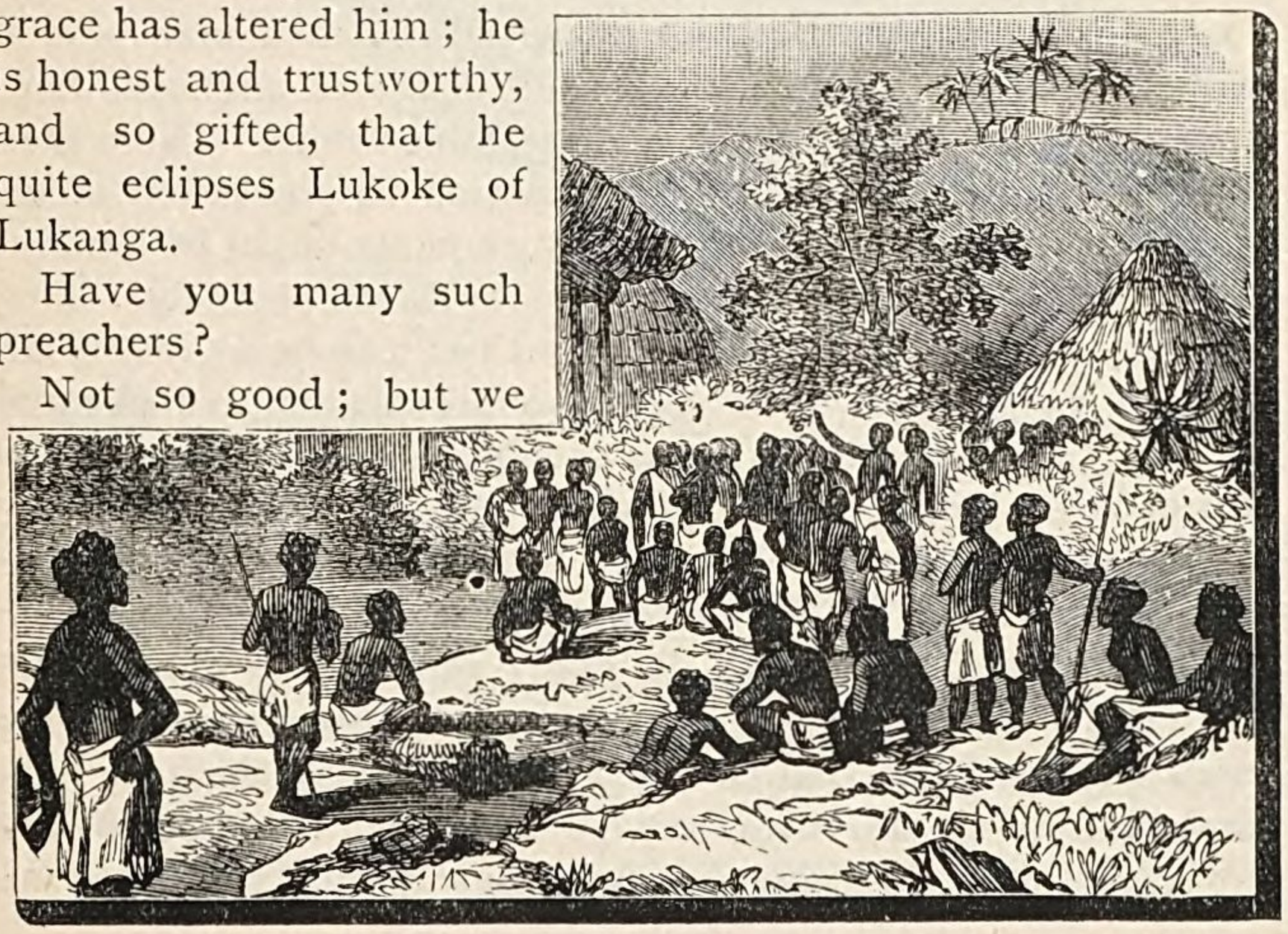
Ay! and one I had prayed for, and striven with, and taught, and longed for many a year! A good, bright boy, but an inveterate thief. We could not trust him out of our sight. He seemed to steal for the sake of stealing, even when he could make no use of the thing stolen Now all is changed. Mr. and Mrs. Ingham are pretty slow to believe in the natives; but they write that this lad is so good, so earnest, and so gifted, that he ought to be sent to America for a good education at one of the Southern colleges. I hope he may be.

Then you believe in educating Congo lads in Europe and America?

No, not as a rule. I think it generally spoils them, and makes them very troublesome. But there are cases of an exceptional character. We must have some high-class native teachers and preachers by-and-by, to be heads of native colleges, and so on. I would prepare a few such lads who can stand it without getting spoiled. Tommy is such a nice bright fellow, that I never could help loving him, even when he was always giving me trouble by his dishonesty. He would be utterly ashamed when convicted or caught, but seemed as if he could not help it. Now grace has altered him; he is honest and trustworthy, and so gifted, that he quite eclipses Lukoke of Lukanga.

Have you many such preachers?

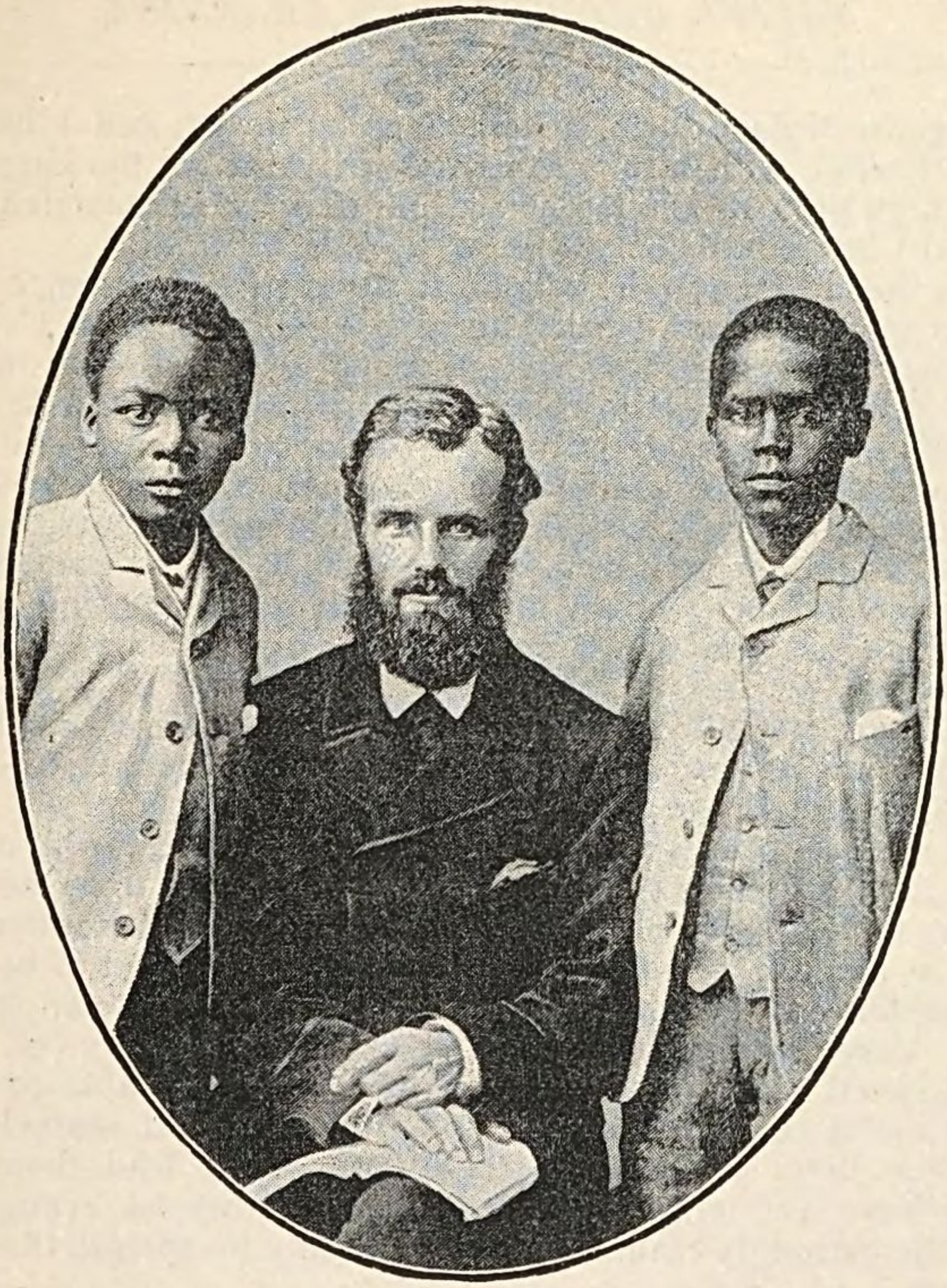
Not so good; but we



have many. Indeed, all the men feel it their duty to testify for Christ, and some of the women. And they do it to white men as well as black sometimes; for they always ask about any one they meet, "Is he a child of God?" If we cannot say yes, they conclude at once that he is a child of the devil; for they have *no conception of a neutral condition*, and I am not sure but they are right in that! They perfectly distinguish between the two classes, and that the whites differ just as much as they do among themselves. One of our Christians began evangelizing a young officer once. This man wrote and asked me: "What has come over your Banza Manteka men? I can't understand what has changed them so wonderfully. Do tell me." Ah! the grace of God is a wonderful power!

What do you think about flogging as a punishment?

I altogether and unhesitatingly object to it, even for boys. I consider it quite as ungodly to beat an African as an Englishman. What right have we—missionaries, traders, or travellers—to beat men? None whatever. I have seen horrid, blood-curdling cruelties of this kind perpetrated on helpless natives, on women, ay, and on young women too, by traders. But it is wicked, unprincipled, and unjust! We have no more right to commit a personal assault on a naked black man who is willing to work for us, than on a white labourer employed here. It is a remnant of slavery, and a detestable crime. There is no need for it, only selfishness and passion in possession of unbridled power lead to it. Other punishments might be annexed to crime. The natives themselves never thrash anybody. They are very angry if they are struck, and feel it to be a gross insult. I made it a principle never under any provocation to strike man or boy. I believe that Africans should be treated precisely like Europeans; kindly, respectfully, and in a brotherly, manly way. Patronage they hate! We may think ourselves superior, but they do not see it. They often think white men uncommonly poor creatures. We can't do many things they can do, and they don't understand the assumption of Europeans. A white man who strikes a native loses influence with them at once, and can never do them any good. They must be won by love, just like Englishmen. We must forget that they are



JOSEPH CLARKE, OF PALABALA,
AND TWO CHRISTIAN LADS.

black, it makes no real difference. They are men. Even with children, we punish some other way—never by striking.

But what would you do with a naughty boy?

Well, I had trouble with one who had been in England. He was cross and sulky, and wanted toilet soap, if you please, and better food, and I caught him domineering over other boys, and even beating them and making them cry. I took him into my room, reminded him he was only a slave to the king, and of all I had done for him and taught him, upbraided him for ingratitude, and told him decidedly I would have no nonsense. "If I see any more such conduct, I take off your clothes and send you away back to the town to be a slave again." The boy

was quite broken down, ashamed, and grieved, and I had no more trouble with him. After the revival I got the king, who set a high price on the lad, to set him free. He is married now, a good Christian man.

Are the children in the schools fairly quick in learning?

Not the little ones. But after five or six years old I should say they are remarkably so. N'snuda, a girl of nine or ten, learned to read well in about eight months; so did Wamba and N'kimba, younger boys, and to do some arithmetic also. One week N'snuda learned by heart perfectly the first, third, and fourth of John. David, a young fellow of twenty, learned to read in public right well. He preached, too, so well that an American lady who heard him said, "If I had known you had such evangelists as that, I do not think I should have come to Africa!"

And you hope to be able to leave the Church at Banza Manteka some day, commending its native elders to God and to the word of His grace?

I do indeed; as soon as they shall have the word of His grace, or the greater part of it. But as yet they have not this by any means. We have the gospels, and parts of Romans and Genesis and other books; but there is very much yet to be done in translation. The language is a most rich and complicated one. Very few missionaries understand it *thoroughly* yet. The people need much instruction before they will be able to stand alone. But really if they had the Bible I should scarcely fear to leave them even now! The Lord would lead them on! They have set apart some of their number as evangelists, and they strongly realize their joyful duty to spread the glad tidings.

That sleeping sickness seems sadly prevalent? Can it not be cured?

No; patients invariably die. The nature of the complaint is not well understood. I think it is a brain disease, from a strange look in the eyes, which I have always noticed as preceding it. The victim becomes stupid after a time, and loses memory and power of motion. Many die too from small-pox. But the State Government has done good by introducing vaccine, and forbidding sick carriers to enter the towns. The people have learned to vaccinate themselves, and villages have been saved from attack by this. But we have lost many members from both diseases. Not unfrequently when a name is mentioned in calling over the roll at a Church meeting the answer comes, "*Balukidi*"—gone up!



Mrs. Banks. Miss Hamilton. Mr. H. Skays. Mr. Håkanson.
Mr. Banks. Miss Fleming. Mr. Pettersen.
Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Billington. Mrs. Clarke.
Mr. Camp. Miss Faulkner. N'kayi. Mr. Fredrickson.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS UNDER THE A.B.M.U. 1885–1890.

SPACE obliges us very briefly to epitomise the occurrences of the last few years of the mission.

In the summer of 1885 Mr. Billington took, in the *Henry Reed*, a voyage on the Upper Congo to visit Messrs. Pettersen and Eddie at the Equator Station. He wrote us many particulars of the state of things on the upper river, then comparatively little visited. Some most painful sights they saw, such as the one here described.

Soon after our arrival at Bolobo we heard tremendous drumming and shouting, and on inquiry found that some one had died. We went into the towns, and saw a most disgusting, pitiful, and heart-sickening sight. After passing through several villages, we came to an open space, where a great company of natives had assembled. First to attract our attention was a large circle of men, who had been drinking palm-wine till they were nearly drunk, and were then joining in a kind of savage dance, accompanied by wild singing and shouting. A little farther on we saw a still larger circle of women, who were smoking pipes about two feet in length, and at the same time laughing, dancing, and shouting in a most hideous fashion.

A little to the left of them, in the middle of a native hut whose walls had been removed, stood the coffin, containing the body of the departed, and it was surrounded by women mourners, some wives and some friends of the dead; the whole formed such a sight that I shall never forget, and even an ungodly man who was with us said, "Let's go; this makes me feel quite ill."

We noticed that two of the women and one man of the party that surrounded the coffin had been stripped of their usually scanty clothing,

and a few blades of green grass given as a substitute; we saw also that their hands were made fast by native rope. Oh, what a look they gave us as we approached! In answer to a question we were told, "These three are ready to be killed to celebrate the death of this chief." Two of them were his wives, and one of them was a slave. It seems that sometimes they are beheaded by one blow of a specially shaped and prepared knife, and the body then thrown into the river; sometimes they are suspended to the roof of a native hut, and so strangled, and the bodies buried with that of their chief. The skulls of the beheaded are placed on the roofs of houses to adorn or to protect. I have seen many of these skulls in various towns I have visited. "Cannot you stop this inhuman, murderous business?" we said to the chief of the state station. "No," he replied; "I am not strong enough yet." He added, "This is no uncommon thing; it is often happening in this district."

The daily cutting of wood for the steamer is a tiresome but essential operation on all these Upper Congo voyages. The *Henry Reed* burns two hundred-weight for every hour of steaming. Dead wood is preferred, or small trees eighteen inches or two feet in diameter. They are felled by crosscut saws, cut into short lengths, rolled to the beach, split up, and loaded. The presence of a white man greatly expedites this operation! The travellers passed the mouth of the Mobangi, which looks like another Congo, and the Irebu towns (from which Messrs. Pettersen and Banks were stoned as they passed up the river in small boats). They reached the equator, and four miles north of it came to the station at Wangata. The natives were not then as friendly as they are now.

Mr. Billington wrote of them as treacherous, always ready to fight, and going fully armed. But he found already a little mission growing up in their midst. He wrote

"Our brethren, Pettersen and Eddie, have worked hard, and done well here; they have built two good clay dwelling-houses and several out-houses, have made a garden, have partly made and erected a circular saw, are on good terms with the people, have a number of boys in the school, and have made some progress in the language.

"The country, although lowland, has up to the present proved very healthy; almost everything can be grown there, and grown all the year round; it is possible always to have fresh vegetables, and this fact alone will greatly help in the preservation of good health. The site of this station is indeed admirable, a central position, about four miles north of the equator.

"The villages below it form a continuous line by the water for about six miles. A few minutes above it are the 'Wangata' towns, and these join other and more important towns, at the mouth of the 'Uruki' River. About an hour's steaming up the Uruki you come upon another district of well-inhabited villages; these could be all easily reached with the use of a small rowing-boat, and the missionary could thus preach to thousands of people, who have never heard the gospel."



A MEDICINE MAN.

In the following year Mr. Pettersen had to return to England, and leave Mr. Eddie alone for a time at this remote spot. Dr. Sims also came home on furlough in 1886, and soon after his arrival had in London a dangerous attack of the African hæmaturic fever. His life was in danger for some days, and had he been on the Congo he would scarcely have recovered. He had apparently brought the infection home with him. But skilled advice and good nursing helped him to rally, and later on he went over to America. He was the first missionary to visit the new headquarters of the mission in Boston, and his tour among the Churches in the United States was timely and useful. He found Dr. Murdock, the esteemed and beloved secretary of the A.B.M.U., laid aside by illness from active duties; but Dr. Gordon, a member of the committee, received him with the greatest kindness, and visited New York, Philadelphia, and other places with him. There *had* been some natural anxiety and distrust about the Congo Mission, but the testimony of an eye-witness removed it, and kindled much interest in the newly adopted enterprise. The vigorous prosecution and enlargement of the work was decided on, at the annual meeting of the Union, held at Asbury Park, New Jersey. There was absolute unanimity in the adoption of this course; and after an address by Dr. Sims, the assembly sent its good-will and greeting to the brethren in Africa, amid waving of handkerchiefs, prayers, and tears,—a touching and beautiful sight.

The adoption of a child that has never been seen

is rather an awkward and cold proceeding. There had perhaps been a somewhat analogous feeling between the Churches in America and the missionaries in Africa up to this time, but thenceforward love and confidence were established. The anniversary was felt to be one of the best in the history of the society. A heavy debt had been feared, and indeed *existed* right up to the week of the meeting. But the Lord moved His people to clear off the whole sum, and, instead of a deficiency, the society had a balance in its favour, and were thus encouraged to press forward the new undertaking.

We quote the following from the report of the anniversary.

Dr. Gordon of Boston said: Is there any one amongst us who is disposed to speak of a mission to Africa as foolhardy? Bear in mind the fact that during the year among our missionaries on that field *no one has died.* Contrast this with what others have experienced! By a striking providence this mission has been put into our hands, and since being received by us has been marvellously exempt from disaster and death. There is no danger of collision with the missions of the English Baptists. The message which our English brethren send to us is, that while we march up one bank of the Congo, they will march up the other, and together we will take the country. As to Baptist orthodoxy, do you know why this mission was given to us? Because the brethren engaged in it wished to be associated with a body of Christians who believe in maintaining every word and ordinance of God; because, also, it was the wish of those who gave this mission to us, that it should be in the hands of those who believe and practise *total abstinence.* It has been said that the executive committee is slow. Do you push us, said Dr. Gordon, and we will push the work on the Congo.

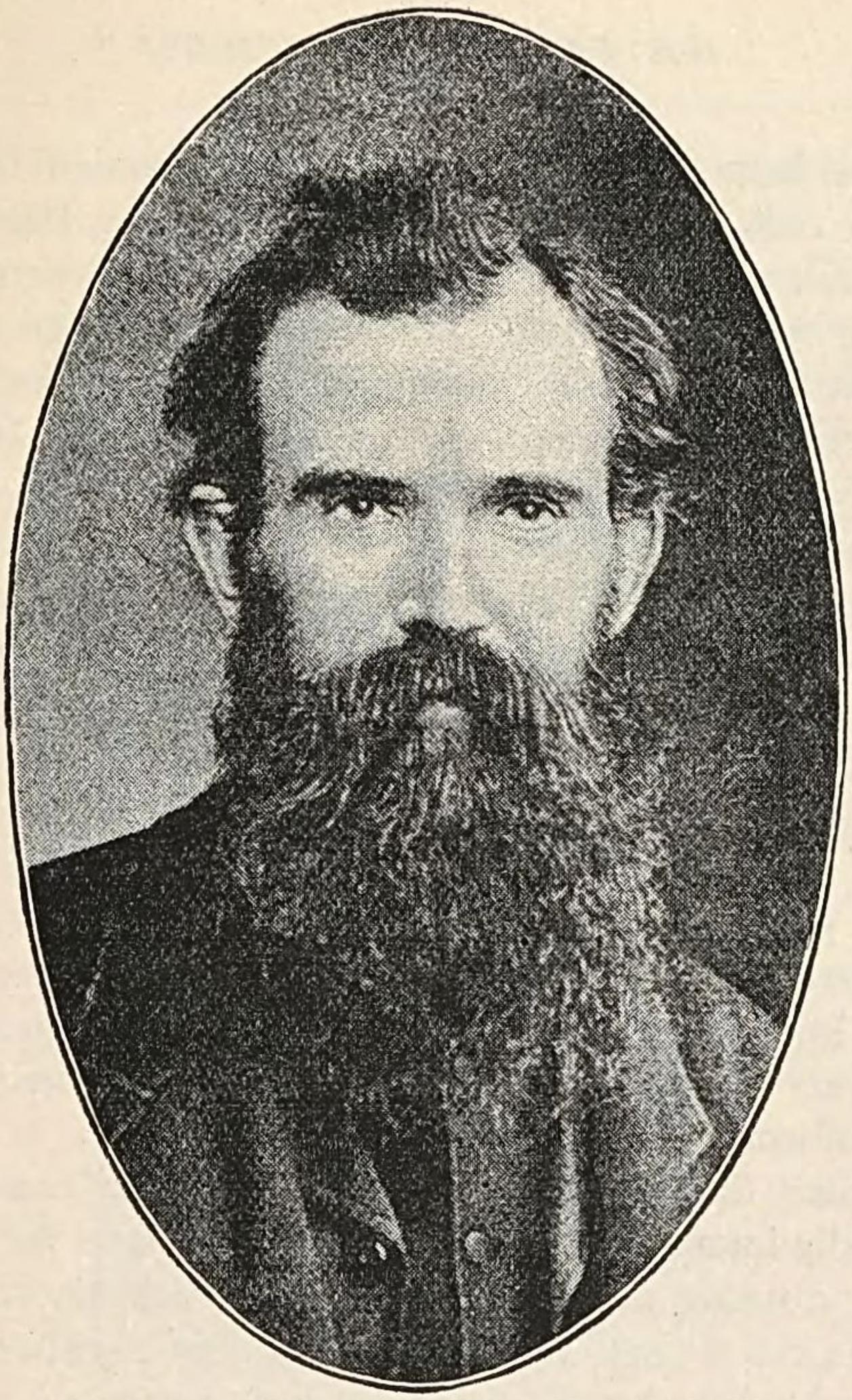
Dr. Crane, who was associated with Dr. Murdock in the commission to visit London and examine there the question as to the wisdom of accepting this mission, came next. Dr. Crane gave a narrative of this visit, of the conference with Mr. and Mrs. Guinness and others, with

a view to get all the light possible upon the question they had been sent to examine. The details as given were very interesting, showing withal with what care and fidelity the whole case had been studied. Upon the question whether we should enter a field where the English Baptists also have missions, he illustrated the point he wished to make by supposing that the fifty-five millions of people in the republic of the United States were heathen, and that a missionary society were engaged in giving the gospel to us. What would be thought of the claim, if made, that because this one society was thus engaged, there could be no room for any other society to enter the field or share the work?

If any shall say that the people of the Congo cannot be reached by the gospel, he commits himself to one or the other of these two propositions: either that God hath *not* made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of all the earth; or that Christianity is *not* the last and the universal religion for the entire humanity. The mission he held belongs to us, as Americans, because by the pluck and courage of an American the Congo and its valley were discovered and explored. Then as to the climate, are we to go, or to send our missionaries, only where the climate is salubrious? Facing the difficulties and dangers of the Congo valley, is this representative foreign mission society, for the first time, to forget that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"?

Dr. Sims, on his return from America, spent a few months in Vienna studying some special forms of disease, and went out again to the Congo in January, 1887. He was accompanied by Mr. Murphy, from our Institute, going out for the first time, and also by Mr. and Mrs. Ingham, who were returning.

Much important fresh exploration was accomplished in the Dark Continent about this time. Dr. Wolff, a member of Wissmann's expedition, made a reconnissance of the Kasai-Sankulu River, which proved to be a direct water-way from Kwamouth on the Upper Congo to within a few days' march of Nyangwe; that is, over ten degrees of longitude. This stream, which forms a straight line where the Congo makes a vast horse-shoe, is navigable for 820 miles, and flows through a densely populated country, the people



MR. CHARLES HARVEY, OF LUKUNGA.

(*See p.* 329.)

being of a superior type and industrious character. They build large and regular towns, some of which take five hours to cross. Their country seems healthful: cattle thrive, and produce was extremely cheap, although Portuguese half-castes from the west and Kiswaheli traders from the east had already penetrated it. Tusks of ivory were sold for a few beads!

Lieut. Kund, of the German African Society, made another discovery scarcely less important. On foot and

with the help of a compass only, accompanied by a few Loango men, he made a round from Stanley Pool to the Kwango, and thence to the Kasai. Then he went north, crossing the Sankulu, till he struck another great river, the *Ikatta*, of which he thought Lake Leopold to be only a lacustrine enlargement. After traversing the lake, the Ikatta flows on under the name of the Mfini, to join the Kasai and Congo. Thus a fourth great navigable water-way crosses the continent from east to west, and every part of the interior is easily accessible by steamer. Kund met with kind and friendly tribes such as the Ayacca; but with others who were fierce, warlike, and cannibals, as they did not hesitate to admit. "Yes," they said, "we eat men of course, *when we have them to eat;* but, alas! we get but few!" Others asked, "Why do you not give us some of your carriers to eat? You cannot be friendly. The Ayacca always bring us some to eat." Vast herds of game were seen everywhere; but the people have no guns, though plenty of iron.

Between the Sankulu and Ikatta Kund came upon a specially interesting people. Who will have the honour of first carrying them the gospel? Their physique was striking: not a stupid face was to be seen anywhere. The men had noble heads, "like learned people or members of Parliament"—heads such as one sees only in classes who have devoted their lives to mental work. There was a town every two or three hours (on foot); food and animals plenty, and great quantities of ivory. These people—the Basange—are not cannibals, and evidently of much higher capacity than their western neighbours.

In 1887 the iron church given by Dr. Gordon's congregation in Boston to their coloured brethren of Banza Manteka was sent out. It made 237 packages, weighing

between five and six tons. It was nicely planned, with a deep verandah round it to keep it cool, and vestries, which serve for consulting-room and dispensary, and for the medical mission. The natives carried up the loads free of charge, thus contributing about £200 in sheer physical strength. So great was the desire to have a share in the



CURIOUS NATIVE HEAD-DRESS OF OWN HAIR.

work, that the women, who could not carry, worked and earned money, and paid men to go for loads.

Three American ladies, Miss Faulkner, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Fleming, joined the mission in May. The two former reside at Lukunga, and have flourishing schools, while Miss Fleming, an educated African, stayed at Palabala. Messrs. Camp and Lewis also went out this year.

In 1888 Mr. Banks and Mr. Murphy had replaced Mr. Eddie at Equator Station. The latter had done some useful translations during his stay, and among other things had rendered into two different African languages "Peep of Day," a book which, though intended for children, suits the undeveloped, childish, yet inquiring minds of the natives. Mr. Banks wrote:

I have gained a good deal of influence among these people through the medical help I have been able to render them. When we first came many of the people were dying from dysentery. About thirty or forty came to me, and all except one recovered. One day, when holding a meeting in the town, after several people had died, I was accused by some as having been the means of their death. They said, "Before you came here none of us were dying, but since you came many people have died." But other people in the crowd soon spoke on my behalf, and cried out, "No, it is not so; have not all who went to him recovered except one? And she was almost dead when he went to her." There was considerable discussion about it, but it soon became apparent that those who were against us were in the minority. Now, when I go to the town, they very readily listen to the good news of the land where death shall be no more.

One day when in a town down river, after service the people said: "We have heard what you had to tell us, but you say nothing about two things of which we wish to hear. *What about the river being so low?* and *why do men die?* Before you came the river used to rise *so* high? now it comes up a little, and then goes back. It is your well that is the cause of it; remove it, and we will give you two goats." I rose up, and called all the people to come near to me; they came, and every face showed expectancy. I then asked, "Can any of you make the river to rise?"—"No."—"Do you know any one who can?"—"No."—"Then why do you think that I can? Am I not a man even as you? Who made the river?"—"God."—"Then if He made it, He can only make it to rise. Is it not so?"—"Yes."—"Then why don't you ask Him to give you water?"—"We can't see Him. Where is He?"—"He is here now, and although you can't see Him, He can hear you. Why don't you ask Him?"—"We don't know how. You ask Him!"—"Come then, let us ask Him together." I then led in prayer, asking that the river might rise soon, as the people were short



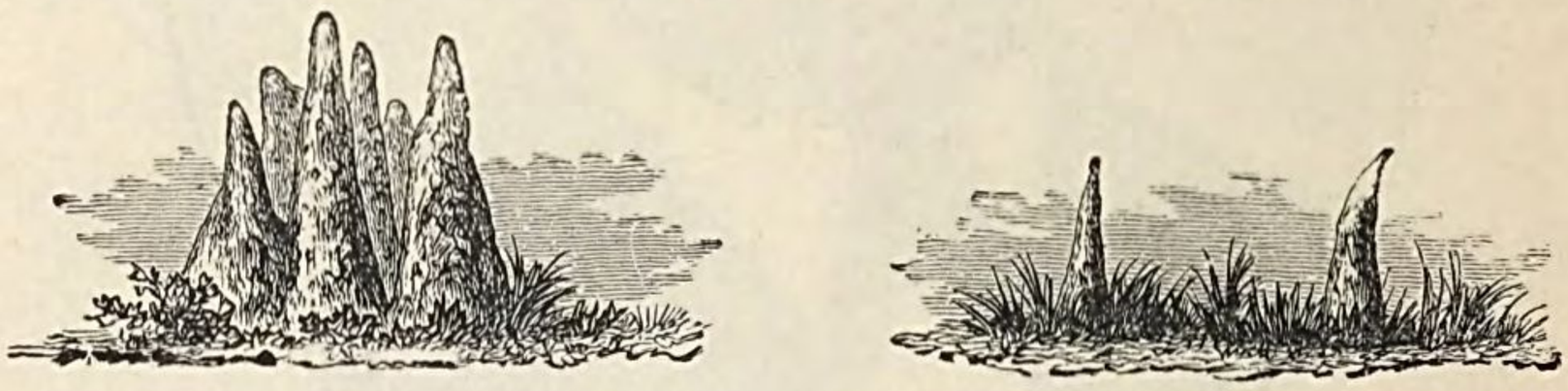
MR. BANKS.

ot food. When I had finished, the people looked at me very hard for a little; then I said: "Now we have asked, trust Him. He never lies, and He has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'" That same night the river rose four inches, and has continued to rise since.

We generally have three or four services every Sunday, besides one among our children and workmen every night. Of course we have only been able to do this within the last few months; before that we did not know the language sufficiently well. Owing to the rainy weather, and the miserable state of our houses, I have been much interrupted in my translation work, and I do not see how I can get on with it as I should like for some time to come. Still I get much to encourage me, as trading canoes often stop here, and I have a fine opportunity of preaching the gospel to those who have never heard it before.

Last night just at sunset a dozen men and boys came down to the station, and after sitting in the porch for a while, the chief said, "White man, tell us the words of God, and sing." I immediately endeavoured to set before them the gospel of love. After I had spoken to them for a little while, one man with a face full of excitement turned to the others, and, tapping his breast, said, "I feel it, I feel it here."

In the spring of 1889 Miss Bernice Royal, of Maine, and Miss Annie Gordon, of Atlanta Seminary, Georgia, joined the Congo Mission, and in the autumn Messrs. Raine Hartsock, and Hyde Mr. Raine was at one time a student in our Institute, but he had been for some years in America, where he was ordained. Mr. Hartsock is



AFRICAN ANT-HILLS.

supported by the students of Brown University, and is the first Baptist representative of the college missionary movement, to go abroad. These three brethren stayed a short time in London on their way to Africa. Their instructions were to open work on the Kasai, if they could be spared from other claims.

Miss Royal wrote soon after her arrival at her station to her friends in America.

I have already been in Lukunga two weeks, but my trunks have not yet arrived, such is African transport. We have quite a nice little iron house with dining-room, two bedrooms, and two bath-rooms. We have a school of seventy-five children, only four of them girls. Miss Faulkner and I do their sewing, so you may judge we have not an idle life. There are ninety members of the Church. You should be in one of their prayer-meetings! no lack of prayers or words.

Lukunga is a very pretty place. Our station is built in the valley;

the river runs by two sides. The ladies' house is on a hill at a little distance. The British mission has a station at the left, and the State station is a little farther on.

I like the natives very much. There are some good intellects and some grand Christians among them. The up-country path lies directly through our grounds, and one old man takes every opportunity to preach to the carriers that pass. I have three very bright young men in my class in English. They are so anxious to learn, that it is a pleasure to teach them. Miss Faulkner goes to the town twice a day to teach the women. They cannot come to the school, but will come from the fields long enough to take a lesson in reading. The king does not favour the girls going to school, for fear they will not work in the fields when they grow up. The native dress is a loose jacket, with a piece of cloth tied around the waist, reaching to the ankles, but farther up the river they wear only a cloth about the loins.

The red ants are the only things I have encountered yet in the horrible insect line. I have not seen a centipede nor a snake, though I hear of one occasionally. You have no idea what a busy life we lead, and yet we do but little housework. One boy cooks; one does the washing; one washes dishes, and takes care of Miss Faulkner's room; one waits on table, and is to take charge of my room when I get anything to put in it. We have a little boy in our house who is supported by one of the mission bands, twenty dollars a year. We call him our baby. He is a cunning little fellow, named Johnnie, who helps about the table, his chin just reaching up to it.

Mr. Hoste has now formed an outstation at some distance from Lukunga, and having a familiar acquaintance with the country and language, is hoping to found several such and to visit them from time to time. He writes to a friend,—

I am glad you approve of the circuit plain, for I am feeling more and more every day the dire need of some such arrangement. The evangelization of this country cannot be accomplished by the itineration on any wide scale of *white* missionaries. The climate, the heat, and our bodily weakness prevent. The extremely scattered condition of the towns and villages is also a difficulty, while the travelling and business propensities of the people render the gathering of a congregation at any moment uncertain. I have had sufficient experience in

itinerating to assert that all these are great difficulties, and I think the experience of others is similar.

My idea would be to establish myself, say, at a place like Kinkamba, build a dwelling-house, a store, a school, and chapel, start preaching the gospel, and with one or two converts establish ourselves as the Church at Kinkamba. Now that we possess a fair knowledge of the language and can use it effectively, there is good reason to hope that at no distant date members would be added to the little Church. I should try to start a day school in addition to evangelizing *in the towns round about*. Samar is a very important point. Kimbembe claims that there are some seven or eight Christians there. His own mother he steadfastly asserts died in the Lord, bidding people to make no fuss over her, as she was "going to be with Jesus." This woman as far as I know had never been to the station ; but as a rule and in the long run, without means of reading God's word, or even hearing it, there would of necessity be spiritual weakness, indeed an absence of vigour little distinguishable from death.

Kimbembe suggested moving the Christians here, but I cannot advise it. I believe this moving to mission stations to be very injurious. If a Christianity cannot stand *in the towns*, better for it to be overthrown till it has learned the secret that we neither glorify God nor improve ourselves by running away from troubles and temptations. The grace which is of our Lord Jesus Christ is the true remedy. Possibly Kimbembe's case is outside of this ; but I think to have the nucleus of a Church within ten miles would be a great thing. We may be doing the country round a serious injury by removing a group of converts from their own place.

Miss Hamilton is doing the medical work here, and is exactly adapted for it. Miss Faulkner now has *two* women's schools, one in Nsenda, in the early morning, and one at Mayambula in the evening. It is a splendid work, and one for which she is admirably adapted.

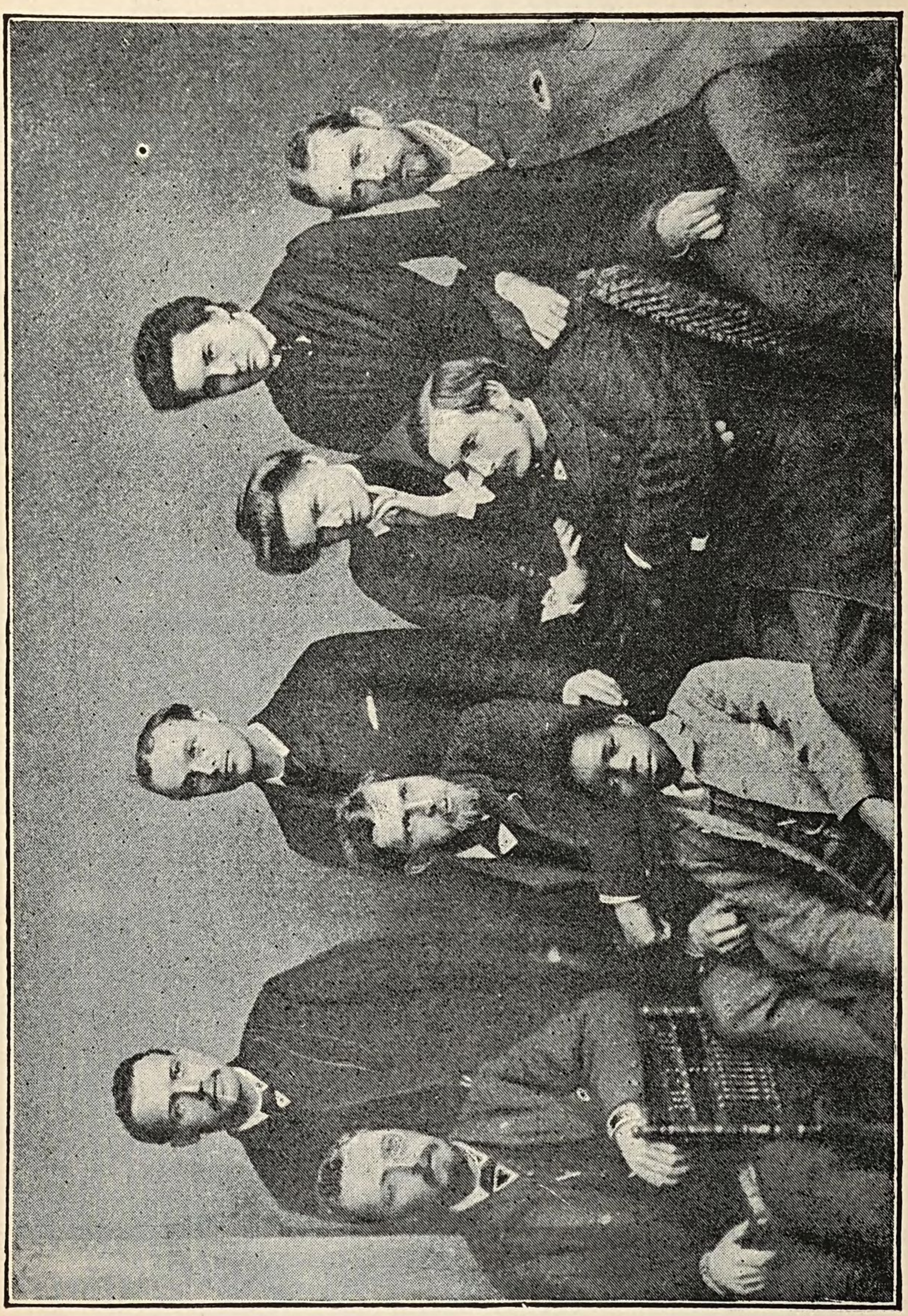
My fear with regard to myself is that my strength will fail me. Whether this is the time to seek rest I do not know. You see the word is just now springing up, and the labourers are sorely few. There may come a time when there will be a more adequate supply of workers, and I might think of taking a holiday ; but the privilege of standing in this breach is to me far more precious than years of life. So God giving me the privilege and the grace through and in Jesus my Lord, I hope He will permit me to be spent in effectual service for the establishment of His kingdom here. Oh that God may pour out Holy Ghost fire on the burnt offering offered on the altar to the name of Jesus Christ!

I am thankful to say there is a great spirit of obedience to Christ and His Church as such among us, and a great fear of discipline, which I think is in itself a decided manifestation of the spirituality of the Church. We have found that those cases which we have had to bring to the notice of the Church have resulted satisfactorily.

The medical mission at Stanley Pool is gradually gaining the confidence of the people. Dr. Sims has moved his station from the hill at Leopoldville to the beach at Kinchassa, near the town of the great trader N'galiema. A daily service is held with twenty to thirty patients before their ailments are attended to; and some of the people ask questions and seem interested. But as yet there are no converts, and a good deal of indifference, not to say of actual dislike, is manifested by certain sections of the people.

The place has already become such a busy centre of traffic and travel, the meeting point of constant caravans from the coast with the twenty steamers already plying on the Upper Congo, that there is plenty of work and of distraction for the natives, rendering it not the most favourable spot for a mission station. On the other hand, native traders from long distances are drawn to the place from the desire of getting gain, and often carry back into the interior news of the strange message from heaven which they have heard.

PORTRAITS OF THE FIRST PARTY OF THE CONGO-BALOLO MISSION. (*See p.* 474.) SAILED FOR AFRICA, APRIL, 1889.



MR. GUSTAV HAUPT.

MR. JAMES TODD. MRS. MCKITTRICK. MISS DE HAILES.

MR. JOHN MCKITTRICK.

MR. JAMES BLAKE. MR. JOHN HOWELL. BOMPOLE.

MR. PETER WHYTOCK.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR NEW CONGO-BALOLO MISSION.

WHEN in the summer of 1888 the world's great missionary convention gathered at Exeter Hall, Dr. Murdock visited London, among a host of other worthy secretaries and delegates from America. His board had for four years at that time managed, reinforced, and efficiently sustained the Livingstone Inland Mission, and had much cause to rejoice in its spiritual success. We were glad to confer with him once more over the progress of events in Central Africa, and over plans for the future.

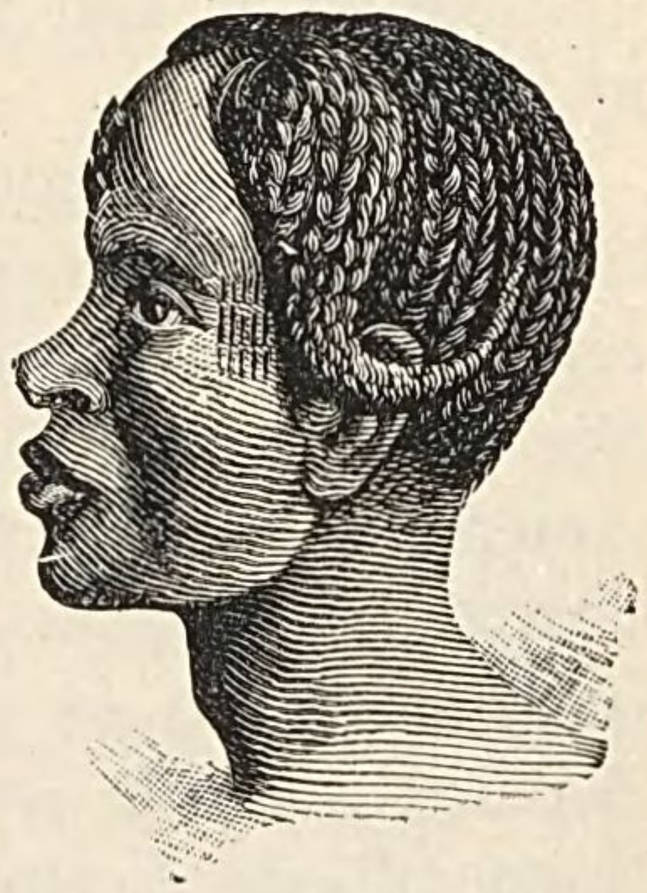
The blessing of God had rested on the mission, and *we* felt as if it ought to be extended. Balololand, on whose borders its last station was placed, is a sphere which presents peculiar missionary attractions. One language is spoken all over its vast extent, and it is opened by six navigable rivers, southern tributaries of the Congo. Its climate is fairly healthy, to judge by the experience of Wangata Station, Equatorville. It is a totally unevangelized country, and populous, containing, as is supposed, about ten millions of people. But the A.B.M.U. was, we learned,

not likely to plant stations up the rivers of Balololand, for the following reasons.

One of the leading principles governing the policy and practice of the Union is that of concentration, and radiation from a centre. Their experience in Burmah and India has, they think, proved that their best plan is to make a strong station in a good strategical position, to furnish it with a sufficient staff and with schools, dispensary, and books, and then to aim, not only at making converts and gathering these into a Church, learning the language perfectly, and preparing translations; but also at developing and training as quickly as possible a native agency. This agency they subsequently employ to spread the gospel from a whole circle of out-stations, the white missionary in the centre overlooking them all, and carrying on the teaching of the teachers. The specially promising converts from the out-stations can be in their turn trained at the centre, and when ready sent out to occupy a still larger circle of out-stations.

This conception is opposed to the idea on which the Livingstone Island Mission had been organized —that *of a chain of stations* reaching from the coast to Stanley Falls. Ultimately the two methods would reach the same result, but not at first. The central stations of the A.B.M.U. extended would form a chain. Each link of the chain of the L.I.M. was of course intended to grow into a centre. But in the start, the two plans are contrasted. The A.B.M.U. regarded *one language* as the badge of one mission, and in taking over the Livingstone Inland Mission

felt that they were virtually adopting several, as it was then working in Kikongo, Kiteké, Kyansi, and Kilolo. Dr. Sims had also done some work in Yalulema. The Board did not wish consequently so early in the day to extend the stations of the mission *beyond* the equator, already eight hundred miles removed from their first station on the coast. They very properly felt that the languages of the Cataract gorge and of the Pool would give them room enough and to spare for many years to come, extending as they do far both to the north and south.



ONE OF THE KYANSI-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

We, on the other hand, were constantly asking, But meantime what of the regions beyond? What of the ten million Balolo? What of the Bangala of the northern bank? What of the Lomami and the Aruwimi? Were they to be left unevangelized? What of the Ikatta, and of the Sankulu and its many large tributaries? The Swedish Society was not likely to spread in this direction, and the English B.M.S., though it had explored the region, and even selected sites, had been unable to occupy them all, and did not seem likely to do so for some time to come. Sickness and death had sorely diminished the staff, and it was as much as they could do to hold their existing stations. The duty seemed to

devolve on us, and we felt as if a call had come to us to go forward.

Ever since the transfer we had continued to watch the work in Central Africa with undiminished interest, and to pray for it with unchanged earnestness. We had continued to act as an auxiliary to the American Society, though to an annually lessening degree. Friends in England hardly felt the need of contributing to so strong and rich a society as the A.B.M.U., which acts for Churches numbering over three millions of members;—and their donations to the Congo Mission consequently decreased. We regretted that their help should be lost to so needy a field. We had moreover in the Institute numbers of men willing and anxious to serve Christ on the Congo, whom the A.B.M.U. were not likely to send out, because they naturally wished to introduce an American element into a staff so largely composed of English and Scotch.

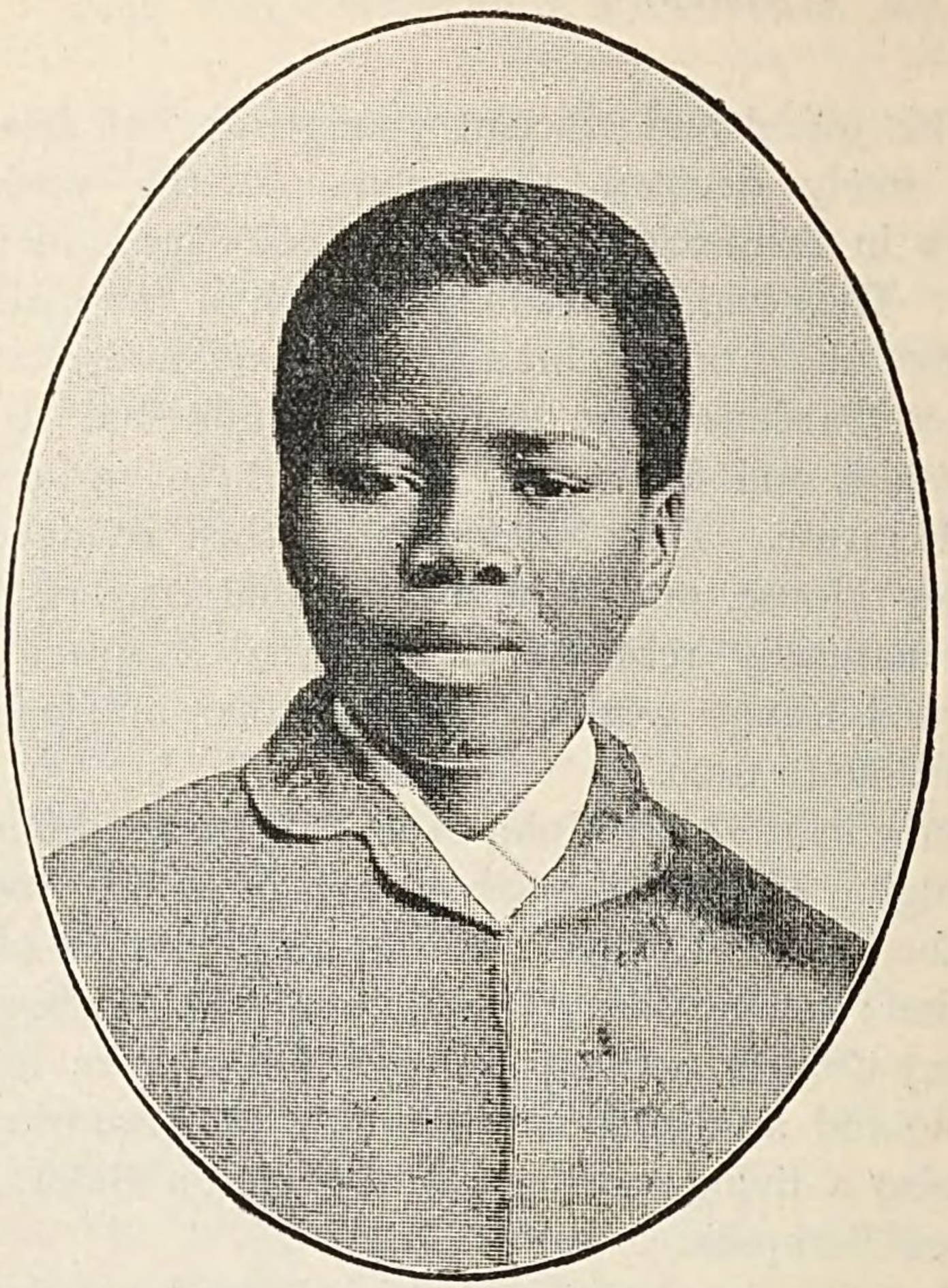
Moreover during the years of which we speak, 1884–1888, changes of an important character had taken place in the East London Mission Institute which we conduct, changes which seemed to render possible what before was impossible. A new generation was rising up to help us in our missionary undertakings. Son and daughters were consecrating to the work young energies, sympathies, and talents. Our eldest daughter had herself gone to China as a missionary, and our younger had undertaken home work and editorial duties. In the providence of God our eldest son, H. Grattan Guinness, M.R.C.S.,

and his gifted and efficient young wife, had heartily and freely devoted themselves to the work of Christ in connexion with our missionary undertakings. They had relieved us of much of the management of the London branches and missions, so that former burdens were somewhat lightened to the Secretary, and fresh and valuable help secured to the Institute. They had taken up their residence at Harley House, our London headquarters, and here they naturally received and showed hospitality to returned Congo workers, among other missionaries, from time to time.

Early in 1888 Mr. John McKittrick came home on furlough. He had been labouring at Equator Station, on the Upper Congo, the advanced outpost of the mission; and he brought with him to his old home at Harley College, not only a heart full of love for the Balolo and an overflowing zeal for their conversion, but also a living specimen of the race, a Balolo boy, named Bompole.

We were deeply interested in all we learned from them both of this great Central African people. Our hearts were drawn out to so large and dark a nation, and the results of the apparently accidental visit will, we trust, be of eternal importance to the Balolo people, whom we must briefly introduce to our readers before closing.

Eighty years ago, the peaceful Bantu dwellers on the southern bank of the Upper Congo River were disturbed by an invasion from the east. A great



BOMPOLE.

nation came travelling westward, and took possession of the left bank of the stream, turning out the former occupants, and bringing in a new language, customs, and people. The powerful invaders were significantly called BALOLO, "IRON-PEOPLE," or, as we should express it, *the strong tribe.**

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* Significant names are the rule in Central Africa. On the Lower Congo we have the BAKONGO, or *hunters*, and the BABWENDE, or *travellers*, the two tribes being distinguished respectively as hunters

Scale of English Miles.
0 40 120 280

Boundary of Congo Free State thus .....
Stations of the Livingstone Inland and Congo-Balolo Missions in red.


A BALOLO HEAD.

BALOLO
FRENCH CONGO
CONGO FREE STATE
BATEKE
BALUNDA

Irindo R.
Ogowe R.
Mobangi R.
Mongala R.
Bangala
Bopoto
Lubi Falls
Laika R.
Aruwimi R.
Lolunga R.
Lopori R.
Ikau
Mulonga's Town
Ikelemba R.
Maringa R.
Equator Ville
Stanley Falls
Juapa R.
Lomami R.
Sanga R.
Likona R.
Mosaka R.
Wangata
Lake Matumba
Basira R.
Lu Koleta B.M.S.
Congo R.
Lake Leopold II
L. Muta Njigi
Lowa R.
Elila R.
Bolobo
Bayansi
Kwa Mfini
Lokenye R.
Kwilu R.
Kwamouth
Kasai R.
Brazzaville
Stanley Pool
B.M.S. Kinshasa
Leopold Ville
Babwendi
Ba Congo
Ngombe B.M.S.
Lukunga Stn.
Loango R.
Baloange Cataracts
Banana
Banza Manteke Stn.
Palabala Stn.
San Salvador
Mukimvika Stn.
Angola. Port.g
Kwango R.
Wambu
Kwilu R
San Kuru R.
Lubilash R.
Kasai R.
Lomami R.
Nyangwe
Lake Tangangika
Lu Kuga R.
Kasongo
Lualaba R.

14 16 18 20 22 24 26 28 30
2 0 2 4 6

SKETCH MAP TO SHOW THE LOCALITY OCCUPIED BY THE BALOLO PEOPLE, AND THE FIRST TWO STATIONS OF THE NEW MISSION.
A THIRD WILL (D.V.) BE OPENED ON THE JUAPA RIVER IN 1890.

To face p. 467.]

And strong they proved themselves to be. The territory which they thus conquered, and have since kept and dwelt in, is nearly five times as large as England. A glance at the map will show that it fills the horseshoe bend of the Congo. From the Lomami in the East to the Lakes Mantumba and Leopold on the West, and from the Lopori on the North to the headwaters of the Bosira and Juapa on the South (*i.e.* to about three degrees of south latitude), the Balolo are living to-day, and living moreover in a somewhat more civilized fashion than the natives of the Lower Congo.

The tangled growth of the tropical forest is cleared away in their settlements, and the fertile soil sown with maize and mandioca by their industry; for, being expert in the working and smelting of brass, they produce axes, planes, hoes, spades, and other useful implements of agriculture. Every Balolo possesses well-tempered knives, and he carries a spear and shield, and sometimes a tastefully carved execution knife, in case of emergency. Every village has its smithy, if not its spreading chestnut tree; and the smith, who supports himself solely by his own branch of labour, is held in high repute amongst his townsfolk, being skilled in the production of bracelets,

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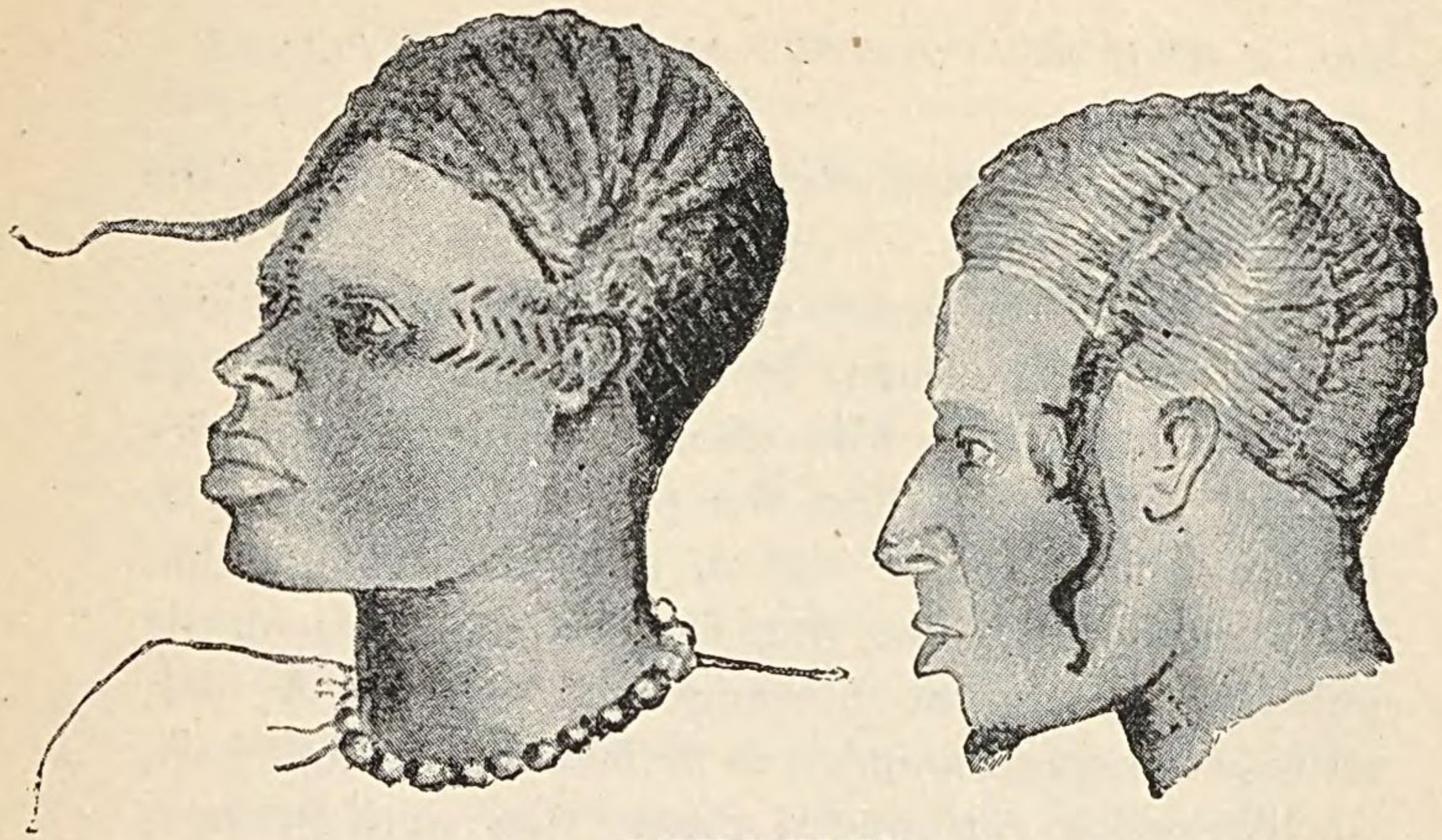
and travellers, the latter in connexion with the necessary trading transport between the upper and lower rivers. Higher up, at Stanley Pool, come the BATEKE, who live exclusively by trade, even refusing to cultivate the ground, and whose name means *merchants*. Farther up the Congo we meet with the BAYANSI, or *people of the land*, who are the aborigines, and with the Balolo, or *iron-people*, from *ba* and *lolo*, iron. In each case the prefix *ba* means people.

necklaces, and ornaments, besides weapons of war and more peaceful implements of toil.

The workmanship of Balolo canoes is excellent. Hollowed from the trunk of durable trees and manned by practised paddlers, these simple craft are swift and serviceable, a considerable flotilla being attached to every town. Let us visit one of the latter, and notice the incipient civilization that prevails.

Here is Molungo's town. We walk down its long street and reach the town-hall of the place. Seated throughout, this room accommodates two or three hundred people. The lords and commons who assemble here to discuss the law of the land are provided with little wooden couches six inches or so in height. If the legislative assembly were sitting, we should find female M.P.'s among the number, for "women's rights" are recognised by the Balolo, and women hold at the equator a position of equality with men. As may be reasonably expected, she has at times a good deal to say in the house!

We pass out of the place of palaver and continue our walk through the town. The people we meet are well dressed compared to the natives of the lower river. The streets are straight and regular, running at right angles in American style; their large, commodious houses built of palm fronds. There is no lack of people here; the population numbers about four thousand. It takes us no less than three hours to walk through this long town, and Mulonga's town and Bokenula's farther on, have each twice its population.



BALOLO HEADS.

Steaming against the current of the Congo, we come to Boyela presently. Here the left bank of the river is steep and very high ; we notice the native ladders and ingenious zigzag paths cut in the sides of the declivity, and find that it takes us *an hour and a half* to steam past the town.

And now what kind of people are the Balolo? We turn from their handiwork and surroundings to *themselves*, and find that in their physical frames, as in everything else, these Upper Congo natives are a contrast to the dwellers on the lower river. Powerful and finely developed, they are, as a rule, superior to Europeans as far as physique is concerned.

Our illustrations, taken from sketches made at Equatorville, give an idea of the Balolo physiogomy. The most casual observer cannot fail to notice the remarkable contrast between this and the negro head. The high forehead and fine mental development, the comparatively delicate lips and lower jaw, the aquiline

nose, and the general intelligence, are an index of the Balolo character.

Stanley was the first to visit and describe the Balolo, but he only saw them in passing, and no one had made acquaintance with them until our missionaries did so. When in 1884 the pioneers of the L.I.M. planted their farthest station at Equatorville, within five miles of the line, they found themselves on the outskirts of a great unevangelized nation. A new, strange language sounded in their ears ; an intelligent, warlike people surrounded them ; they were amongst the Balolo.

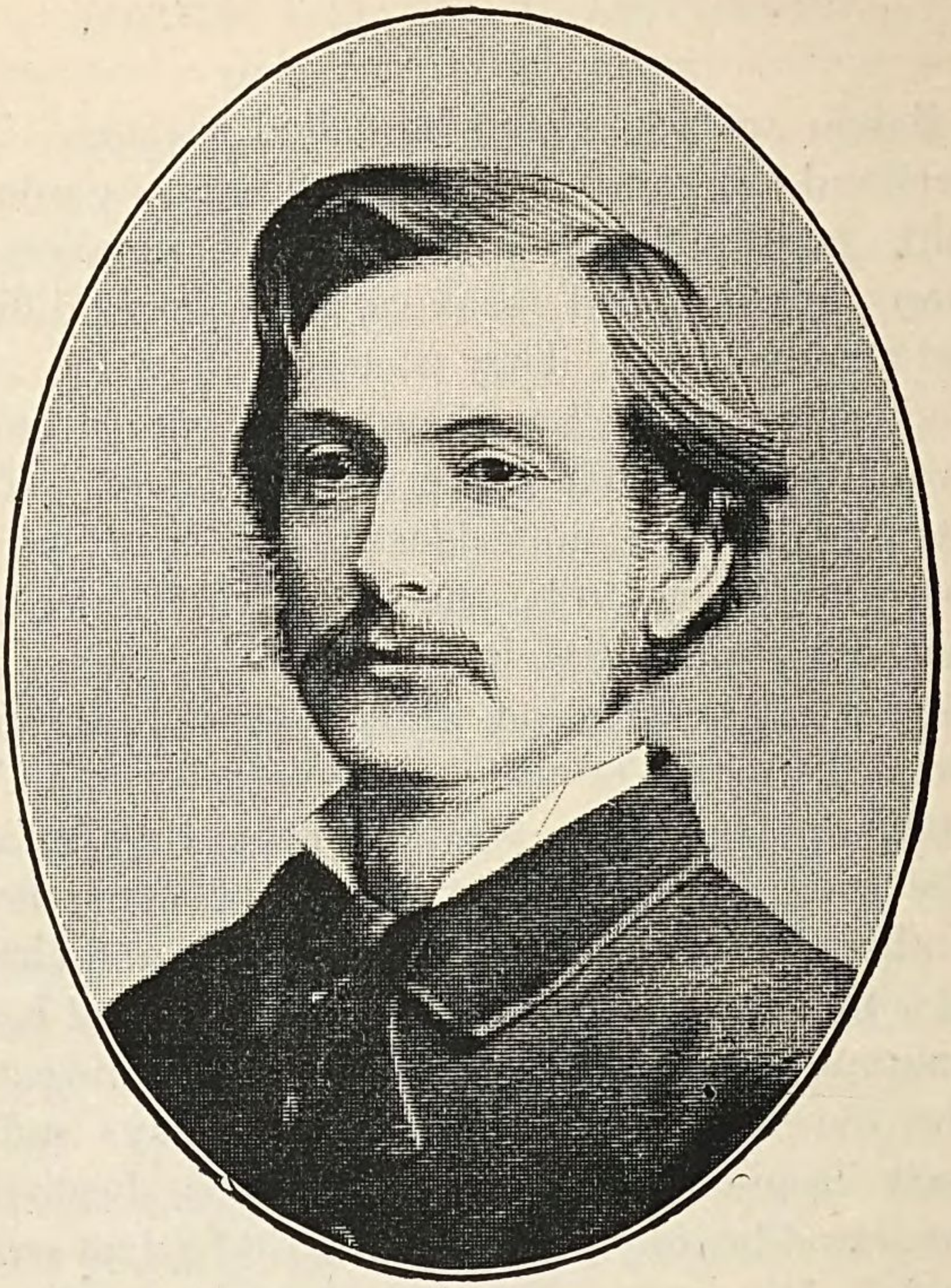
Not however till they had learnt the language and spent about two years in the country did they realize what this fact involved. They had, as it were, struck at last upon a rich human mine. The constantly varying languages and tribes of the lower river were passed. The mission had reached for the first time *a healthy country and a great, united people.* For 600 miles a populous land lay before them, vexed at times by petty quarrels, it is true, but never devastated by sanguinary intertribal wars ; for the men who dwelt in it were brothers, speaking one mother-tongue and claiming one original roof-tree. Living a thousand miles from the coast, unvisited as yet by the Arabs of the East, and protected by the Cataract region from the demoralizing influences of the rum and gin trade of Europeans on the West, these simple-minded sons of Ham were living quietly in their millions, and were willing for missionaries to go among them. Intelligent, industrious, and friendly

the Balolo are scarcely to be called savages. They understand division of labour; farmers, gardeners, smiths, boat-builders, weavers, cabinet-makers, armourers, warriors, and speakers, are already differentiated among them. They occupy only a low plane of civilization as yet, but they have begun to emerge from barbarism. They are not idolaters. There exists among them an evident belief in a supreme Being, who is held to be the providential ruler of all human affairs, and also in a future life. They have traditions of the creation, while such expressions as "God is the maker of all," "God reigns over all," are common among them. In spite of this, they are sunk in the most degraded superstitions, believing firmly, like other Central Africans, in witchcraft and charms, filled with childish fear of the supernatural, and having no conception of reward or punishment after death.

The old mission had in its early days suffered severely from climate. But these Balolo dwell in an elevated and healthy plateau. Mr. Eddie had written to us from Wangata: "This is evidently a *very* healthy place; we enjoy excellent health here; for six months I was not ill for an hour, and then I had only a little fever. Brother Pettersen was without fever for a longer period." This was a great argument in favour of Balololand, and altogether we felt strongly led to attempt an extension of the mission into that region.

The New Congo-Balolo Mission.

After full conference with our friend Dr. Murdock, it was agreed that our auxiliary should become an



MR. JOHN McKITTRICK, OF BELFAST,

Leader of the Congo-Balolo Mission.

independent though related mission; that it should be manned, and managed, and supported from England, and that it should undertake the definite work of carrying the gospel to the Balolo. He consented on behalf of the A.B.M.U. to liberate Mr. McKittrick, who wished to be set free to lead the first party of the new mission, and with great kindness and liberality the Union subsequently consented to

lend us for twelve months the *Henry Reed* steamer, so that the start of the new mission need not be delayed while a steamer of its own was being procured.

The two missions will work in perfect harmony, and assist each other to their utmost, indeed they will be rather two branches of one mission. It was understood between us that *if* we should ever again be constrained to drop our work on the Congo, the Balolo Auxiliary should be handed over to the mission of the A.B.M.U. But we hope there is no fear of this, as we now possess in the Directorate a combination of the experience of age with the energies of youth, our son H. Grattan Guinness, jun., M.R.C.S., and his wife, undertaking the secretaryship and the main home responsibility of the new work.

We were convinced that this fresh effort would be pleasing to Him who always yearned over those that were afar off. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and there shall be one flock, and one shepherd." Here were ten millions of "other sheep," oh how destitute! and we in England, oh how rich in spiritual goods! Was it not a duty to try and help them? Reluctantly, and only under the irresistible pressure of circumstances, we had laid aside gospel work in Central Africa for a few years in 1884, and we were right glad and thankful to resume it in 1888.

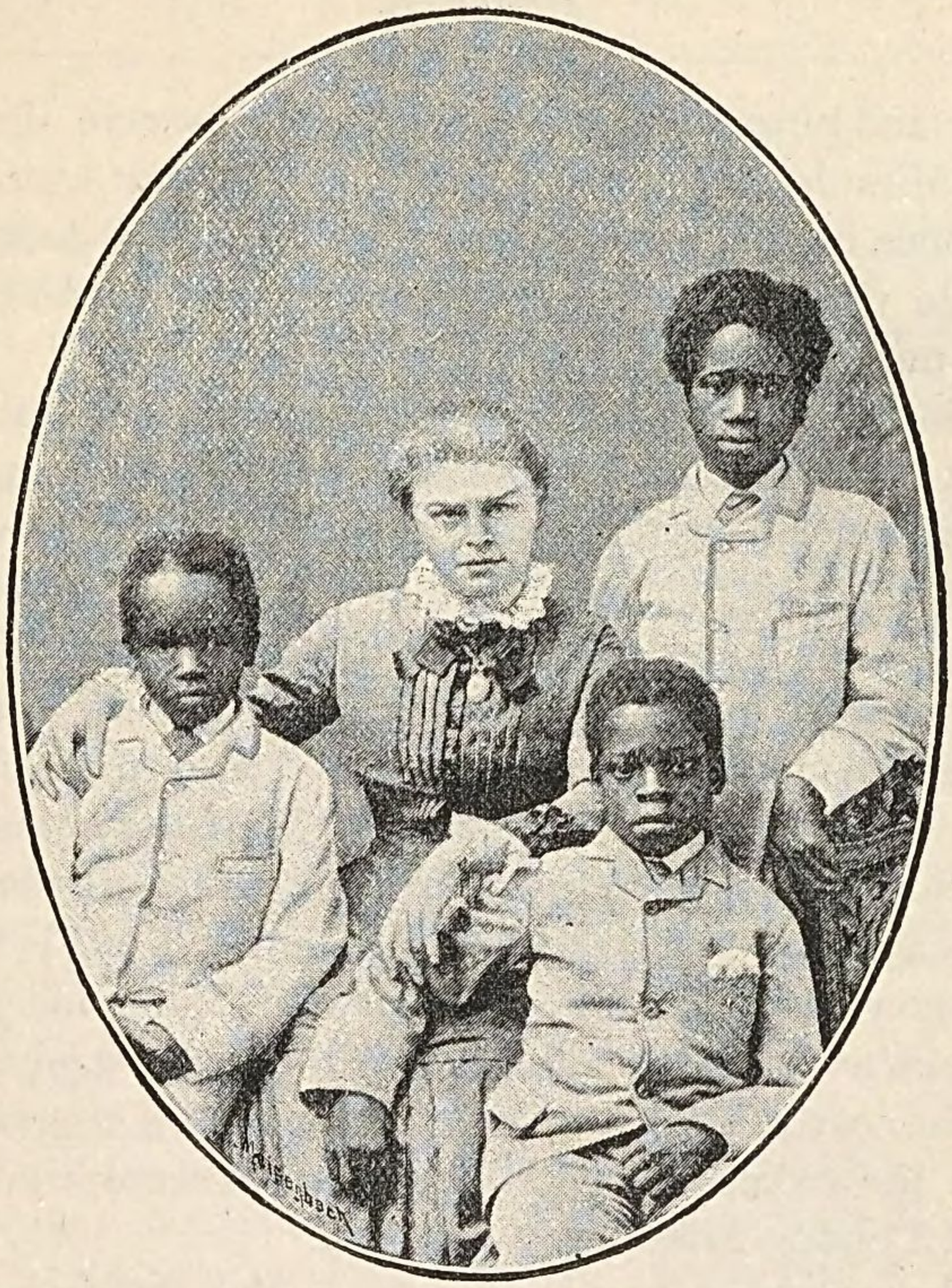
A number of Christian friends of various denominations agreed to form themselves into an Advisory Council to confer with and assist the Directors by advice and by fellowship in prayer. The interest in

the Congo which had in measure died down, was re-awakened by press and platform, and, in answer to much intercession, the Lord graciously worked with His servants, and moved the hearts of some to give and of others to go, so that no time was lost.

The spring is the best season for an expedition to start, but much had to be done both in Africa and in England by way of preparation.

The party had to be formed, the funds provided, and a steamer secured against the end of the year for which the *Henry Reed* was lent. We wished the first expedition to be strong enough to found two stations, as well as to work the steamer, and it was decided therefore that it should consist of eight missionaries. Seven volunteers soon came forward to join Mr. McKittrick for Balololand. Others offered, but were not thought suitable. The portraits on p. 460 of the group which ultimately started will be more interesting if we add a few words about each member of it.

One of the party was a bride, a dear young niece of our own, who had already spent five years among the Syrians of the Lebanon and Damascus, and who had just been married to Mr. John McKittrick, the leader of the band. She had become a good Arabic scholar ; but before going to the East had consecrated her life to the Congo, for which field she was however at that time too young. Her sympathies had been drawn out towards the people when very young through knowing the native lads who had been with us in England ; and her missionary experience and



MRS. JOHN McKITTRICK,
and Three of her Congo Boys.

linguistic ability made her an acquisition to the mission.

Miss de Hailes, the only other lady in the party, had also for some years had the Congo in view. She was betrothed to the late Alexander Cowe, one of the B.M.S. martyrs of the gospel on the Congo, who died at San Salvador in 1885, when he had spent only three weeks in Africa and preached only once! This

early and bitter loss brought on a very severe illness, and Miss de Hailes had to learn the difficult lesson of patience in the school of sorrow. But her devotion to the Congo remained; and when she heard of the new mission, she at once volunteered to join it. She had in the meantime increased her own fitness for the work by studying medicine and practising nursing.

Mr. Peter Whytock, a Scotchman, had spent some years at Port Said, and gained experience in evangelizing in various spheres. A tried and proved servant of God, he was a valuable addition to the staff of the mission, and better adapted to stand the climate than a younger man. So also is Mr. Gustav Haupt, a beloved and esteemed German brother, an earnest preacher and soul-winner. Mr. James Todd is from Glasgow; and Mr. Blake of Ipswich is, like his great Master, a carpenter. His help will be of special value in the early stages of the mission. All the party, with the exception of Miss de Hailes, were from our East London Missionary Institute.

The coloured boy, Bompole, is the Balolo native who had accompanied Mr. McKittrick to England; he now returned with the party going to evangelize his people.

This lad had been about fifteen months in our country, and was on landing quite unacquainted with English. As it will give a little idea of the capabilities of the Balolo, we will quote from an article written at the time of his return to Africa in the pages of our monthly missionary periodical, *The Regions Beyond.*

Bompole's Farewell.

RATHER more than twelve months ago Bompole landed in England, his Congo home left far behind him, and his little heart feeling "*very fyten*" at the strange surroundings in which he found himself. He "thought language very funny way to speak,—like music. Couldn't understand." When he arrived at Harley House, he was extremely shy and silent. "So big house, so many people. Never eat with white man before, feel shame to eat breakfast; shamed when went to church, so many people looking at me," as he explained afterwards. Our barbarous climate and our strange machinery were equally perplexing to his Central African mind. We shall not soon forget his grave—"*What time this chimney will finish?*" apropos of a London fog; or the solemn "I think —*wonderful!*" of which he delivered himself, after standing awestruck in front of the big timepiece, reverently watching for about five minutes the slow advance of the hands of the clock.

"I think wonderful!—like sun!"

"Why like the sun, Bompole?"

"Because—*goes slowly*." This in a rather frightened voice, he being evidently impressed by the gradual continuous motion, imperceptible to the eye, except by the distance measured. When the clock struck the hour the little black face beamed. "He like the *song!*"

But that was all a year ago; Bompole is familiar with English now and accustomed to our ways and doings. He is moreover about to return to the Congo, and in view of his approaching departure he wishes, through these pages, to say good-bye to the very numerous friends that he has made in Great Britain and Ireland. To secure this end, he has, with infinite trouble, composed, dictated, *and copied out* in his own handwriting the letter which we give on p. 480. His writing is in reality considerably larger than it there seems to be, the facsimile having been reduced to fit *Regions Beyond*. In his own words,

taken down just as they were spoken, we give our readers a sketch of Bompole's Recollections.

"Am I glad I am going home? Ye—s! Another way glad, another way sorry. Glad seeing my people; sorry saying good-bye. Perhaps if I grow up big man, be able to come back in England.

"Glad missionary's wife going with us. People like to see white lady. A good thing to see missionary have wife with him. No wife, all people laughing at you. Every one has wife, and they think *missionary* ought to have wife.

"My father was chief of Wangata people. He was kind of king, had *twenty* wife (—twenty wife, or I think more,—I forgot) and many son, daughters too.

"We want missionary to tell not to take more than one wife, because GOD says so in His book. Very shame in our country for rich man to have only one wife! Every daughter married; man pay money to her father, pay three boy for one wife. If much better looking, *five* boy! English people get wife so cheap. In Africa pay lot of money.

"When my father died, his wives no eating anything at all for one week, only drink water. He die, they no tell me, no tell any one; but my big brother went caught two people, one man and one woman first. Then they cry in streets to tell people king is died. All his son come together, make kind of meeting, arrange all his daughters together must buy one man, all his wives together buy one man, and one wife king bought *before* he died to kill *when* he died. Five to be killed;—one woman and one man caught, and these three others.

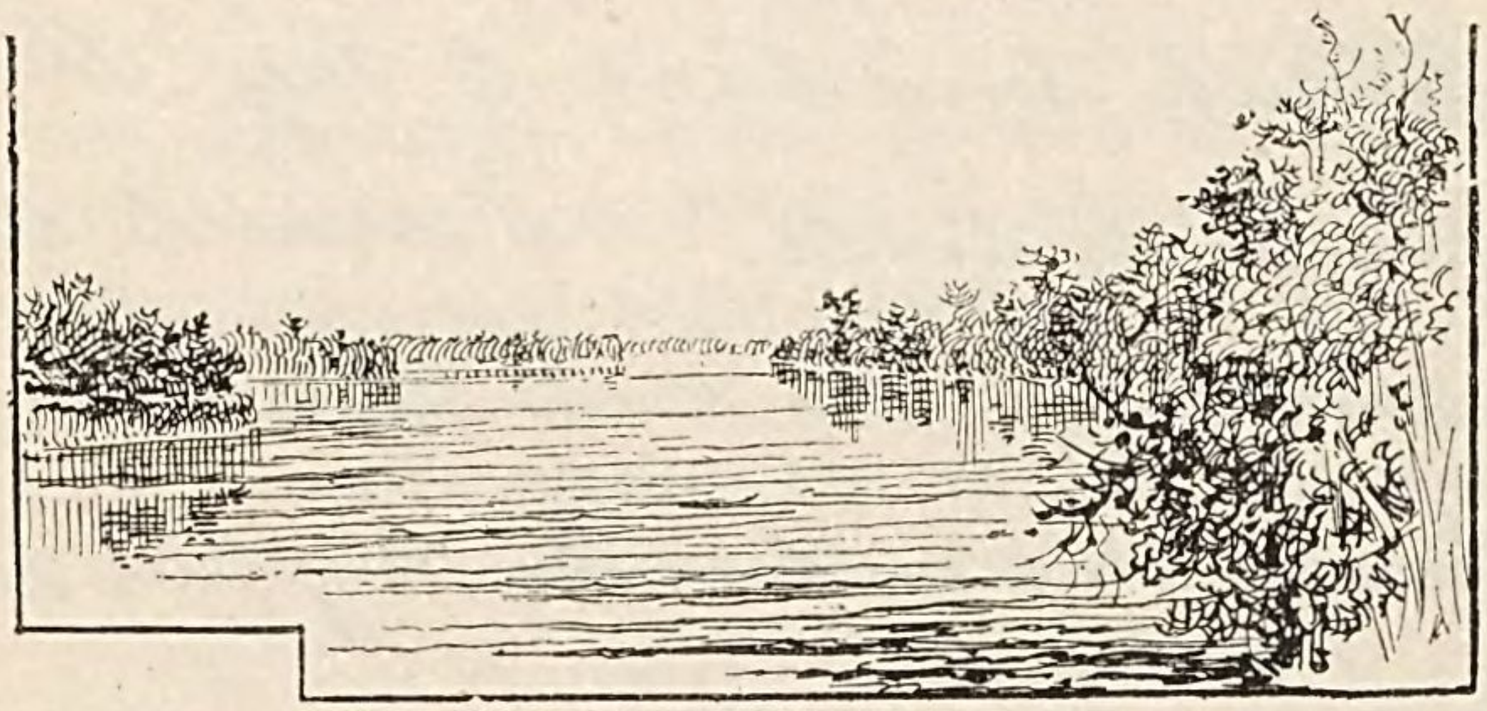
"King bought these two to be killed.—Said to his son before died, 'If I die, you take those two slaves and kill.'

"They killed them because believe be able to give king water when he want drink, after he died; and to keep him warm in grave. Shame putting king himself in grave without slave! Put three in grave. Put one for pillow, one under feet—make like jug for warm water—and one in middle under king, want to keep him out of getting dusty in earth.

"Other two they kill by hanging. Cut off head and throw in water for one week. Flesh come off head and head dry, after that put head up on stick in king's yard to show that king was rich. Body throwing away.

"*Now* I think all this bad; at first thought was good. Now I know not good to do it. My people think good before missionaries came. *Those people want missionaries to teach them what bad, what good.*"

What pains and care and patience Bompole's letter represents! What a sense of crushing responsibility weighing on two certain small, black shoulders during the anxious process of its production, and what a sense of glad exuberance overflowing a certain small and happy heart when at last the tremendous task was completed! Perhaps we shall hardly be believed when we say that Bompole—all unknown to us—laboured at copying that letter from five in the evening till 1 a.m. We ourselves could hardly credit it. But those who have a fellow-feeling, and can appreciate from sad experience a touching illustration of the pangs of authorship, will be as interested as we were to hear that Bompole—understanding that his letter was to appear in that all-important magazine, *Regions Beyond*, and that his words would be scattered far and wide, the very shape of each letter being perpetuated—was so overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of his task that he could neither eat nor sleep for about ten hours, and went without his tea, explaining briefly to those who suggested the advisability of taking food, "*When I have so much work to do I cannot eat!*"



March 7. Harley House

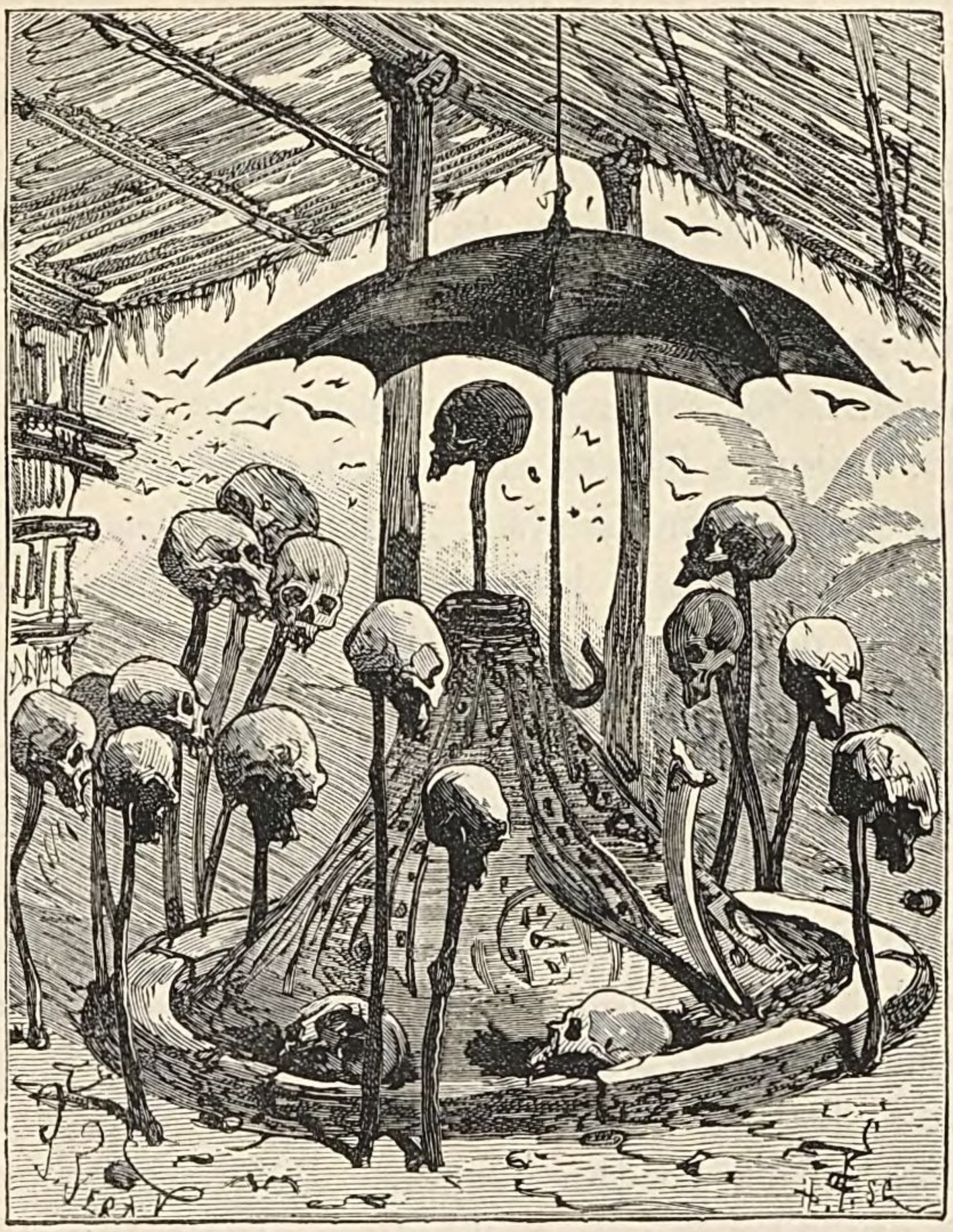
My dear Friends

I have been here so long time, one year in England. I think England very good to Stay, big houses kind people but a little Cold to Stay in England. Now I going back to My Country, like going home, like seeing friends and people. Tell what I see in England, what I never see before If God will helps me I will do teaching My people. I thank those people. who are giving money for Missionaries to teach the gospel to. My people My people Want gospel very much, many people, my Country, - many large town one King, Mtesa, send messenger to Mr McKittrick, said: "Do send Missionaries to build Station my place." Mr McKittrick send back to say - "Have no Missionaries to send." I Went to see that King He said same thing, - "We Want some missionaries teaching us Build station here. Be my friends."

I am so glad so many missionaries going back with me; and I want you to send more so more to teach Gospel to dark, heathen Africa.

Goodbye, from your dark friend

Bompole.



A KING'S GRAVE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Money was needed as well as men for the new Balolo Mission, and prayer was answered as to this also. One liberal and wealthy friend was led to give £800 to start the mission, and meet its initiatory expenses; another gave £250, and another £100. Large numbers of smaller donations were received. The young men of the Y.M.C.A. of Belfast promised £500 towards the steamer, which cost £1,400. A noble "Irish Friend," whose name was not given, made up the requisite amount by one gift of £900;

and the vessel was forthwith put in hand. She is called *The Pioneer*, and, like the *Henry Reed*, is sent out in plates and sections, to be rebuilt at Stanley Pool.

The mission band sailed from England on the 18th of April, 1889, and reached their distant destination on the Lulonga River—the mouth of which lies north of the equator in Central Africa—in the middle of August; the entire journey, though interrupted by the many delays incident to the arrangements needful for a new undertaking, occupying thus only about *four months*. Four *years* would not have accomplished it ten years ago; it would have been an impossibility! No unarmed party could then have made its way even to Stanley Pool, much less to the equator, and beyond it into Balololand. What an illustration of the immense progress already made on the Congo! What a demonstration that the providence of God is opening Central Africa to the gospel. Before another ten years are over it will probably be perfectly easy to do the journey in four weeks! The kind and hearty co-operation of the missionaries already in the country not only facilitated the advance of the new expedition, but it averted most of the dangers from exposure and inexperience, to which earlier workers had so often succumbed. No fatal illness occurred on the journey, and at the date of the last tidings the missionaries had already founded two stations, one on the Lulonga, and the other on the Maringa, at its confluence with the Lopori, and were in good health and spirits, with encouraging prospects before them.

THE BASIS OF THE CONGO-BALOLO MISSION is interdenominational, simply Christian, and thoroughly evangelical. Members of any of the evangelical Churches are welcomed as workers in it. It offers no attractions in the way of good salaries or other earthly advantages; it is a "work of faith and labour of love," seeking the co-operation only of men and women willing to endure hardness and, if need be, to lay down their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel's.

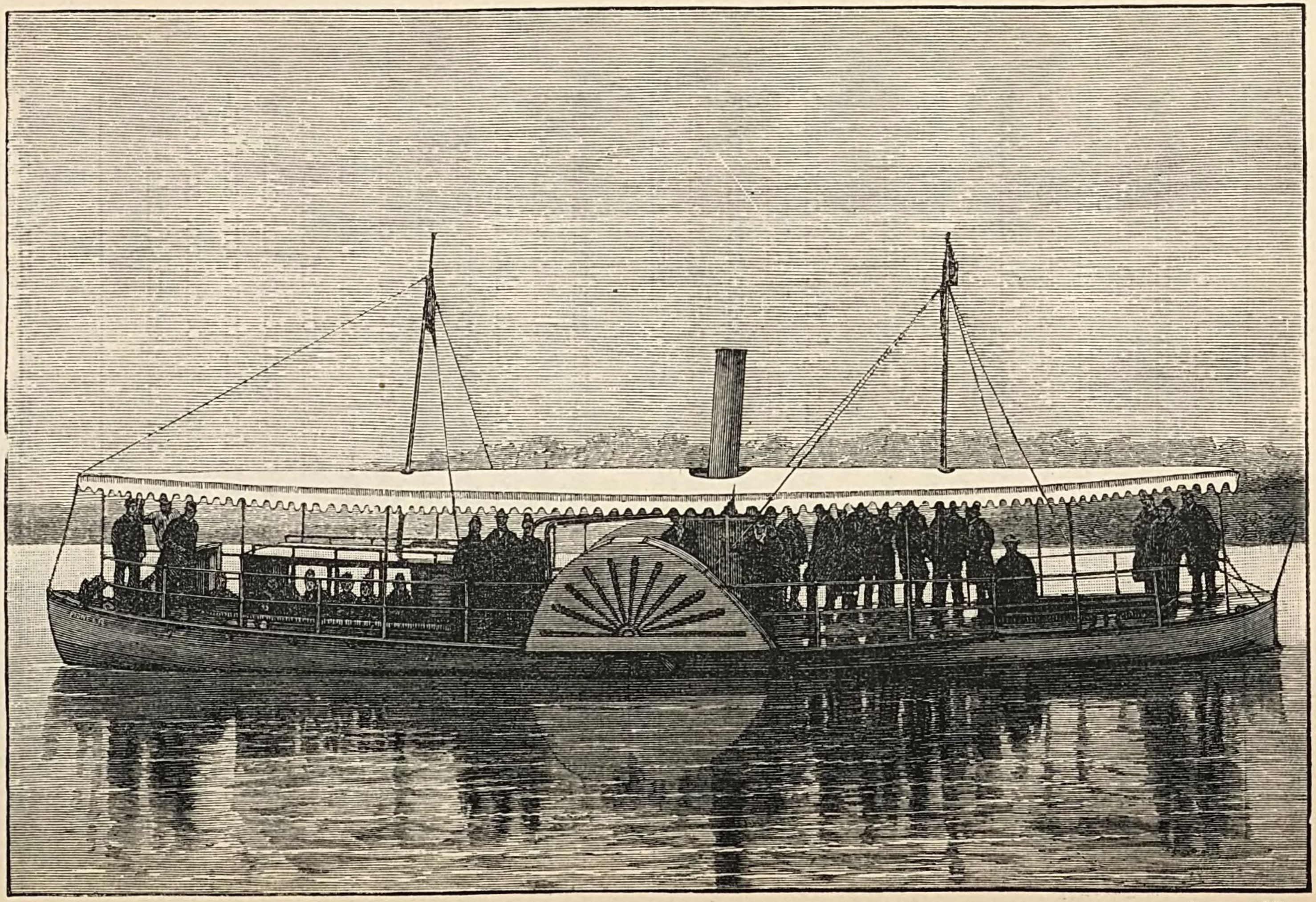
Its management is—as that of the Livingstone Inland Mission was—in the hands of the Directors of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign missions,[1] who are assisted by a council at home, and by a standing committee of senior missionaries in Africa.

The support of the mission is undertaken in dependence on God by the Directors of the East London Institute. It is however hoped that the support of such individual missionaries as have no private means will be separately and independently guaranteed by Y.M.C.A.s and Y.W.C.A.s, by circles of local friends, by the Churches of which such missionaries may be members, by individual Christians, or in some other way, so that only the general expenses of the mission, such as passage and outfit, freight, transport, station-building, steamer, printing and publication, schools, native agents, etc., may fall on the general funds.[2]

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[1] See Appendix.

[2] As those who manage Central African missions know, the *support*



THE STEAM-LAUNCH *PIONEER*, OF THE CONGO-BALOLO MISSION, LAUNCHED AT WIVENHOE, ESSEX, OCT. 28TH, 1889.

We should like to ask and to urge every reader of these lines to breathe a heart-felt prayer—God bless the Congo-Balolo Mission!

It stands alone to-day, the first Christian lighthouse among ten millions of dark heathen. How deeply it needs Divine help! Only God can open human hearts, and shine into human minds: He alone can preserve life, and sustain a devoted spirit; can give quick intelligence to acquire language, and tender love and sympathy to win the erring and superstitious. He alone can move the hearts of men and women elsewhere, to minister such things as they need to these voluntary exiles for Christ, and to multiply their number by constant additions. All who pity the heathen can effectually help them by earnest and continued prayer. Let such remember the Balolo among others, and let them do also what they can in other ways! Each can do something, and each is responsible to our Lord and Master to do what he can!

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of the missionaries is the smallest part of the expense of the mission. Journeys, voyages, carriage of goods, building and furnishing houses, schools and chapels, printing books, inevitable home expenses and similar outlay, absorb far more, and are just as essential to success. Personal supplies should if possible come from personal friends. They have then that sweet aroma of home association and Christian sympathy and affection which an official remittance can never possess. The correspondence between the friends at home and the missionary in the field is, besides, a benefit to both parties; and where effort is made to raise even a small sum, interest is deepened, intelligent and sincere prayer is evoked, and thanksgivings to God abound. The home friends feel themselves engaged in the actual work of missions in a way they cannot otherwise do.

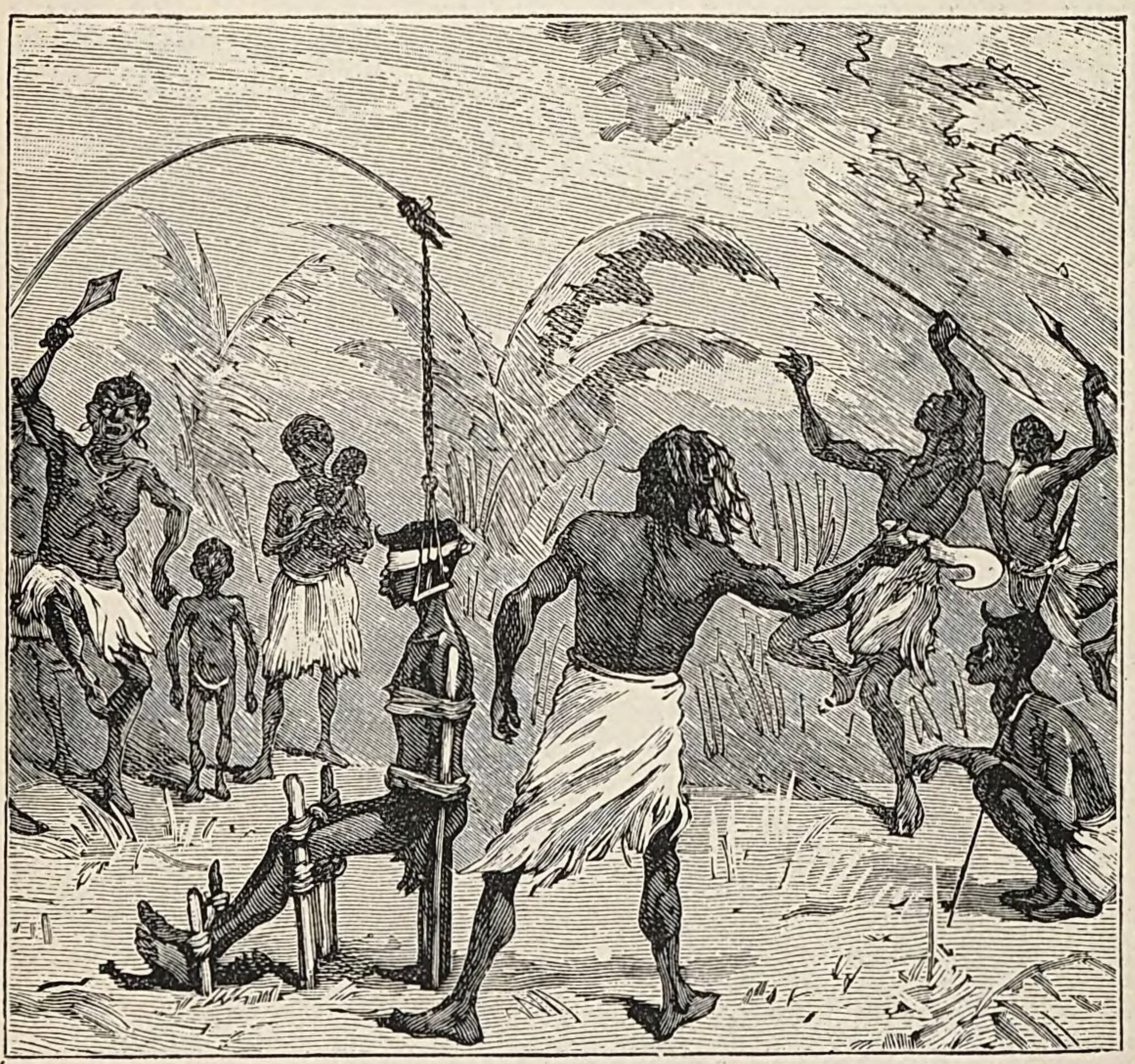
At the farewell meeting held at Exeter Hall for the pioneer party of the Congo-Balolo Mission, March 26th, 1889, many speeches were made; but among the rest there was one of peculiar interest. It was a little speech, most unsophisticated and informal, yet very earnest and true. It was spoken by Bompole's dark lips, and in his clear, shrill voice. Hundreds of listeners in the great hall were hushed into silence to hear. The lad had had no idea of speaking, but the words came straight from his heart. They were few and ignorant, framed into broken sentences, for his vocabulary is very limited, and he is innocent of all grammar; but the case of foreign missions has seldom been more forcibly put, even at Exeter Hall.

What did he say? It is really hard to answer—there is so little to tell! The whole address consisted of perhaps not more than half a dozen sentences. The little lad from Central Africa talked, in his broken English, about the Balolo and their ignorance of GOD, contrasting his country with our country, his people who "*want gospel*" with ours who have it so abundantly, and then asked—"*Isn't it a shame?*—shame to keep gospel to yourself? Not meant for English only! Isn't it a shame? My people wanting gospel! *Isn't it?* Isn't it *a shame?*"

The childish voice with its ringing appeal and its surprised reiteration of the strange, inexplicable fact, above all with its emphatic repetition—"*Isn't it?* Isn't it *a shame?*" brought tears into many eyes!

Ah, Bompole, if it seems strange to you that we who have the gospel should keep the gospel to

ourselves, how much more strange must it seem to HIM who laid down His life to give us a gospel to carry to the uttermost parts of the earth! What must our negligence appear to HIM as HE looks on these gospel-surfeited lands, and on the gospel-lacking millions of heathendom? Surely He too may well say, in wonder, pity, and sorrow, "*Is it not a shame?*"



SCENE AT THE FUNERAL OF BOMPOLE'S FATHER.



A TORNADO IN THE FOREST.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLIMATE OF THE CONGO,

AND THE CAUSES OF THE MORTALITY AMONG EUROPEANS.

POPULAR prejudice is strong on the subject of the Congo climate. And this is no marvel. Has not every one who has ever had to do with it learned its terrible nature by sad experience? Do we not all know about "Tuckey's expedition," of which not one returned to tell the tale?

Did not our own mission lose twelve out of fifty in seven years? Has not the sister mission been even more severely tried? Did not Stanley's second expedition lose twenty-four by death, and ninety-two by illness and other causes, out of 263 engaged in its service during about six years? Can there be any question at all that the climate is a murderous one? Do not mercantile firms and mining companies, and all West African employers of labour *count* upon the fatality of service in these regions, and consequently give high pay, and allow time to be reckoned double? *Prejudice!* Surely the word is wholly inapplicable to the prevalent impression on this subject, at any rate, and the deadly nature of the climate of equatorial Africa is an undeniable *fact!*

Whatever the climate, it is the duty of Christians to take the gospel to the Congoese. The Lord Jesus did not say, "Go ye into all the healthful climates of the world, and proclaim the glad tidings," but, "Go ye into *all* the world." As the history we have recorded shows, His servants have been and are willing to obey His behest at the risk and sacrifice of life. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the mortality which has been must still be, or that the death rate need be so high as it was in the early years of pioneering work.

We must dwell a little fully on this point, because we are anxious that hundreds of men and women—yea, even thousands—should respond to the call of God, and devote themselves to the evangelization of Africa; and we realize that the popular impression about the climate is likely to be a hindrance to many, though not to all.

The truth, gathered now from many years of experience, seems to be that, like other tropical climates, that of Central Africa is undoubtedly not suited to the constitutions of the natives of more temperate regions, and that the health of such will inevitably suffer more or less from prolonged residence there. But a broad distinction must be made between the dangers inherent in the climate *itself*, and those arising from the uncivilized state of the country. Pioneers in savage lands must always risk their lives, whatever the climate, and the Congo is no exception to this rule. The lives that have been lost there have not half of them been lost because of the climate

This is the point that needs to be made clear, because pioneer risks diminish year by year, and ultimately disappear, whereas dangers from the other source are permanent in character, though they may be decreased and to some extent neutralized by adopting the precautions taught by experience.

We shall give the testimony of men who have resided for years on the Congo, as our ground for not—even after all our sad experience—entertaining any feeling of despair about the climate. Stanley's opinion is of special importance in this matter, because he has not only been long in Africa and on the Congo himself for many years, but he has had charge of large numbers of other Europeans there. We shall give, not merely his judgment as to the climate, but the *grounds* of it, that others may be able to judge for themselves. He considers the climate in itself no worse and no better than other tropical and equatorial regions, *very* dangerous to Europeans *without the needful precautions*—fairly safe and healthful when these are taken; never salubrious to white men—always requiring a periodical return to Europe for rest and recuperation—but not only *safely endurable*, *but even enjoyable* under favourable circumstances, and with proper care.

"The world has heard enough," he says, "of the old wives' tales of 'horrible climate' and all such fancies of timorous and feeble minds. Hundreds of raw European youths have been launched into the heart of the 'murderous continent,' and the farther inland we sent them, the more they improved in

physique. It matters not now what may be said by interested traders, selfish publicists, narrow-minded, grasping merchants, or discharged agents, about the dangers of this climate. *We have tested it most thoroughly for six years. There is less sickness by half in the Congo basin, even in its present unprepared condition, than there is in the bottom lands of Arkansas, a state which has doubled its population during the last twenty-five years.*"

On his treatise on the climatic causes of sickness Mr. Stanley says:

"It should be begun with a confession by the author of having himself lived ignorantly for many years in Africa, just as there are men along the African coast, and up the Oil Rivers, the Niger, and the Congo, living at this minute in the densest ignorance of the dangers around them, and of the simple philosophy of living healthily and well amid these dangers. . . .

"I have suffered during my long African experience over 120 fevers great and slight, and I may have suffered over one hundred before suspecting that many of these were preventible in other ways than by taking quinine and its preliminary remedies, or that there were other causes productive of fever besides malaria and miasma. The last six years in Africa have enlarged my experience greatly. Added to my own personal sufferings, have been those of about 260 Europeans, as ignorant as myself of the causes of these fevers. The sick lists of various stations have been inspected by me, and the inspection has

created a desire to know why fevers and sickness were more frequent at one place than another."

From a careful analysis of all the data bearing on the subject, Mr. Stanley attributes the sickness and death which undoubtedly exist on the Congo mainly to three causes—all happily avoidable—draughts, malaria, and drink.

1. DRAUGHTS.—"While I do not deny that there is a certain quantity of miasm in the air, my belief is that *it was the least of the evils* from which the members of our expedition suffered. At Banana and Boma, in the midst of marshy exhalations, situate almost at the water's edge, the Europeans have enjoyed better health than our people at Vivi, on that singular rock platform 340 feet above the river. At Kinchassa, just ten feet above high water, better health has been enjoyed (indeed almost complete immunity from sickness) than at Leopoldville, five miles below, situate eighty-three feet above the river. At Equator Station, with a river only five feet below its foundations, creeks sable as ink surrounding it, the ground unctuous with black fat alluvium, Europeans enjoy better health than at Manyanga, 240 feet above the river, and 1,100 feet above the sea. Fourteen miles away from Manyanga, and eight miles removed from the river, we have a station on *the plain* of Ngombi, 1,500 feet above the sea, where our people have enjoyed better health than at Manyanga Hill, 150 yards in diameter, and with ravines 200 feet deep around it on all sides, except at a narrow neck thirty yards across. Banana Point, six degrees

below the equator, only five feet above the brackish water of its creek, is proved to be much healthier than Sierra Leone, over eight degrees more to the north, which has been called "the white man's grave." This place is surrounded by Lion Hill and its neighbouring hills, between the gaps of which the sea breezes sweep suddenly, chilling the bodies who are enveloped in the close heat engendered by its bowl-like position."

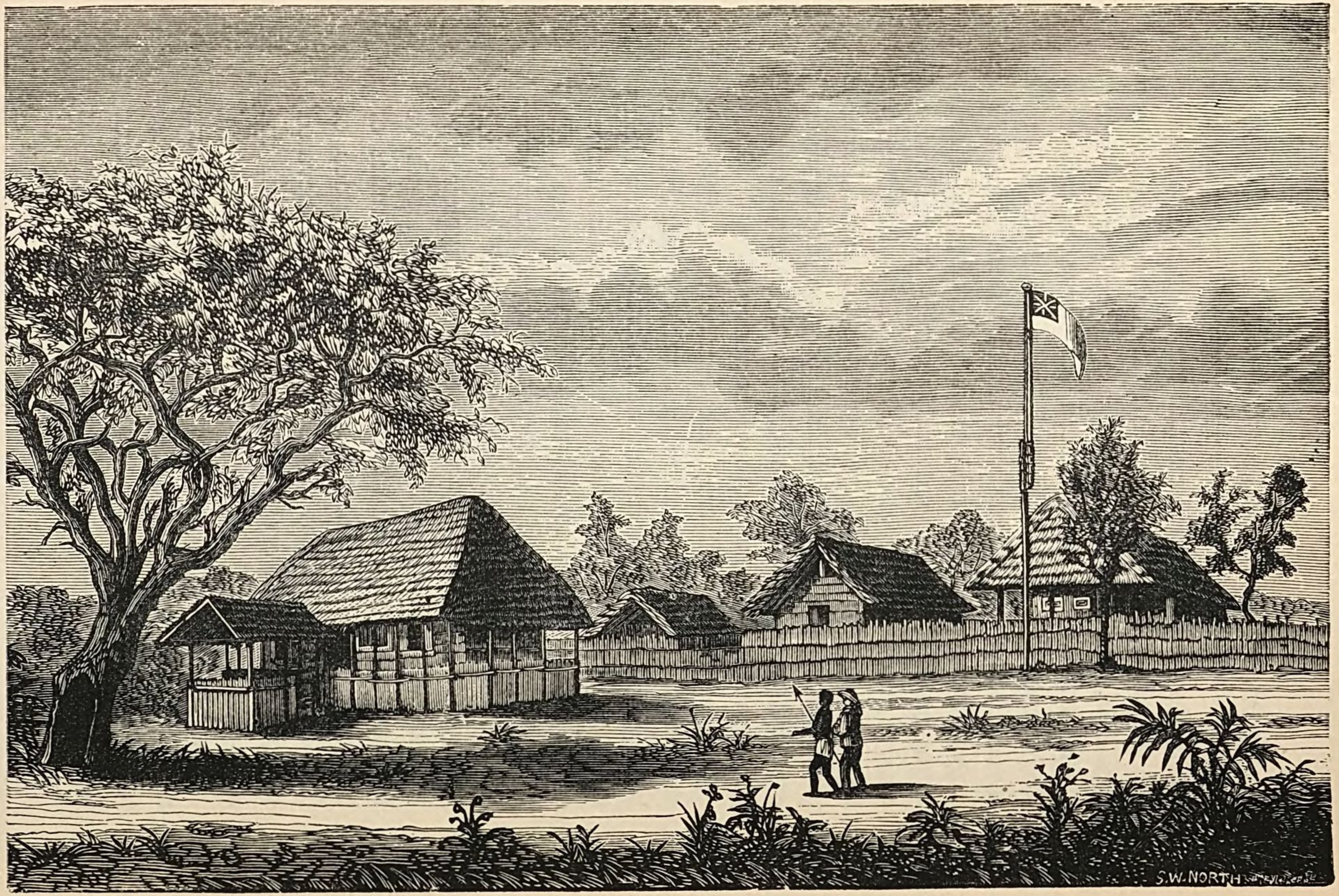
Stanley is not alone in giving such prominence to the dangerous effects of sudden alternations of temperature produced by currents of cool air. Some years ago we sent out to our missionaries on the Congo an elaborate treatise on tropical fevers written by an Indian military medical man, who had large and varied experience with the British troops in all parts of India. His conclusion was that the one great cause of fever and of mortality was not malaria, but simply *chill*. When we requested the late beloved Henry Craven, who was then at home on furlough, to examine the work, saying at the same time what its theory was, he took it with a smile of pity and incredulity, and said, "Poor man! if he doesn't believe in malaria, he knows nothing about African fever, at any rate." A few days later he returned the volume to us, saying earnestly: "It is very strange, but positively I believe the author is right! I have reviewed all our experience in the light of his remarks, and every incident of it seems to fall in with his theory." Miasma and malaria, or *bad air*, no doubt play their part in producing illness, in Africa as well

as in England. Putrid exhalations are unwholesome all the world over, but facts prove that *too much has been laid to their charge* in the case of the Congo basin.

When he originally selected his sites for stations, and planted them, Stanley was above all anxious to avoid the supposed malaria arising from decaying vegetation. Where it was possible therefore he chose high ground, either naturally barren or artificially cleared, well drained, and well exposed to the refreshing sea breezes. Such sites were not however always available. On the Pool, and on the upper river especially, some of the stations *had* to be close to the water's edge, and only a few feet above it.

A comparison of the sick lists of the different stations revealed after a time the surprising fact that the breezy hill stations were far more fever-stricken than the low-lying river-side ones where miasmic influences might be supposed to abound! Healthy men fresh from Europe sickened and died at Vivi, at Manyanga, and at Leopoldville *hill* stations, while sickly invalids grew strong and hearty at Kinchassa, Lukolela, and Equator stations, all of them "only ten feet above high water, with perhaps hundreds of square miles of black fat loam and damp forest on three sides of them." It proved that the most breezy and elevated stations were the *worst*, and the most malarious the most healthy!

There was evidently some lesson to be learned from these strange facts, and not considering himself either too wise or too old to learn, Stanley set himself to study the problem.



DR. SIMS' STATION AT LEOPOLDVILLE. (*For Kinchassa Station, see p.* 506.)

What were respectively the peculiarities of the heathy and the unhealthy stations? Setting aside the extraneous cases clearly attributable to intemperance, imprudence, and accident, there remained a large number of deaths attributable apparently to local causes only. The more he reflected the more he saw that the *fatal* fact was, *exposure to cold currents of air* blowing up the cañon of the Congo from the sea. The stations free from *this* peculiarity were comparatively free from sickness; the stations marked by it were sickly in proportion to the severity of this cause.

He gives a typical case of a young man stricken down by fever immediately on arrival. Unprepared by wise counsel, he arrives at Banana, feels the heat oppressive, perspires freely till his garments are wet, sits down in the cool, shady verandah, *without changing them*, accepts a glass of wine and a good dinner, lingers outside to enjoy the evening breeze from the sea, and then retires to rest. In the morning he feels unwell, fever develops, and not unfrequently ends fatally.

This case is adduced as an instance of *death from chill*, "the fever was caught by sitting in his wet flannels in the cold night air." As Mr. Stanley writes:

"It must be remembered however, that if a man in a violent state of perspiration subjects his unprepared person to a cold draught of wind while in such a condition, the fact that he is temperate in his life and habits, and has always dieted his body wisely, richly,

and nobly, will not save him in Africa from a fever, any more than that it will save him in northern Europe from a cold and its tedious pains. Neither 'beef and beer,' nor 'beef and brandy,' nor all the drugs of the pharmacopœia will save him. Or, if the position of his house is so unwisely chosen that his body is perpetually subjected to violent changes of temperature, one minute in a state of profuse perspiration, and the other minute out-doors without additional clothing, exposed to a chilling blast that closes the pores, and chills the damp flannel pressed against the body, his perfect diet will not avail him. My wonder is, not that so many have returned to Europe disheartened at the weakness of the resistance their constitutions were able to offer to the vicissitudes to which their ignorance subjected their own persons but at the fact that there are still so many who bravely endured all. And now that so much has been cleared of what was before so mysterious to us in Africa, let us try how it would answer in well-drained and well-fed London, or any other English city. Let us heat our sitting-room, until the underclothing gets thoroughly soaked with perspiration, then walk outdoors to a street corner, and stand on a windy day without additional clothing, and wait till next morning for the result; or go to a London ball, become heated with dancing in a crowded room, then walk home in the same dress, and tell me honestly if, in addition to months of this experience you add months of poor diet, bad cooking, and other indescribable discomforts, you wonder that the African

continent has an evil character, and that so many unfortunate pioneers of trade and exploration have left their bones in its earth!

"Added to the victims of *these cold draughts, which greatly outnumber all others*, were those whose constitutions failed by living in malarious hollows, followed by those who led impure and intemperate lives; next, by those who required more nourishing pabula than our present circumstances would enable us to supply; and, lastly, those who fell through accidents, caused by carelessness, indolence of mind, unreasoning rashness, natural helplessness, and constitutional physical weakness."

A further confirmation of the theory that cold chills are the most fruitful cause of fevers is found in the fact that the cool months of May, June, and July are *the most fruitful in illness and death.* Two fatal cases occurred in the expedition, both at this season, during the first sixteen months of "unexampled labour and privations," and both Stanley's own dangerous fevers were at the same time of the year.

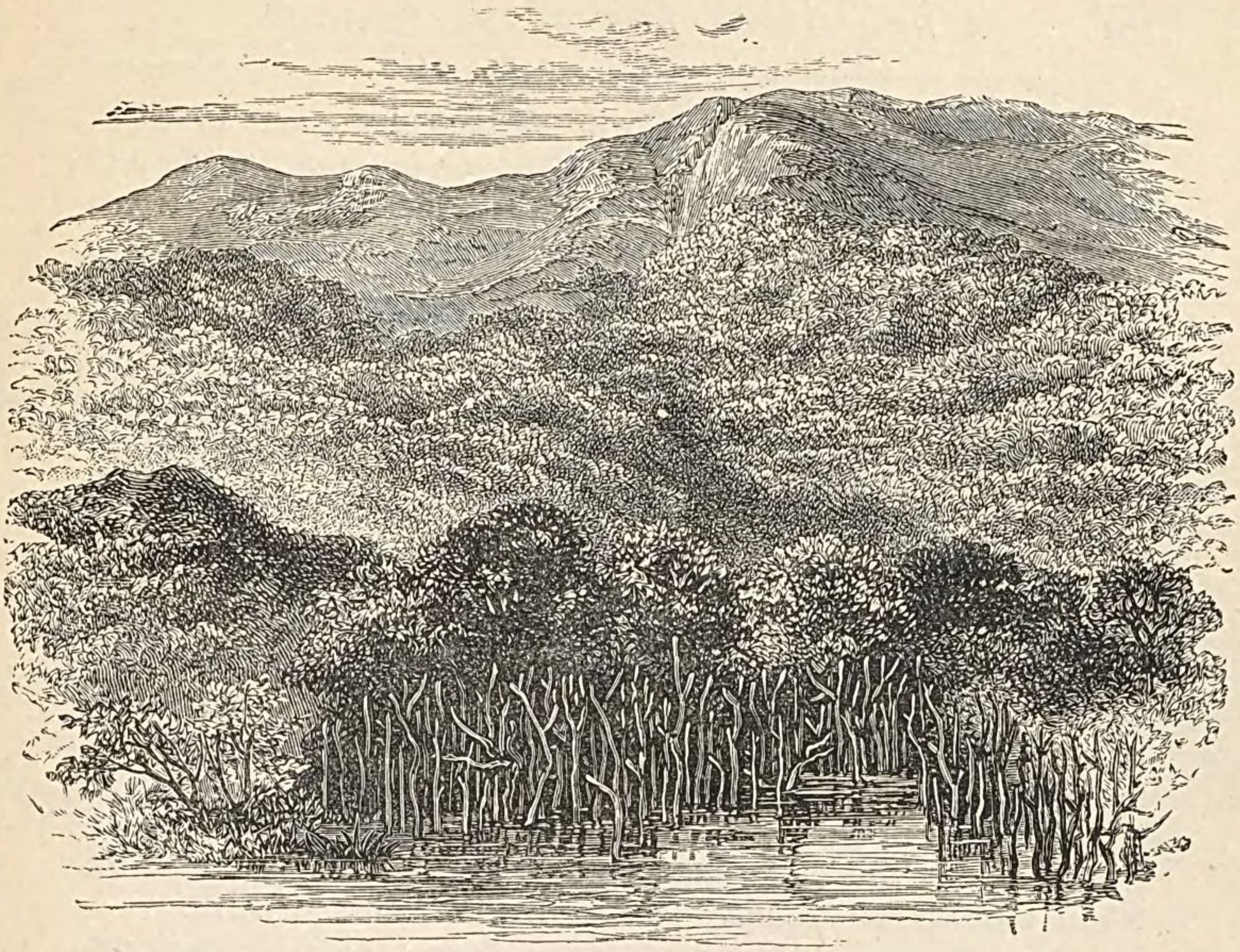
2. MALARIA.—But if situations exposed to currents of cold air are the most dangerous of all, those so surrounded with higher land as to have little or no ventilation at all are from other causes almost equally dangerous. A free, general, equal circulation of air being the thing to be desired, the two extremes are to be avoided, a draughty situation is bad, and a close one not much better. The white man falls before the giant destroyer Chill, in the one case, and almost as

surely before his more stealthy compeer Malaria, in the other.

This malaria however is no mysterious, invisible influence *peculiar to Africa and the tropics.* It is a common foe that all must watch and fight against, whether in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, whether in the palace or in the cottage, in the town or in the country. It is simply *bad air.* No matter where or from what cause, if men *inhale* poison, they will suffer from it just as surely as if they *imbibe* it. If our dear missionary friends can in their immediate and habitual surroundings manage to guard against these two things, frequent exposure to chills, and the constant presence of bad air, they will, according to Stanley's account, be fairly safe on the Congo. As an instance of a station badly placed in the latter respect Mr. Stanley adduces the old mission house at Banza Manteka. He says :

"I will take Banza Manteka, a station of the pious, hard-striving, long-enduring missioners belonging to the Livingstone Inland Mission, as a type of another cause of sickness. It is situate in a hollow like a bowl deep sunk in the bosom of enfolding hills. Perhaps from one hill crest to the opposing hill crest a line drawn exactly bisecting the station would be a mile and a quarter in length. One side however, that opposite to the prevailing winds, is open, having access to the valley of Ntombo Lukuti. Here, one would say, is a snug nest where the howling winds cannot chill to death the pale-faced European, and to make it still more snug and cosy there are gardens of bananas and papaw trees, whose beautiful fronds and leafage almost hide the dwelling of these God-serving men.

"Now in the high, exposed places we consider the rainy season the healthiest. Some have supposed it to be so from the greater clearness and purity of the atmosphere, whereas in fact it is only because the cold winds are hushed, and we enjoy a uniform warmth. But if this



SOME OF THE HILLY AND WOODY BANKS OF THE CONGO.

season is the healthiest at Vivi and other stations in the Congo cañon, it is the most unhealthy in hollows like these of Banza Manteka and Lukunga stations.

"After a rainfall the atmosphere is clear and the sky is of an Italian hue. During this temporary clearness the atmosphere offers the least obstruction to the direct power of the sun. If powerful on the hill tops, it must be of baking heat in these bowl-like hollows. It is shot forth relentlessly through the thickest cork helmet. If an umbrella is used, while increasing the safety from danger above, it only causes a more profuse perspiration, by the confinement to the body of the ascending cloud of warm vapour which surges upward from the damp earth, and encompasses the person at every step. According to the nature and quality of the inorganic bodies in the neighbourhood, it either rises in denser or in a more heated volume. If the neighbourhood is rocky, the heat blazes in the face almost insufferably, and bakes the clothing; if of wet grass, or damp earth, there is an excess of moist, penetrating warmth, which soon deluges one with perspiration. The top of that swathe of dead grass is nearly dry; but put forth your hand, and place it *underneath*, and the astonishing warmth of the moisture, whose tem-

perature is like that of an oven, will illustrate the means by which *rapid decay* is caused in these lands. Have you ever tested the heat to be found in your own dung-heap at home even in mid winter? If you inhaled the stifling atmosphere long you suffered what no constitution could endure with impunity.

"Well then at Banza Manteka station, the hot, muggy, steamy atmosphere rising up with the clouds of moisture, and bearing the deleterious influences upward in a continued, undrifted volume, from old decaying grass at the base of the green shoots, or from decaying leaves gathered at the base of the beautiful bananas, is more pernicious to health than *life on a dung-hill in an unfloored house in Europe*, with a great hot stove inside, would be! Such is the air inhaled in the sickly hollow of Banza Manteka. A young military officer built a native cabin in the Nkusu ravine, near Vivi, in the middle of what he romantically called a *parc*. He had caused avenues, 'Avenue de Valcke,' 'Avenue Stanley,' 'Avenue de Bruxelles,' to be formed in this *parc*, and to enjoy the romance thoroughly he dwelt in his native châlet. Poor fellow! he was soon taken ill of a bilious fever, and he died about sixty hours later. This trough of the Nkusu was still more confined than the bowl of Banza Manteka.

"On open ground during the rainy season the air *diffuses* this pestilential vapour, heavy with putrefaction and decay. Movement over it is not only a relief from the dangerous heat from above, but from that which when a person stands still rises up in a thin, invisible column.

"But some one hard to satisfy, and prone to doubt, remarks that on open highland there is sickness also. You cannot call 'open highland' a plateau or plain where the face of it is uncleared of its forests of tall grass and obstructing scrub. The grass of the tropics is several feet higher than the height of a man's person; the more confined the cleared area in which you stand is, the more unhealthy is your position. Begin at the narrow foot-path, with the grass from two to five feet above your head, with a hot sun glowing burningly on the earth, and your position will be unendurable if you stand still long. Advance into a small open marketplace in its midst, and relief is instantly felt. But suppose you had an area of a few square miles of plain or gently rolling land, without swamp, lagoon, or stagnant body of water, that the dead grass was clean cleared off, and only vegetables and grain growing; that your two-storeyed house was prepared with windows to admit light, and could likewise admit the cool air without admitting draught, and that the roof projected broad and ample from its walls, your consequent good health would then teach you and teach the coming generations



that *a tropic home can be made as healthy and as comfortable as any home in your own dear native land.*

"Observe the *native* custom, and let the dark aborigine teach you by his example, while you, as one would expect from your education, improve your surroundings, after the elementary lesson derived from his example has been well acquired. . . .

"So long however as choice was permitted to them, we observe that they have elected *to leave the river and its banks, and to build on the high and comparatively open plateau and plain.*

"At Banza Manteka itself, for instance, we have an illustration of the manner in which the natives have rejected the unhealthy hollow, presenting a curious contrast to the white man's choice. All around and within view from the mission house are the groves under which nestle the native villages. There is only one native village *within* the hollow. The white man's house is almost at the bottom, as though he might be in possession of a charm to drive away the foul air and the gases exhaling from that close inland basin."

There would seem to be no question, from the foregoing statements, that the original house at Banza

Manteka was placed too low. Yet its record was not bad. It was the third station founded by the mission, and was commenced early in 1879, about the same time that Mr. Stanley was erecting Vivi. Two deaths, as we have seen, occurred on this spot, but both were clearly traceable to accidental circumstances, and cannot fairly be charged to the situation. A new house on a higher site was subsequently built, and the station has been rather an exceptionally healthy one. If it is possible to live and labour *at all* in a situation so decidedly unsuitable as Mr. Stanley describes this hollow among the hills to be, how much more so where healthful sites have been chosen, and healthful houses constructed?

3. We turn now to the *third* great cause of the mortality which has given the Central African climate so bad a reputation. The first, as we have seen, is *draught;* the second, *malaria;* and the third is *drink.* Most missionaries being either total abstainers or temperance men, this is of course not a cause of *missionary* sickness and death; but it is well that all should know *how very large a proportion of the fatal cases among others on the Congo and on the West Coast of Africa generally are attributable to this one thing.* Mr. Stanley is not himself a total abstainer, but he writes:

"The evils of brandy and soda in India need only to be remembered to prove *how pernicious is the suicidal habit of indulgence in drinking alcoholic liquors in hot climates.* . . .

"With us on the Congo, where men must work

and bodily movement is compulsory, the very atmosphere seems to be fatally hostile to the physique of men who pin their faith on whisky, gin, and brandy. *They invariably succumb, and are a constant source of expense.* Even if they are not finally buried out of sight and out of memory, they are utterly helpless, diseases germinate with frightful rapidity, symptoms of insanity are numerous, and with mind vacant and body semi-paralysed they are hurried homewards, to make room for more valuable substitutes, lest they draw down a few more objurgatory phrases on Africa, which should be justly applied to themselves. . . .

"I solemnly warn men, that *to drink any wine, liquor, or other intoxicating beverage in a tropical country during the day*, except when administered under the direction of medical authority, is *the height of folly*, that it is dangerous to sound health, and consequently to all bodily enjoyment. . . .

"From the moment of arrival the body undergoes a new experience, and a wise man will begin to govern his appetite and his conduct accordingly. The head that was covered with a proud luxuriance of flowing locks, or bristled bushy and thick, must be shorn close. The body must be divested of that wind and rain proof armour of linen and wool, in which it was accustomed to be encased in high latitudes, and must assume, if ease and pleasure are preferable to discomfort, garments of soft, loose, light flannels. The head-covering which London and Paris patronise must give place to the helmet and puggaree, or to a well-ventilated light cap with curtain ; and as those



KINCHASSA STATION. (*See p.* 495.)

decorous *externals* of Europe, with their sombre colouring and cumbrous thickness must yield to the more graceful and airy flannel of the tropics, so the appetite, the extravagant power of digestion, the seemingly uncontrollable and ever famished lust for animal food, and the distempered greed for ardent drinks *must be governed by an absolutely new régime.* Any liquid that is exciting, or, as others may choose to term it, exhilarating or inspiring, the unseasoned

European *must avoid* during daylight; whether it be in the guise of the commonly believed innocuous lager, mild pilsen, watery claret, vin ordinaire, or any other innocent wine or beer. Otherwise the slightest indiscretion, the least unusual effort or spasmodic industry, may in *one short hour prove fatal.* It is my duty not to pander to a depraved taste, nor to be too nice in offending it. I am compelled to speak strongly by our losses, by my own grief in remembering the young, the strong, and the brave, who have slain themselves through their own ignorance.

"'Un petit verre de cognac, a glass of small beer, what can they matter?' ask the inexperienced pleadingly.

"To me personally nothing! To you a sudden death, perhaps a *coup-de-soleil.* A frantic and insensate rush to the hot sun out of the cool shade, an imprudent exposure, may be followed by a bilious fever of who knows what severity, or a rheumatic fever that will lay you prostrate for weeks, perhaps utterly unfitting you for your work and future usefulness. You were inspired by that 'petit verre' of cognac, which had you not taken you might have been more deliberate in your movements, and more prudent than to needlessly exert yourself in the presence of an enemy so formidable as is the tropic sun to a white man's head when sensitised by the fumes of cognac.

"Should you recover, you will blame Africa. Africa is cruel! Africa is murderous! Africa means death to the European! And your stupid, unreflecting friends in Europe will echo the cry! Simply because

a weakling like you could not resist your 'petit verre' at mid-day, must all this continent be subjected to the scourge of your vituperative powers."

From the foregoing extracts it is clear that Mr. Stanley's opinion is as strong as it well can be that the habitual and free use of alcoholic liquors is, in a tropical country, dangerous to health and fatal to energy and usefulness. He testifies to the fact that not only in connexion with his own expedition, but as a general rule applicable to all Europeans on the West Coast, *a very large proportion* of the fatal illness commonly attributed to the climate is really to be set down to the drink. That hard drinkers do *sometimes* live on to boast that their continued existence is owing to their use of wine and spirits, he attributes to the fact that such men do no work, and cannot therefore be said to live, so much as to vegetate. For men and women who mean to do any good with their lives, he considers total abstinence by day, and only the most moderate indulgence in light wine in the evening, essential.

Our own experience abundantly confirms these conclusions as far as they go; and leads us still further. We feel persuaded that even the moderate use sanctioned by Mr. Stanley *is not necessary*. Men can live and labour just as well without it; as witness the many missionaries who have worked hard on the Congo for from two to seven years as *total abstainers*.

The late Henry Craven assured us that he felt the better for refraining even from the native palm-wine

when fermented, and that he had come to the conclusion never to take it except when fresh, in which condition it is absolutely non-alcoholic. Alcohol is a poison, and a very dangerous one; an overdose will produce death itself: and doses short of fatal produce paralysis in various degrees, from that slight paralysis of the moral and intellectual faculties which is perceptible only as "soothing" or "stimulative," to that greater degree of the same which causes unseemly exhilaration and foolish talking, right on through all the various shades of intoxication to that final comatose, apoplectic, and dangerous state described as "dead drunk," in which the entire body is as completely paralysed as if it were a corpse, while the moral and intellectual faculties are, for the time, totally suspended. Now some men may be strong enough to bear very slight daily doses of poison, though we question if even they do it with perfect impunity—health may be injured, unconsciously, imperceptibly, yet really: but if there is no *need* to touch it, surely the part of wisdom would be *to let it alone*, especially in a country where the *slightest* risk to health may be attended with fatal consequences. Every possible danger should be avoided by those who have their mission at heart, for the work's sake, if not for their own.[1]

[1] The use of stimulants as a medicine in severe illness is of course as justifiable as the use of any other poison in this way. In the complete collapse-stage of fevers nothing can take the place of brandy, and every resident in Central Africa should have some in his medicine chest. But the use of stimulants as a *daily beverage* is quite another matter.

During the seven years from 1879–1885 about 250 white men of different nationalities arrived out on the Congo, in connexion with the African International Association. Of these five were killed by accidents, and twenty-four died. Mr. Stanley writes :

> The twenty-four deaths were in many cases avoidable. Some have been the result of downright madness. There are few that I know of which might not serve to point a moral and a lesson. Not many of these deaths can be excused on the ground of old age or original physical weakness. They were all men in the prime of life ; fatigue, want of proper nourishment, exposure to the sun, inveterate intemperance in a few cases ; in conjunction with the ignorance of conduct of life in the tropics which I strive to combat, and which is pardonable since we have all been guilty, were the causes which led to this mortality. I do not wish to offend the susceptibilities of sorrowing relatives, therefore I will not name the rash unfortunates, but my first duty is to the living, whom I must warn against committing *follies leading to self-destruction.*
>
> A European proficient in his duties, willing and devoted, after nearly two years' successful work with the expedition, during which he enjoys unusually good health, returns from a voyage up river, and suddenly falls sick of a mild form of dysentery. In a few days it is cured, when through some strange cause he has a relapse. Two medical men use their utmost endeavours to cure him, the best attention during many weeks is given to him, and he recovers strength enough to be able to be conveyed to the coast. He arrives in a more hopeful condition, and after a few days' stay at the hospital is declared fit to proceed to Europe. *That same evening, in the absence of the nurse, he barters a coat for a bottle of gin, drinks it, and twelve hours afterwards he is buried at Boma.*
>
> Another, by being kept up river, serves three years admirably, is sent home with honours, and returns after awhile for another period of service at higher pay. But meantime some unaccountable thirst for ardent spirits has possessed him, and a few days after his arrival *he falls overboard into the river while intoxicated, and is drowned.*
>
> Another appears on the Congo with a character for proficiency and steadiness, but within two months after commencing work *he is discovered dead, sitting behind a shed with an empty liquor bottle at his feet.*

Two friends visit the coast, go on board the mail steamer, hobnob socially, and depart for the shore. Both are taken seriously ill, but fortunately recover, remaining however very emaciated and weak. One departs for Madeira, and lives to tell the tale; the other, on the first evening of his convalescence, *indulges too much in the potent wine, sits out too late in the night air, and becomes a victim to tetanus, and dies in excruciating agony.*

Two friends meet in the interior. One has a bottle of burgundy, the other a bottle of cognac. They agree to dine together to celebrate the event; until a late hour they sit and talk, and, I suppose, drink. The coast-bound friend departs, the other resumes his work and duty. By-and-by the sun appears powerful, with a merciless burning strength. The young man is suddenly stricken down, conveyed to the nearest station, and *twelve hours afterwards is buried.*

It is not necessary to recite other illustrations of the incidents which show how men become their own worst enemies. In all lands there are instances of suicidal indifference and gross recklessness of the consequences resulting from misconduct. To many preaching avails but little, therefore for ages yet to come people may expect to hear of such lamentable and premature deaths. Were there a moral society formed critically to inquire into the fatal cases along the African coast, a fearful catalogue of human frailties might be published, and it would then be discovered that much that is attributed to the climate ought justly to be ascribed to far different causes.

As to the climate, Mr. Johnston says:

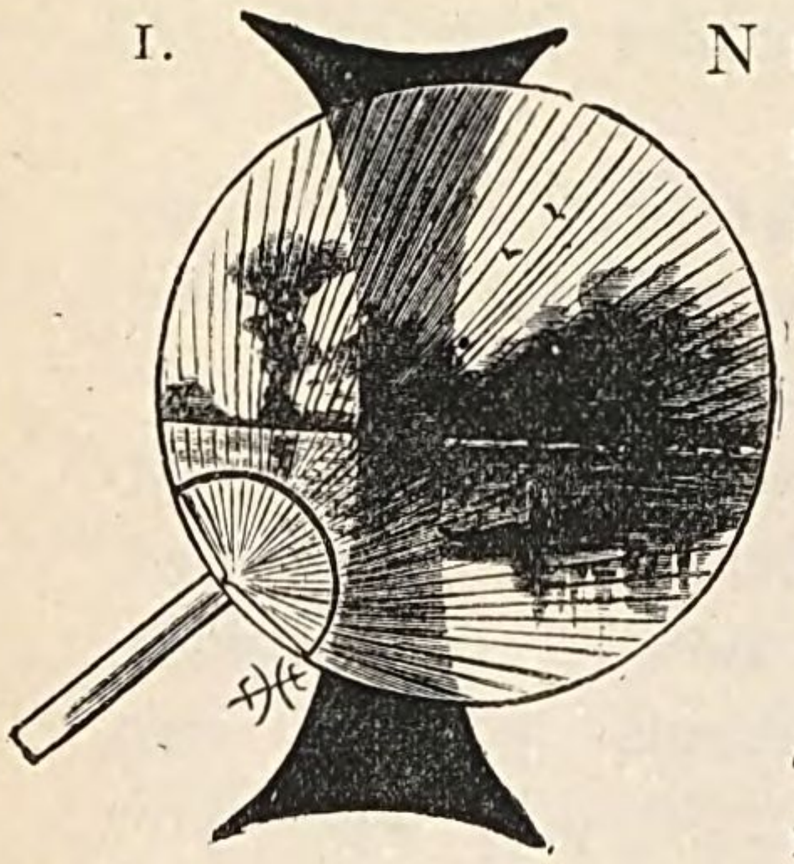
"It may be said to be infinitely superior to that of the Niger or the Gold Coast. . . . The regular cool breezes from the South Atlantic greatly reduce the tropical heat. . . . The most dangerous malady, the bilious fever, is rarely incurred without much previous neglect of one's health. . . . Beyond Stanley Pool, I can only call the temperature delightful. It ranged at such a place as Mswata, for instance, from 87° in the shade at noon, to 60° at two in the morning; and this in the rainy or hot season. The highest temperature that I have ever observed at

Vivi was 98° in the shade on a very hot day. It is quite possible to walk about all through the middle of the day, and not feel the heat disagreeable, provided you wear a helmet, and carry an umbrella; but when you see, as I have done, young men newly arrived from Europe exposing themselves to the noonday sun without anything on their heads but a smoking cap, you would hardly be surprised that deaths from sunstroke take place. . . . It is possible to enjoy excellent health on the Congo if only it be borne upon one's mind to use moderation in all things. Abuse no form of enjoyment, and avoid alcohol as much as you can. Wine and brandy are dangerous adjuncts to a healthy man's repast in Africa. On the other hand, alcohol is simply invaluable as a tonic when weak from fever and other causes. . . . When people have conquered their unreasonable fear of the Congo climate, and some medical man has deigned to study the local hygiène, and so instructed us as to what we should eat and drink, and how we should live, and how we should become acclimatized; when transport is facilitated and communication with the outer world easy and assured, . . . then people will be able to live on the Congo as comfortably as at home."

These words should be an encouragement to God-fearing, right-living men and women, who are thinking of devoting their lives to Africa. They will run none of *these* risks at any rate, and they may moreover now avoid the dangers arising from *inexperience*, to which so many of the earlier pioneers succumbed.

We close this chapter on the climate by giving (with slight total abstinence alterations) Stanley's—

Fourteen Rules for Life in Central Africa.



1. In the building of your house, mission, or factory, observe well its position. Never build, if you can avoid it, in a gorge, valley, ravine, or any deep depression of land that may serve as a channel for collected wind currents. *A free diffusion of air* is required in your surroundings. The nearest points to the sea-plains, extended plateaux, as far removed as possible from any dominating superior heights that would cause irregular air currents, are the safest localities. The lower storey should be *clear of the ground*, unless you have made the floors imporous by cement or asphalte. In a grassy plain the floor of your living-room should be at least *twelve feet above ground.*

2. Avoid unnecessary exposure to the sun.

3. Guard against the fogs, dews, and chills of evening and night.

4. Let your diet be good as your circumstances will permit, but be prudent in your choice. Butter, cheese, and dishes swimming in oleaginous matter are unsuitable to the conditions of the climate. Roasted ground-nuts are a mistake. Always reject

the fat of meats on your plate. All fat causes bile, rancidity, and nausea in the tropics.

Never begin the day with an early meal of meats. Bread made at the station is better than biscuits.

The continental *café au lait* is the wisest meal with which to break your fast (*i.e.* coffee with milk and bread).

At 11 a.m. cease work and eat your wise *déjeûner*, or lunch: lean of meats, fish, vegetables, dry bread, and weak black tea with condensed milk.

At 1.30 p.m. proceed to your work, and at 6.30 p.m. take your prudent dinner, boiled fish, roast fowl, roast mutton, vegetables, dry bread, rice, tapioca, sago, or macaroni pudding. Amuse yourself with social conversation or reading until 9 p.m., when you may retire to your dreamless couch, to rise up next morning with brain clear, and muscle primed for toil, and with a love for all the world.

5. Sleep on blankets, and cover up to the waist with a blanket or woollens.

6. If marching, rise at 5 a.m., take your coffee or tea with milk, and be ready for the road at 5.30 a.m. Halt at 11 a.m. in mercy to yourself, your men, and your animals, and *do no more for the day.* On halting put on your paletot or wrapper, to allow you to cool gradually. If your camp is on an exposed situation, get under shelter *as quickly as though it were raining.* You may perform 4,000 miles per annum at this rate.

7. Observe the strictest temperance, drop all thought of "tonics," according to the rules of west

coasters, old traders, African travellers, or your own self-deceiving fancies. If you are in absolute need of a tonic, apply to the doctor. Adhere to the simple rule of never taking any liquor or wine. Your best tonic would be two grains of quinia as prepared by Burroughs & Welcome, of Snow Hill Buildings, London. If thirsty at a station or factory, prepare a glass of sherbet. If marching, drop a compressed tablet of *acidulous powder* as prepared by these chemists in your cup of water, or quench your thirst from your sweetened and weak tea in the bottle.

8. If engaged in outdoor work, superintending coloured labourers, never for *an instant* be in the sun, without a strong double umbrella. A large one fastened to your piked staff like a small tent would be better still. For headdress you have a choice of cork helmet, topee, or Congo cap, the last of which is the best of all.

9. If during the march you have been so imprudent as to be without an ample umbrella, a wetting need not necessarily be dangerous; but it becomes positively so, if after excessive perspiration, rain, or an accident at a river crossing, *you remain any time quiescent without changing your dress.*

10. When on the march, the more lightly you are clad, the better; because at the halt you will be reminded of the necessity of your paletot, or overcoat. *Very light flannel* will be quite sufficient for your dress, owing to the exercise you take. Light russet shoes for the feet, knickerbockers of light flannel, loose light flannel shirt, a roll of flannel round the

waist, and a Congo cap for the head, will enable you to travel twelve miles per day without distress.

11. At the station, factory, or mission, your clothing should also be light, though not in the undress uniform of the road, because you know not what work you may take at any moment—heavy clothing causing profuse perspiration, which should be avoided when circumstances do not compel it.

12. It is to be presumed that if your principal work is indoors, you will not forget your exercise ; between 6 and 7 a.m. and 5 and 6 p.m. are safe hours.

13. Do not bathe in cold water unless you are but newly arrived from a temperate climate. A bath is not safe below a temperature of 85°. Let your bath be in the morning or before dinner. The tepid bath is the most suitable.

14. Fruit, if taken at all, should be eaten in the morning, before the *café* or the *au lait*, such as oranges, mangoes, ripe bananas, guavas, and papaws. Only *the juice* of the pine-apple is to be recommended ; never eat any fruit in the tropics *at dinner*.

MEDICINE.—Obtain your medicine pure and well prepared. Messrs. Burroughs & Welcome will equip you with tropic medicine in chests or cases, with supplies to last you one month or ten years. They have sought the best medical advice, and really seem disposed to study the special needs of the East, West, Central, Northern, or South African traveller, soldier, trader, and missionary. I have informed them of the few diseases such as have fallen under my observation, and they have prepared such medicines as have

been tried during the last seventeen years of my African experiences.

The same prudence that is required for protection against draughts, sudden chills, catarrhs, bronchitis, and pulmonary diseases in Europe should be exercised, only with the difference that in the tropics the clothing necessary to effect due care need not be so heavy.

One more observation will suffice. However well the European may enjoy the climate by wise self-government, years of constant high temperature, assisted by the monotony and poverty of diet, cannot be otherwise than enervating and depressing, although life may not be endangered. The physical force, vigour, or strength becomes debilitated by the heat, necessitating after a few years recuperation in a temperate climate. To preserve perfect health, I advise the trader, missionary, coffee-planter, and agriculturist who hopes to maintain his full vigour, after *eighteen months' residence*, to seek *three months'* recreation in northern Europe, for the same reason that a man devoted to absorbing business in a European city for eighteen months would do wisely to take a few months' holiday. Beyond what has been told above, there is nothing in Congoland to daunt a man—indeed, far less than in many parts of India, South America, or the West Indies.

The Duke of Wellington's advice was given with a view to India, but it is equally applicable to Central Africa. "I know but one receipt for good health in this country, and that is to live moderately, to drink

little or no wine, to use exercise, to keep *the mind employed*, and, if possible, to keep in good humour with the world. The last is the most difficult, for . . . there is scarcely a good-tempered man in India."

But while strict temperance and moderation are essential to health on the Congo, poor living is equally to be avoided. Elsewhere Stanley has said: "The cause of death of so many in African exploring parties is improper food. Feed your European on good English provisions, to be had in preserved form; pet and care for him, and he will live; give him only native food, and let him rough it, and he will die. Just a matter of commissariat!"

Other African travellers confirm this—perhaps somewhat exaggerated—statement of an unquestionable fact. Far more African explorers and residents have died from lack of proper food, especially after illness, than is commonly supposed. But each year is diminishing the difficulties on this score.

CONCLUSION.

CENTRAL Africa is a big world, and one scarcely knows how to pause in writing of it, but we have already exceeded our limits, and must put some recollections by various missionaries, which we had intended to add to these chapters, in a separate little book.

In closing, we would fain leave on the minds of every reader the one great idea which dominates our own. Providential circumstances have in our days imparted a new significance to our Master's great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and proclaim the glad tidings to every creature." It is now seen, as never before, to include the swarthy millions of the Dark Continent. We have now full knowledge of these Central African races, and we have besides *power to reach them.* Knowledge and power in this case mean responsibility. A purpose has been manifested in that providence of God, which has at the close of this nineteenth century unveiled Central Africa.

Its people need the hand of help to an extent which few realize, politically, socially, and above all spiritually. They are being victimised, as we have

seen, by Arab slavers on the East, and European rum-sellers on the West, and they need *political* protection from the ruthless cruelty and selfish greed of both. They are suffering severely, both physically, mentally, and morally from their age-long isolation from the rest of the human race; and from this they must be delivered by *social* help, the help which righteous commerce can afford. But, worst of all, they are buried in spiritual darkness, captives under the power of Satan. Sin has darkened the light of nature among them, and the brighter light of revelation has never shone upon them. They have no knowledge of the law of God, much less of His gospel. They have no acquaintance even with their own origin, and are altogether in the dark as regards their duties and their destiny. Hateful, and hating one another, sacrificing to devils and not to God, "filled with all unrighteousness," cruelty, and wickedness, their moral misery and their utter helplessness are a powerful appeal to the followers of the compassionate Christ. From their *spiritual* destitution the gospel alone can deliver them.

The world is busy about Africa. The nations of Europe are appropriating each its portion of this new world. Commerce is eager to enter the rich and freshly opened markets; selfish and ungodly commerce, alas! as well as fair and philanthropic trade. Science endeavours to understand African phenomena, to unravel its geography, ascend its great mountains, classify its fauna and flora, and study its geology. To ethnographers, archæologists, and linguists alike

this new continent is full of interest. Oh that the Church might prove, by energetic and effective missionary activity, that the *constraining love of Christ* is a mightier motive than all beside!

If a new expedition for exploration or for the relief of the explorers be planned and started, hundreds are eager to join the ranks, risking all danger, and offering even thousands of pounds for the privilege of participating in the undertaking. Why is there no such emulation to obtain the honour of opening new lands to the everlasting gospel? How is it that so few of Christ's servants who have wealth and influence come forward to arrange African expeditions of a nobler kind, expeditions that would produce eternal results? When the queen appoints her ministers to places of difficulty and danger, do they not gladly go? Who would decline the honour of being an ambassador even in an unhealthy climate? How is it that there is so little holy ambition among young Christians?

The world has done much for Congoland. Will the Church be equally unselfish and equally generous in her action towards the new world? If its material interests are worthy to engage the Christian powers of Europe in earnest consultation, are not its spiritual interests still more worthy the deep and prayerful consideration of the Church of Christ? If a Roman Catholic monarch could, out of pure philanthropy, lay out half a million sterling in making the practical investigations preliminary to the formation of the Free State, is there no prince in the Protestant Israel ready to consecrate, out of devotion to Christ,

funds large enough to evangelize this generation of its people?

They are quickly passing beyond our help. Mtesa is dead, Mirambo is dead, Kangampaka is dead. Kings and people alike die off fast in Africa. Tens of thousands of victims have been murdered during the few years we have described in these pages. Thousands more have perished by small-pox and by the sad sleeping-sickness. Life is short in Central Africa; and now that an available water-way from 7,000 to 10,000 miles long is open, to carry the ambassadors of Christ to any part of the Congo basin, who will go forward to use it, and who will expedite the work by furnishing the means to send out and sustain missionary volunteers?

Not by twos and threes, but by hundreds and thousands should such be going forth. Teachers, preachers, doctors, artisans—men and women alike—are wanted to evangelize the new world so marvellously opened to the efforts of the Church. And donors are wanted too! Rich disciples must help, though they cannot go. The responsibility rests upon them, even more than upon others. They are stewards, and their Master is showing plainly that He wants Africa to be evangelized. It is costly work, owing to the undeveloped condition of the country. But what is that? Christ has ample resources for the purpose in the hands of His English and American stewards. What will He say to those stewards if His gold is not forthcoming at this crisis? There are Christian

millionaires on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as a recently revealed dark world crying out for the gospel of salvation.

The year 1894 will, please God! see the new railroad to Stanley Pool completed, and opened for traffic, and the Congo basin, with its hundred millions of inhabitants, easily accessible from Europe—brought within three weeks of London. No such event has happened since the discovery of America; and nineteenth century science, capital, and population will enable men to take possession of this new world with a rapidity unknown to our ancestors.

All this is very solemn! A hundred millions of benighted and deluded men and women to be taught about the Saviour who died for them! Have Christians grasped the situation?

May the God who gave Livingstone his lonely courage, his patient endurance, his intense compassion for his fellow men;—the God who endowed Stanley with his wonderful enterprise and untiring energy, his indomitable firmness of purpose and fertility of resource;—the God who enriched Leopold with his largeness of heart and exceeding liberality: MAY HE RAISE UP OTHERS LIKE TO THESE THREE MIGHTY MEN TO CARE FOR THE CHRISTIAN SIDE OF THIS GREAT UNDERTAKING!

APPENDIX A.

List of present Missionary Agencies in the Congo Free State.

Eleven different missionary agencies are already at work in the Congo Free State—three Roman Catholic and eight Protestant.

1. The *Mission du Saint Esprit*, at Banana and Boma, under the care of Mgr. Carrie. Four priests and two lay brethren are connected with this mission, which has small schools, and gives some industrial training to the children.

2. The *Belgian Mission*, established only in 1888 at Kwamouth, on the Upper Congo, and hoping to plant a second station at Luluaberg, on the Kasai, shortly.

3. There is a mission worked by the *Pères d'Algérie* (or Algerian priests) in the south-east part of the Free State. It has two stations at Mpala and Kibango, on Lake Tanganyika, but it does not seem to be having much success. The Romanists are showing more activity in Portuguese territory than in the Free State.

The Protestant missions are :

1. The *Livingstone Inland Mission of the American Baptist Missionary Union*, with seven stations—Mukimvika, opposite Banana on the coast, Palabala, Banza Manteka, and Lukunga, in the Cataract gorge ; and Leopoldville, Bwemba, and Wangata on the upper river. This mission has now about thirty missionaries, and has many schools and chapels, with some hundreds of baptized Church members, including many native preachers. It has a steamer on the upper river, and has prepared, in the various dialects spoken through seven hundred miles of country, many translations from the Scriptures, besides vocabularies, grammars, and school books. It has also medical

missions at Mukimvika and Kinchassa. It has been working for the last twelve years, and exerts a good deal of influence among the natives.

2. The *English Baptist Missionary Society* has seven stations—Tundwa, on the lower river, St. Salvador (Portuguese territory), 'Ngombe, or Lutete, in the Cataract region, and Kinchassa, Bolobo, and Lukolela, on the upper river. The steamer *Peace* belongs to this mission, and in it Mr. Grenfell has done much good service by explorations of many of the tributaries of the Congo. Mr. Bentley, of 'Ngombe, is the author of the best dictionary extant of the Ki-kongo language: and several translations have also been prepared. Mrs. Bentley is endeavouring to teach the natives the working of the telegraph, in preparation for the time when the railway will require young telegraphists. She took back with her from Europe a miniature telegraph line for teaching purposes. Many native converts are connected with this mission, which has also been working twelve years in the country.

3. The excellent *Swedish Missionary Society's* work was originally connected with the Livingstone Inland Mission, and occupied its station of Mukimbungu, between Isanghila and Manyanga; but when the transfer of this Mission to the American Baptist Missionary Union took place in 1884, it was arranged that the Swedes should work an independent mission from that station as a centre, supported and directed from their own country. They have now about twenty missionaries, and have formed two additional stations on the north side of the Congo —Diadia and Kibunzi. They have many converts, Mr. Westlind is a remarkably good linguist, and has translated John's Gospel.

4. *Bishop Taylor's Mission* was formed to work on the great southern tributary of the Congo, the Kasai; but though commenced four years ago (in 1886), with an unusually large first party, consisting of twenty-four missionaries, under the bishop's own leading, it has not yet reached its field of labour, or commenced any missionary work proper. The peculiar plans which were adopted have proved totally unsuited to the country. Very large sums of money were expended on a raft and traction-engine, brought from America, and subsequently on a steamer, so constructed that its heavier portions could not be landed at Vivi or carried up country. None of this machinery has been of any use as yet. The principle of self-support was attempted; and as a result the agents of the mission have suffered great privations, many having died, and others have left the Congo. The rest are scattered around Banana, Vivi, and Isanghila, and are making a brave struggle

to sustain life by shooting hippopotami, and selling the dried flesh to the natives, in exchange for the produce of the country. Four of the party are occupying an old State station at Kimpoko, on Stanley Pool, and attempting a little agriculture and trade ; but none of the would-be missionaries have been able to devote much time to studying the languages, or teaching the people. None of their stations exert as yet any spiritual influence over the neighbouring districts, and consequently no converts have been made. But the mission has not been long at work.

New plans are not always an improvement on old ones ! Nothing can exceed the bishop's cheerful courage and confidence in the ultimate success of his methods, nor his enthusiastic desire to do good in Africa. We hope that he may yet—by somewhat modifying his plans, and adapting them to the backward state of development in the country—succeed in planting his mission on the Kasai. He has come to the conclusion that he will have, like others before him, to found a chain of stations before he can launch a steamer on the Pool, and that the heavy one first taken out is no use for this purpose. He intends to reconstruct and use it on the lower river, where however trading steamers are now plying.

5. A second American agency has tried to follow somewhat on these lines, *The Missionary Evangelical Alliance ;* but its operations, at present, consist only of one small attempt near Vivi, where the missionaries reside in a little native hut, and live by hunting buffalo and antelopes. They smoke the flesh of these animals, and sell it to the natives. It is clear that men who have to support themselves and their families in Africa will never have much time for either study or teaching ! The Congo country is not one for *colonists :* its climate renders it totally unlike South Africa in this respect. For European teachers to live in it *at all* is difficult, and every working hour of their lives ought consequently to be devoted to *direct* missionary work. It is a pity if the Church of Christ, which gives such large sums to sustain its ministers at home, cannot afford to sustain its ministers abroad, and thus liberate them from the necessity of wasting their priceless time and risking their precious lives in order to procure themselves food.

6. In the south-east part of the Congo Free State, among the sources of the Congo in the Garengange country, *Mr. F. S. Arnot* has established his mission. After years of weary peregrinations through the Zambesi and Barotse districts he found this location suitable for the

residence of Europeans. The mission is still in its infancy, though Mr. Arnot has not yet succeeded in making his way back to his station with his wife and new helpers, and in rejoining his colleagues there. It is one of the most interesting and heroic of missions, very far removed from all communication with other Europeans, and hundreds of miles distant from any base of supplies. The climate of Garangange is fairly healthy, and the king of the country friendly. But the immense distance from the coast, and the absence of a connecting chain of stations, make the difficulties, dangers, and expenses very great.

7. The *London Missionary Society's Mission*, on Lake Tanganyika, is also in the Congo Free State. Their stations are KAVALA ISLAND and FWAMBOON, the southern extremity of the lake. This mission, long under the care of Captain Hore (who is now in England), has endured severe trials, and has felt the immense difficulties arising from its remote position--a walk of 800 miles from Zanzibar being involved in getting to the lake. The only other means of access (*viâ* the Zambesi, Shiré, Lake Nyassa, and the Stevenson Road) being, though easier, too precarious to depend upon, and frequently blocked by Arabs. This mission has the steamer *Good News* on the lake, and has done some excellent work in schools and preaching the gospel ; but the sphere is a hard one.

8. The *Congo-Balolo Mission*, on the Upper Congo—our own mission born last spring—has selected for its sphere the six southern tributaries of the Congo beyond Equatorville, the Lulanga, Maringa, Lopori, Ikelemba, Juapa, and Bosira, presenting together about 2,000 miles of navigable water-way, with towns and villages on both banks. It has eleven missionaries. The first party reached their destination about six months after leaving England, though taking with them a considerable amount of material for the construction of their first stations. They have the use of the A.B.M.U. steamer *Henry Reed*, kindly lent for a year, before the expiration of which it is hoped their own steamer, the *Pioneer*—sent out in December, 1889, for reconstruction—will be ready for the use of the mission. Mr. and Mrs. McKittrick, Messrs. Whytock, Haupt, Howell, Todd, and Blake, together with Miss de Hailes, formed the first party of this mission. They were reinforced early in 1890 by Messrs. Adamson, Luff, and Cole. The two former went out in charge of the new steamer ; and the latter as missionary agriculturist to assist on the Lulanga. The mission has already two stations, Lulongo and Ikau.

When we remember that all this country was unknown eleven years ago, and that the Congo Free State itself dates only from 1885—such an array of agencies, scattered over its vast area already, is a most hopeful sign. Christianity, even in its least pure form, is a vast advance on the cruelties and fetish of Central Africa. In its pure form it is life from the dead.

When the Livingstone Inland Mission began its operations in January, 1878, it stood alone; now it is, thank God! one among a dozen different organizations having the spread of Christianity for their object. We hear also that the American Presbyterians intend to enter the field, which is vast enough—being as large as all India—to welcome a dozen more agencies.

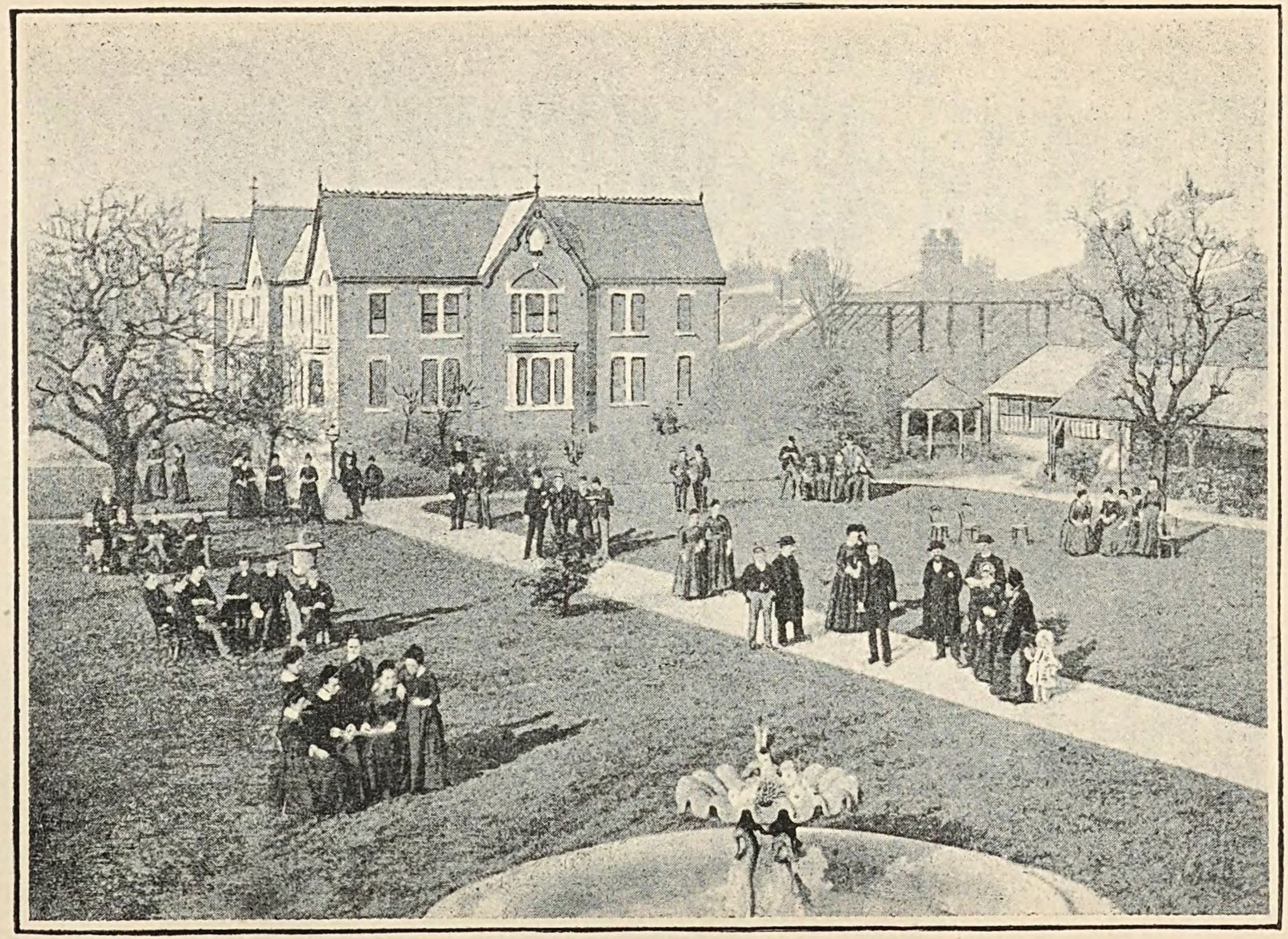
All these missions together only muster about a hundred effective workers, and there are about fifty millions to be evangelized in the Congo Free State alone, and probably five times that number in the rest of unevangelized Africa.

From the last mission station on the Upper Congo, a journey of a thousand miles would be needed to reach the nearest stations on the east—those on the great lakes. Seventeen hundred miles to the north-east lies the Red Sea, and there is no mission station between! Two thousand two hundred miles due north is the Mediterranean, and no mission station between; while two thousand five hundred miles to the north-west are the stations of the North African Mission, but no single centre of light between! Seven hundred miles to the west is the Cameroons Station, but the whole intervening country is unvisited; and in the south-west the American Mission at Bihé is fully a thousand miles distant.

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." His last commandments were:

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE." And

"YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME . . . UNTO THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH."



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THIS Institute was founded in March, 1872, with a view to increase the number of ambassadors for Christ among the heathen, and in the darker regions of Christendom.

THE WORLD'S POPULATION, according to the best estimates, is at present about 1,400 millions. Only about 400 millions are, even in name, Christians, and the remainder of *over a thousand millions* are consequently non-Christians, and for the most part heathen. The greater part of this almost inconceivable mass have never heard of Christ, and have little chance of doing so, for Protestant missionaries are scattered among them only in the proportion of ONE to every

three or four hundred thousand. No single individual could possibly minister the word of life to such a multitude, even in Christendom ; how much less in heathendom !

THE SUPPLY IS CLEARLY INADEQUATE, and yet the evangelical Churches at home are rich both in men and money. There is no reason why it should not speedily be doubled, trebled, multiplied tenfold. There are in our home Churches thousands of converted and devoted young men and women suitable for missionaries, and willing to become such ; and there is wealth enough in the hands of Christians to send them forth and sustain them among the heathen. Some of these are educated, and have already engaged more or less in the service of God in this land, and having means of their own, can go forth into heathendom when they will. Others hear the call of God, and desire to obey, but lack the needful education, and have neither leisure nor means to acquire it, nor the ability to go forth at their own charges.

OUR INSTITUTE seeks to arouse men and women of this latter class, to hear and heed the last great command of Christ : it helps them to fit themselves for service in heathendom, or in other needy spheres, by offering them, freely, a course of suitable study and practical training. It then introduces them to the field for which they seem best adapted, and, if need be, sustains or helps to sustain them in it. It seeks also, and in order to all this, the diffusion of information by press and platform as to the world's wants and the Lord's work, so as to deepen in the hearts of Christians at home *practical compassion for the heathen* and a sense of *responsibility to give them the gospel.*

TWO COLLEGES, each adapted for fifty men—one in East London and the other in North Derbyshire—

are connected with the Institute, which has also a TRAINING HOME FOR THIRTY YOUNG WOMEN STUDENTS preparing for missionary work. The course of study and practical training is adapted to afford the students such help as they are capable of receiving, and as will fit them for future usefulness in the sphere to which they may seem best adapted. It extends over three years, and, in the case of regular medical students, over a longer time. *All* the students receive a certain measure of medical preparation, both theoretical and practical.

AN EXTENSIVE HOME MISSION WORK, in which the students receive practical training, is carried on in connexion with the Institute, among the working classes in East London. Its operations comprise a medical mission with a numerously attended dispensary, and a maternity department worked under a certificated lady by the young women students; mothers' meetings; night schools for men, for lads, and for factory girls; a soup kitchen; Band of Hope and temperance meetings; house-to-house visitation, open-air preaching, tent meetings in summer, Sunday schools and Bible classes, and gospel preaching. Two mission halls in Bow and Bromley, with school-rooms and classrooms attached, are worked directly and exclusively by the Institute, and the students help in a large number of other mission halls, and preach also in churches and chapels.

THE INSTITUTE IS BROADLY CATHOLIC IN ITS PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE; it trains men of all evangelical *denominations*, of all *nationalities*, and of all *classes;* and it trains them for all societies, all lands, and all spheres of Christian effort. It is as comprehensive as it is possible to be, within the limits of evangelical truth. It seeks to be GODLY and practical in character and in methods: to cultivate

devotion, dependence on God, self-denial, self-support as far as possible, and self-sacrifice; and it aims especially at "the regions beyond," or neglected and unevangelized fields at home and abroad.

THE STUDENTS HAVE BEEN OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES: not only English, Scotch, Irish, and American, but French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish Danish, Russian, Bulgarian, Syrian, Egyptian, Kaffir, Negro, Hindu, Parsi, Kurdish, and Jewish. They have also been of various denominations. The large majority of those who have gone out as missionaries are now connected with about twenty different societies and associations, while a number are working independently as self-sustaining missionaries, medical or otherwise.

MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED MISSIONARIES, former students in the Institute, are now labouring in China, India, Syria, Armenia, Egypt; in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy; East, West, North, South, and Central Africa, in Natal and Cape Colony; in Prince Edward's Isle, Cape Breton, Canada, and the Western States of America; in the West Indies, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic; in Australia and New Zealand; as well as in various parts of the home mission field. The object of the Institute is especially to send evangelists to "the regions beyond" those already evangelized.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY STUDENTS are now in training, and some of their number are continually passing out into the great world-field. One every week, on an average, enters on active missionary life.

Contributions in aid of any of the objects of the Institute may be sent either to the Treasurer, SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B., Shortlands House, Shortlands, Kent; or to the Secretary, Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, Harley House, Bow, London, E., from whom fuller information can be had on application.

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is formed for the evangelization of the millions of Balolo people dwelling in the great horseshoe-shaped territory of the Upper Congo, and accessible by its southern affluents, the Lulonga, Lopori, Maringa, Ikelemba, Juapa, and Bosira.

It is a continuation and extension of the Livingstone Inland Mission, commenced in 1878, and now occupying and working a chain of seven Stations from the Coast to the Equator.

It was founded in the spring of 1889, and has eleven Missionaries, two Stations, and the steamer *Pioneer*.

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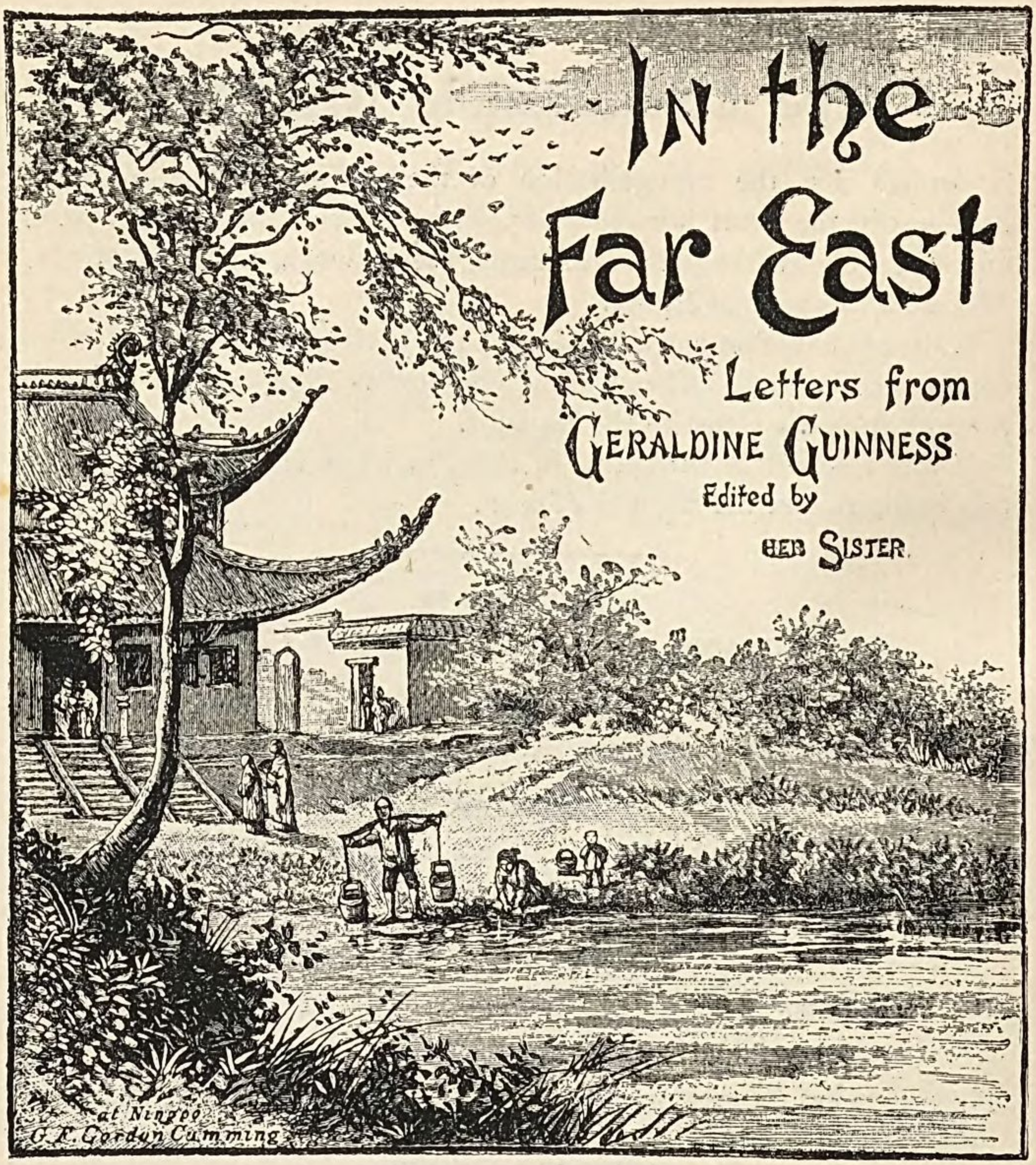
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The following works, in various Congo languages, have been prepared, among others, by members of the mission:

A SMALL DICTIONARY OF THE LANGUAGE (English-Congo and Congo-English): together with a list of useful sentences for Missionaries and Travellers in the Congo Cataract Region. By the late HENRY CRAVEN and JOHN BARFIELD, B.A. 248 pages.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN, EXODUS XX., AND GENESIS I.–III. Translated into Ki-kongo. By T. H. HOSTE.

A VOCABULARY OF KILOLO, as spoken by the Bankundu, a section of the Balolo tribe, at Ikengo (Equator), Upper Congo. With a few Introductory Notes on the Grammar. By J. B. EDDIE. 200 pages.

A GRAMMAR OF THE CONGO LANGUAGE, as spoken 200 years ago. Translated from the Latin of Brusciotto. Edited by H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. 112 pages.

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